

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Stamped Edition, 1s.



No. 893.—VOL. XXXI.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

TWO NUMBERS AND  
COLOURED SUPPLEMENT } TENPENCE.

## CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

It is the great characteristic of the festival which we are about to celebrate that it bears on it the impress and the flush of youth. The social system gets into a ring which joins in one concentric chain all ages, from babyhood to septuagenarianism. Practical

work-o'-day England becomes jovial and resolves into a decent Saturnalia. It is our real national holiday, far more so than Easter, with its promise, more or less fulfilled, of sunshine and out-of-door enjoyment. None so poor as not to bear a heart on Christmas-day at least; and none so rich as not to partake in its conventional observances. The social and the solitary, the polished

and the rude, wisdom and folly, yield alike to the influence of the hour; and men, women, and children "drink at every pore the spirit of the season." It is the time for the free and cordial communication of home feeling and sentiments, for the natural play of fancy and of goodhumour in every circle. It is as it were the morning of the year ushering in its expectations,



HINDOO DANCE.—FROM A NATIVE DRAWING.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)





and, whatever may be its termination, it still gives delight to the hopeful. It is the opening promise of many of our fellow-beings before disappointment has checked their alacrity, or given them cause for alarm; and, however doubtful may be the realisation of many a confidence born at this period, it is still pleasant to contemplate in the young and ardent the pleasures of expectation, that expectation which, as much or even more than the spring and buxomness of the blood, makes our early days so delightful. It is, perhaps, the only real occasion in which we grave plodding islanders systematically wind ourselves up to a point when we are to cast off care; for after all the phrase "Christmas bills" is an incorrect one, as they never come until the new year, when every one has settled down again into the normal condition of laborious routine, and every one accepts the payment of the bills as a just penalty for a day or two of friskiness on the part of a nation of workers and doers. The complex machinery of the State, and the equally intricate system of our business life, have been traditionally adapted to this pause in their incessant movement, and we are enabled to snatch a day out of the week which is not a Sunday without missing it. It is a breaking up—not for boys and girls alone—everybody takes holiday. Of course no one ever expects at this time to be under the paternal care of a watchful Parliament, because that august body always keeps as clear of Christmas as possible; and even now, when mighty pressure has got our representatives together at an out-of-the-way time for their habits and traditions, the tactical use of the magic word "holidays" by the director-general of their movements sufficed to shut the mouths of scores of currency fanatics, to enable Mr. Gladstone for once to compress a speech into half an hour, and to induce the Chancellor of the Exchequer to talk without being slow, and to show signs of animation which were quite alarming, and all in order that they might get away for the "holidays." Then all the Government goes into the country. To be sure, as far as the heads of the departments are concerned, that's not much; but there is a sensation of fear in the supposition that all the clerks should be absent also. Imagine this country being two days without the actual presence of that potentiality of clerkdom on which our existence as a nation is by some people supposed to depend. No more striking type of national repose from labour could be found; for, when the clerks of the English Government are not found at their offices between eleven and four o'clock, depend upon it that an extraordinary tribute has been paid to their overwrought mental and physical powers; and they, being duly released from their arduous servitude, have probably no objection to the Bank being closed, the Stock Exchange shut up, and all the world of business or work consigned to the quietude of home life; except, of course, cabmen, policemen, and persons of all classes who are employed on daily newspapers, to which last even Christmas-day is not a whole holiday unless it happens to fall on a Saturday.

To be sure we have in this country few days of relaxation enough. It is very difficult, if not impossible, to dissociate a day's pleasure from the loss of a day's gains, *plus* the expense of the mildest jollification. Economists and sanitarians have written and discoursed on these themes with the usual fecundity of facts and figures, but one does not see that the problem has been solved by which one can labour fewer hours in the week, and yet find the adequate and proportionate remedy for the inflammation of our weekly bills. Philanthropy, and wisely, has nevertheless taken a turn that way, and the recognition of the necessity for relaxation which is to be found in the recent institution of a society for the establishment of London playgrounds for children is only an offshoot of that principle which is involved in the promotion of parks for the people. Welcome, then, as a fête-day always is, it is peculiarly so at this particular period. Few if any of us but must have been sharers in that tension of the public mind which has prevailed for the last six months, and which has been aggravated, perhaps doubled, in the last few weeks. It may be that, amidst the laugh of children and the greetings of relatives which will be so prevalent next week, there will be an under-current of sorrow and sadness—"some thoughts that lie too deep for tears"—and that amidst the multifarious passing of compliments of the season some familiar voices may be missed; but it must not be forgotten that Hope for the future no longer treads too lightly for herself to hear; that the past must call up many an emotion of pride and thankfulness for the display of high qualities and the doing of great deeds which will live in the most illuminated page of history; and, if there are names to the memory of which we must give a sigh, there are others which ought and must be in our "flowing cups freshly remembered." There is a time for all things; a time to rejoice as well as to mourn; and who shall venture to say that, notwithstanding all the disaster and the sorrow which have clouded half of this eventful year, it is not a duty to look on the brighter side of things; to put prominently forward the many blessings which all of us in our degree enjoy, and to set them against any suffering and distress which may have come upon us; and which after all, perhaps, are traceable to our own shortcomings or our own over-confidence in our strength? In the duties, too, of such a season as this are many of its pleasures to be found. Scarcely any of us but in his own sphere can contribute to the short joys of others on a day when every one would desire that Henri Quatre's wish for his people should be literally realised, namely, that "not a man in his kingdom but should have a fowl in his pot." Perhaps we in England would condescend so far as to read "beef" for "fowl," and this without prejudice to the massacre of the geese and turkeys which is the time-honoured sacrifice on the altar of the genius of the season. Legalised poverty feasts in our workhouses; but there is many a hearth just outside the quasi palaces in which we lodge those who qualify for admission, by the utter helplessness of pauperism, where the fire would be low, and the genial exhalations of the annual Christmas feast would be wanting, but for the exercise of that benevolence which, thoughtful as well as bountiful, is so largely exercised at this period of the year in this outwardly cold and hard England of ours. It may be that this year the demand will be large; but there is no fear but that the sympathies of those who can give will rise equal to the occasion. Such a course as this, judiciously pursued on the one hand and rightly appreciated on the other, will

do much to inspire all classes with the courage and the unity of purpose with which it may be necessary for us as a people to meet the events of the coming year; and let us be assured that there is not one of us who cannot do something towards the promotion of that general community of good feelings and of conduct which ought to animate us as a nation, and which should render the gathering together at this moment of family circles an illustration and a type of the harmonious union of the country at large. Good wishes and cordial prayers for the well-being of those near and dear to us will be rife in the inner life of the homes of England in the next few days; let it be hoped that these wishes will be extended to the fortunes and the expectations of every class of our countrymen; let us desire earnestly the prosperity of, and the rapid advent of the good time to, all who are manfully fighting the battle of life around us; and, above all, to every roofstead let a hearty aspiration ascend for a "happy Christmas at Lucknow."

#### THE HINDOO DANCE.

PROMINENT in the religious and social manners of the Hindoos we find the Bayadères, or nautch-girls, whose association with the religion of the Hindoos reminds one of the mysteries of Paganism, and, if any one characteristic more than another marks the immense elevation of Christianity over these other superstitions, it is the complete absence of whatever may produce sensual images in the mind of the believer. The nautch-girls of India are selected for their beauty and the ease and gracefulness of their movements. When they dance in public they are accompanied by musicians playing on a sort of violin and guitar, or *zitter*. The dances require great attention, from the dancers' feet being hung with small bells which act in concert with the music. Two persons usually perform at the same time, and pantomime is mingled with it as they express love, hope, jealousy, or despair. This perfectly corresponds with the accounts which we have of the Moorish dances introduced into Spain. The origin of dancing-girls, as of almost every other immoral custom in India, is to be traced to superstition; there are attached to the Indian idols women who follow this profession. When a woman has made a vow for the purpose of having children, if she brings into the world a pretty daughter it is taken to the idol and brought up by the Brahmins, but this practice does not exist in all parts of India. It is most prevalent in the south, and is supposed to be the relic of a still more ancient superstition, and merely adopted by the Brahmins.

In every part of India nautch-dancing is usual both in religious and private life among the Hindoos. In the early times of the Company it was a common, and, in fact, a constant, practice of the unmarried civil and military officers of the Company to have nautch-dancers at their entertainments; but of late years this has become comparatively rare. Bishop Heber, during his travels, had a nautch entertainment given him by some native, and expresses himself as having felt rather uneasy when they were introduced, but, being assured there was nothing indecent in the exhibition, he consented, but, finding it monotonous, he gave them a gratuity as their dismissal. The chief part of the motion of this nautch-dancing consists in drawing up and letting fall again the loose white sleeves of the outer garment, so as to show the arm as high as the elbow, or a very little higher, while the arms were waved backward and forward in a stiff, contracted manner. The dresses of these women are rich, as Heber informs us, but contain such an enormous quantity of scarlet cloth, petticoats, and trousers, so many shawls wrapped round waists, and such multifarious shirts peeping out below each other, as to make them have the appearance of so many Dutch dolls.

Mr. Montgomery Martin goes minutely into the statistics of this class of persons in his work on Eastern India. In Behar he informs us that the nautch-girls are five and six in a set, part singing and part dancing. A set receives from two to ten rupees for a performance. At Patna there are five sets of dancers, two Hindoo and three Moslem.

All the native Princes of India have dancing entertainments, and considerable largesses are often given to this class of persons. These entertainments are within doors, and accompanied by every accessory of luxury; the punkah is in motion, so that there is a perpetual current of cool air; pistachio nuts and salted almonds are handed about. The choury, from the tail of the cow of Tartary, which is white and silky, whips away all the flies; and the saloon is covered with a marble floor, and around it is every description of sofa that can tend to the ease of the visitor.

A much humbler class is that presented to the view of our readers on this occasion. The dancing takes place in the open air, and behind may be seen the peculiar architecture of a Hindoo temple, with its superincumbent pyramid. "Duara Suarga," or Gate of Heaven, is sometimes inscribed at the entrance of these buildings. But an intelligent traveller says that the stealthy glances at a horrid group of diabolical idols, the strange noises, and the unequal and lurid flashes of light, when all around is darkness, made it much more like what imagination might picture as the entrance of the infernal regions. The form of the dome in our Illustration will forcibly remind travellers of the Pyramids of Sakarah, in Egypt.

#### IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

In the HOUSE OF LORDS, on Saturday last, the Royal assent was given, by commission, to the Bank Issues Indemnity Bill.

LORD PARNFURE, referring to reports which, he said, had obtained considerable circulation, of dissensions between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief in India, read an extract from a letter, wherein Sir Colin Campbell expressed the most perfect confidence in, and friendship for, Lord Canning.

Their Lordships adjourned, after a brief sitting, over the Christmas holidays.

In the HOUSE OF COMMONS, on Saturday, a new writ was ordered to be issued for Buckinghamshire, in the room of the Hon. C. Cavendish, who had accepted the Chiltern Hundreds.

In reply to Mr. T. DUNCOMBE, LORD PALMERSTON stated that Government were ready to bring in a bill on the subject of church-rates, but the actual introduction of any such measure must depend on the course of public business after the recess.

MR. NEWDEGATE called the attention of the Home Secretary to the serious distress which the commercial crisis had been the means of producing among the operative classes.—Sir G. GREY bore testimony to the fortitude with which the operatives had borne their privations. He trusted that the distress was diminishing, and would prove only temporary; but could suggest no means by which either the Government or the Legislature could interfere for its mitigation.

MR. HEADLAM gave notice, for the 11th of February, of a motion for leave to bring in a bill on the subject of joint-stock banks.

THE HOME SECRETARY announced that, on the first day after the recess, he should ask leave to introduce a bill for the better regulation of the Corporation of the city of London.

MR. DUNCOMBE gave notice that he should, on the 9th of February, bring forward his resolution touching the admission of Baron Rothschild.

The House then adjourned until the 4th of February next.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, with the view of encouraging the manufacture of English silks, has ordered her robe and train for the occasion of the Princess Royal's wedding from one of our leading Spitalfields manufacturers.

THE MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE, by the last letters received from Malta, is represented to have derived some benefit from his short residence at the island, and it is hoped that he will derive permanent good by his stay there until the spring of next year.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL OF CARLISLE does not intend to resume his duties in Dublin until after the Christmas holidays.

DR. GOULBURN, late Head Master of Rugby School, has been presented, on his retirement, with two very handsome pieces of plate—one by the old Rugbeians, and the other by the Rugbeians of the present day.

"A MINT OF MONEY."—During the recent monetary pressure 3,000,000 sovereigns have been coined at the Mint and forwarded to the Bank of England within five weeks, and in one week not less than 840,000 have been turned out—a feat altogether unexampled in the history of coining.

#### THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

By the arrival of the Overland Mail we have received our private correspondence and files of papers from Calcutta to the 9th November, and from Bombay to the 17th November. The following general summary, and the accompanying details, of the most important of the recent events in India, are chiefly from the pages of the *Bombay Times* of Nov. 17:—

##### GENERAL SUMMARY.

Brigadier Grant's column, about 3500 strong, reached Cawnpore on the 26th, and, being reinforced to 5000, crossed the Ganges, with a large convoy of supplies for Lucknow, on the 30th. They reached Alumbagh without obstruction on the 3rd, but there waited till the Commander-in-Chief should join them.

Sir Colin Campbell left Calcutta on the 27th October, and, having narrowly escaped being made captive on his way, arrived at Cawnpore on the 3rd November, and remained there till the 9th, waiting, it is presumed, for further reinforcements, which must probably have accompanied him, to the extent of from 2000 to 3000, bringing up the force at Alumbagh, when he joins, to close on 10,000 men.

Lucknow is said to be surrounded by about 50,000 insurgents, against whom Outram and Havelock gallantly, but with difficulty, held their own with less than 2000 men. For the past six weeks they have been isolated, and scarcely a line has within that space been received from them. Heavy fighting, with great slaughter, is believed to have occurred.

Colonel Powell, while advancing with a party of 800 men, was obstructed on the 1st by the Dinapore mutineers, betwixt Futtehpore and Cawnpore, when an action ensued, in which we were triumphant, but with severe loss, Colonel Powell being amongst the killed.

Nyneen Tal, for a time invested by the enemy, has been relieved. Mehidpore, having been attacked on the 8th by a body of insurgent tribes from the neighbourhood, a portion of the United Malwa Contingent joined the enemy, killed Captain Mills and Dr. Carey, Sergeants-Major O'Connell and Manson, captured the guns, and compelled the other troops to retire.

Brigadier Stuart, who left Dhar on the 8th, is now rapidly advancing to the northward, and will by this time, we have no doubt, have given a good account of as many of the mutineers as can be overtaken.

Great masses of British troops continue pouring in from all directions, and the country is everywhere returning to a state of tranquillity.

The Governor-General, and Governors of Bombay and Madras, are at the respective seats of their administration. The Commander-in-Chief of India has by this time reached Lucknow. Sir Patrick Grant is at Madras, and Sir Henry Somerset at Poonah.

##### LUCKNOW.

Oude, the stronghold of disaffection, has been since August last the rallying point of the rebels, and there are now said to be no fewer than 50,000 in arms in and around Lucknow. The number may be exaggerated; but that it is very large may be inferred from the fact that, though Alumbagh is only three miles from Lucknow, and has for the most part been in easy communication with Cawnpore, not a line has reached them from Outram or Havelock, or those under them, for more than a month. It must be remembered that when the force started from Cawnpore, on the 20th of September, the occupants of the Residency were in such peril that a delay of twenty-four hours would have been fatal to them. Their relief was understood to have been all that was contemplated, when, returning with them to Cawnpore, Havelock would have waited for the reinforcements—commencing active operations, in which we trust he is engaged, about the present time. Alumbagh, the country residence of former Royalty, if left unoccupied by us, would have been maintained by the enemy as the means of cutting off our communication with the base of operations; and as the sick, wounded, and baggage, would have formed a serious incumbrance in the desperate conflict which, as was expected, ensued, they were left behind—the officers not carrying with them so much as a change of clothing.

On the 26th, and more especially on the 26th, of September the fighting seems to have been most severe—nearly a fourth of our force having been disabled. Some time after this, the date is uncertain, and after nearly a third of the town had become ours, the troops under Outram and Havelock seem to have become separated. It now turned out that with a body so large, so helpless, and so exhausted as the occupants of the Residency is, and a force so reduced, it would be vain to retire from Lucknow. There appears to have been very severe fighting, with a heavy list of casual ties.

On the 18th October a tremendous explosion was heard at Alumbagh, supposed to have been occasioned by the blowing up of the principal magazine of the enemy. Provisions now began to fail, and an attempt is supposed to have been contemplated to return to Alumbagh. On the 19th severe fighting is said to have occurred in the streets, in an endeavour to reunite the divided troops, or probably to secure some position of the enemy occasioning special annoyance—for our information is little better than the echo of a rumour.

In addition to the despatch sent by Lord Canning, announcing that "all is right at Lucknow," Sir Colin Campbell is said to have received a letter from Sir James Outram, declaring that the garrison could hold out some days yet, and begging that no thought of its danger might interfere with a complete victory.

A letter has been received from Lucknow, from Colonel Inglis, commanding the garrison of that place, to the effect that not only were the beleaguered inmates all well, but that they had sufficient provisions, provided an economical use were made of them, to last them for two months. As the latest despatches from India stated that the inmates of the garrison had been obliged to slaughter some of their gun-bullocks in consequence of a shortness of food, it may be right to mention that it was the Indian papers only that came to the conclusion of a shortness of provisions being the cause of the slaughtering of the bullocks. We are now assured that the bullocks were slaughtered solely because the provender for their support had become too short to enable the garrison to keep them all any longer.

The following letter from Lieutenant Moorsom, brought on a small scrap of paper by a cossid from Lucknow to Cawnpore, is believed to be the last and only detailed note from the inside of Lucknow to that date:—

LUCKNOW, Oct. 27.

My dearest Mother,—All right physically and mentally, brain, body, and limbs, to date. We relieved Lucknow from its instant peril, and are now ourselves occupying a more extended position in the town, blockaded with the garrison. Write to Inglis's, Gubbins's, and Couper's people, if possible, to say that they and theirs are all well. We have grub abundant, ammunition, good quarters, plenty of fighting men, stout hearts, and our God on our side, on the other, our enemy numerous, but cowardly, with a scarcity of iron and lead for guns. Had we not many women and children, and sick and wounded, we could walk out of the town at any moment.

As it is we can hold our own and steadily make small advances until reinforcements arrive. I tried once before to ease your anxieties by writing, but the messenger was compelled to throw away his despatches before falling into the hands of the enemy.

This goes through the beleaguering host; so you will, I hope, see the necessity for my writing no more fully. Mother mine! don't deem me "down among the dead men" until you hear it on the best authority; and with very dearest love to all,

Believe me your truly affectionate son, W. R. MOORSOM.

A despatch from General Havelock, in Tuesday's *Gazette*, giving an account of the relief of the Lucknow garrison on the 25th September, after describing how his gallant troops, incessantly cannonaded for twenty-four hours, fought their way inch by inch through the swarming foe, concludes as follows:—

Darkness was coming, and it was proposed to halt for the night; but I esteemed it to be of such importance not to leave this beleaguered garrison, knowing that succour was at hand, that I ordered the main body of the 78th Highlanders and the regiment of Ferozepore to advance. [The sound of the bagpipes—musical then at least—was, according to the accompanying letter, the first intimation to the inmates of the beleaguered garrison that the succour so long wished for, and almost despaired of, was at length nigh at hand.]

This column rushed on with a desperate Sir J. Outram and myself, Lieutenants Hudson and Harwood, of my Staff, and, overcoming every obstacle, established itself within the inclosure of the Residency.

The . . . garrison may be more easily conceived than described; but it was not until the next evening that the whole of my troops, guns, tumbrils, and sick and wounded, continually exposed to the attack of the enemy, could be brought step by step within the inclosure and the adjacent palace of Ferozabad.

To form a notion of the obstacles overcome, a reference must be made to the events that are known to have occurred at Buenos Ayres and Saragossa; our advance was through streets of flat-roofed and loop-holed houses, each forming a separate fortress. I am filled with surprise at the success of operations which demanded the efforts of 10,000 good troops; the advantage has cost us dearly.



Sir James Outram received a flesh wound in the arm, in the early part of the action, near Char Bagh; but nothing would subdue his spirit, and, though faint from loss of blood, he continued to the end of the operation to sit on his horse, which he only dismounted at the gate of the Residency.

The following singular account of the manner in which the inmates of the Lucknow Residency became aware of the coming succour, on the 26th September, is by a lady, one of the rescued party:—

Death stared us in the face. We were fully persuaded that in twenty-four hours all would be over. The engineers had said so, and all knew the worst. We women strove to encourage each other, and to perform the light duties which had been assigned to us, such as conveying orders to the batteries and supplying the men with provisions, especially cups of coffee, which we prepared day and night. I had gone out to try and make myself useful, in company with Jessie Brown, the wife of a corporal in my husband's regiment. Poor Jessie had been in a state of restless excitement all through the siege, and had fallen away visibly within the last few days. A constant fever consumed her, and her mind wandered occasionally, especially on that day, when the recollections of home seemed powerfully present to her. At last, overcome with fatigue, she lay down on the ground, wrapped up in her plaid. I sat beside her, promising to awaken her when, as she said, "her father should return from the ploughing." She at length fell into a profound slumber, motionless and apparently breathless, her head resting in my lap. I myself could no longer resist the inclination to sleep, in spite of the continual roar of cannon. Suddenly I was aroused by a wild, unearthly scream close to my ear; my companion stood upright beside me, her arms raised and her head bent forward in the attitude of listening. A look of intense delight broke over her countenance, she grasped my hand, drew me towards her, and exclaimed, "Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? Ay, I'm no dreamin'! It's the slogan o' the Highlanders! We're saved, we're saved!" Then, flinging herself on her knees, she thanked God with passionate fervour. I felt utterly bewildered: my English ears heard only the roar of artillery, and I thought my poor Jessie was still raving, but she darted to the batteries, and I heard her cry incessantly to the men, "Courage! hark to the slogan—to the Macgregor, the grandest of them a'! Here's help at last." To describe the effect of these words upon the soldiers would be impossible. For a moment they ceased firing, and every soul listened in intense anxiety. Gradually, however, there arose a murmur of bitter disappointment, and the wailing of the women who had flocked out began anew as the Colonel shook his head. Our dull lowland ears heard nothing but the rattle of the musketry. A few moments more of this deathlike suspense, of this agonising hope, and Jessie, who had again sunk on the ground, sprang to her feet, and cried in a voice so clear and piercing that it was heard along the whole line—"Will ye no believe it noo? The slogan has ceased, indeed, but the Campbells are comin'! D'ye hear, d'ye hear?" At that moment we seemed indeed to hear the voice of God in the distance, when the bagpipes of the Highlanders brought us tidings of deliverance, for now there was no longer any doubt of the fact. That shrill, penetrating, ceaseless sound, which rose above all other sounds, would come neither from the advance of the enemy nor from the work of the Sappers. No, it was indeed the blast of the Scottish bagpipes, now shrill and harsh, as threatening vengeance on the foe, then in softer tones seeming to promise succour to their friends in need. Never surely was there such a scene as that which followed. Not a heart in the Residency of Lucknow but bowed itself before God. All, by one simultaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, and nothing was heard but bursting sobs and the murmured voice of prayer. Then all arose, and there rang out from a thousand lips a great shout of joy which resounded far and wide, and lent new vigour to that blessed bagpipe. To our cheer of "God save the Queen!" they replied in the well-known strain that moves every Scot to tears, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," &c. After that nothing else made any impression on me. I scarcely remember what followed. Jessie was presented to the General on his entrance into the fort, and at the officers' banquet her health was drunk by all present, while the pipers marched round the table playing once more the familiar air of "Auld lang syne."

## CAWNPORE.

Our last dates from Cawnpore extended to the 24th October, and gave particulars of an excursion to Bithoor on the 18th, with the approach of reinforcements from north and south. Since then the direct mails have been plundered, and we have for the fortnight been deprived of the communications of our own correspondents, and been compelled to draw on intelligence reaching us by the circuit of Calcutta. On the morning of the 22nd a convoy of 700 men, with four guns, left in charge of provisions for Alumbagh, where the sufferings of the garrison were very severe. Though within three miles of Lucknow they knew nothing whatever of what had occurred there within the previous evening.

On the morning of the 26th Brigadier Grant's column marched into Cawnpore, a day earlier than was expected. It consists of two companies of Sappers and Miners, three troops of Horse Artillery, and two 18-pounder guns, 600 of her Majesty's 9th Lancers, her Majesty's 8th and 75th Foot, two regiments of Sikh cavalry, and the like number of infantry. They were in high health and spirits, had been in every action, nearly thirty in number, since the commencement of the siege of Delhi, and swept all before them on the way down.

On the following day the 93rd Highlanders and 200 of the Naval Brigade had joined them. The most tremendous reports are prevalent in reference to the last two throughout the country. The sailors are said to be four feet high and four feet across the shoulders, and to carry a field piece under each arm with as much ease as a porter would carry a bundle. The men in petticoats are believed to have been especially sent out by her Majesty so attired to be avenged for the slaughter of our women and children. The strength of the garrison at this time was about 1500; Grant's force about 3500, and the reinforcements joining before the 30th would bring the total up to 7000.

On the 31st of October Brigadier Grant's column, now 5000 strong, crossed the Ganges, and arrived at Alumbagh without opposition on the 3rd of November. They took with them 2500 camels and 500 carts, with supplies for Lucknow. On the same day Sir Colin Campbell arrived at Cawnpore. He had very nearly been made prisoner on his way up. He and his staff were proceeding without an escort, when they suddenly came up with a body of the mutineers of the 32nd Native Infantry. They were mounted on elephants, and were accompanied by seventy-five native troopers. The troopers continued for a while to hover round, but ultimately they drew off. Having arrived at Cawnpore on the 3rd, Sir Colin Campbell remained there till the 5th, when he started for Alumbagh, where Grant's column was understood to be waiting his arrival. The cause of the delay is not explained, but between the 3rd and the 9th of November nothing decisive could have occurred, or we should have heard of it by telegraph from Madras, the channel through which our latest tidings commonly reach us, being conveyed thither by steamer from Calcutta.

## BRIGADIER SHOWERS' COLUMN.

In a previous Number it was stated that the flying column under Brigadier Showers, having swept the country around Delhi, started afresh on the 2nd of October, and were last heard of at Jaffoo Satar, on the 12th. Here the horsemen of the Nawab of Jhujjur, who had crossed the river, were disarmed without resistance. In the fort they found twenty-one guns, with a considerable supply of gunpowder and munitions of war, a large number of horses and elephants, and 30,000 stand of arms. The chief himself was captured on the 17th, in his hunting-grounds at Chowuckwas. Information was now received that the Googjurs had fallen back to Rewaree, with the view of plundering the cities. Hodson's horse, which had just joined, now dashed back, overtook, and cut about forty of them to pieces. A party of the Guide Cavalry next surprised Nahur, captured about forty vagabonds, secured some fifty cavalry horses, and a couple of 9-pounders. The majority of the captives were hanged, but not until after due trial, and a sufficiency of evidence to convict them of their guilt. The beautiful country and fine climate, with the excitement of the pursuit, seemed to act like magic on the health and spirits of the men.

On the 15th the column reached Dadra, where the Chief came out to meet them in token of respect, and was unbowed in his professions of loyalty and duty. The following day the Cashmere levies, under Captain Lawrence, joined the column. A body of cavalry, detached to Nahur, endeavoured to prevent the fugitives from reaching the fort of Kanound, and cut up all they overtook. A squadron of the Carabineers, with Hodson's force, were afterwards sent out in the same direction, under Colonel Custance, with the view of obtaining possession of the fort before it was reached by the enemy. Brigadier Showers himself, with the main column, followed as speedily as he could, and reached the place on the 20th, when they found Colonel Custance, who had arrived the day before, in possession. The garrison, who had not been reinforced, surrendered at once: £50,000 worth of treasure in rupees, with 14 guns and a large quantity of stores, were captured. About 600 of the garrison, said to be Poorbeahs, had fled during the night, and 60 who remained laid down their arms. Here the force rested awhile to recover from their recent violent exertions. They had, during the previous fortnight, secured upwards of £70,000 worth of treasure. They started again on the 22nd. On the 31st a detachment of Showers' column went in pursuit of a body of Mewatte and other insurgents, who had taken up a position on the heights near Sonuh, in the Goorgoon district. The rebels were dispersed with the loss of about 100 killed. In this affair Mr. W. Clifford, of the civil service, was killed by a shot from the enemy.

## FOREIGN AND COLONIAL NEWS.

## FRANCE.

It has been arranged between the French and English Governments that a conference is to take place shortly, in which a distinct understanding is to be established as to the nature of the instructions to be forwarded to the cruisers on the western coast of Africa. There can be no doubt that, as matters are at present, with the exportation of free negro labourers, on which the French have set their mind, and which our cruisers, according to their instructions, might be inclined to treat as slave traffic, danger of a conflict exists.

The Chinese expedition will be accompanied by twenty-five sisters of the Order of Vincent St. Paul, who have undertaken to act as nurses in the hospitals.

Intense interest is felt in a trial going on at Evreux, where the Countess de Jéoufesse is indicted for the murder of a country squire, a married man, who was shot in her park one fine evening in the leafy month of June last, for depositing billets-doux under a tree, addressed to Mademoiselle Blanche Jéoufesse, her daughter. The two brothers of the young lady are also in the dock as participants, and the game-keeper who fired. The Countess is arraigned for using words to her servant the utterance of which involved Henry II. in the murder of Thomas à Becket, "Have I no one to rid me of this scoundrel?"

The Société Philanthropique opened on Tuesday thirteen kitchens in different parts of Paris for the sale of provisions at a cheap rate for the indigent.

An Imperial decree in the *Moniteur* of Thursday announces that foreign brandies have to pay on importation into France a duty of 25 fr. per hectolitre of pure alcohol.

## SPAIN.

The young Prince of the Asturias, heir to the throne of Spain, has received as his first name that of Alfonso; his other names are Francisco de Assis, Juan, Mariano de la Concepcion, Fernando, Pio, Jaime, Pelavo. A deputation from the province of the Asturias has presented the Queen with a silver box containing 60,000 reals in gold for the Prince of the Asturias, and the Queen intimated that she will probably visit the province, in order to present her son before the holy image of Our Lady of Covadonga. The Queen has presented Dr. Corral y Ona, who attended her Majesty in her confinement, with 1000 ounces of gold in a richly-chased silver box, also with a magnificent set of brilliants, and has besides conferred on him the title of Marquis del Real Acierito.

Reports are in circulation of a change in the Ministry.

## PRUSSIA.

It is stated that the King improves in bodily health, but without a corresponding reaction of mind; it is, therefore, very doubtful whether the Prince of Prussia will be able to be present at the marriage of his son in England. Great preparations are being made for the reception of the bride. In compliance with Court usage the Princess is not to be attended by any lady of her own Court and nation, but the Countesses Perponcher, Lynar, and Hohenthal have been appointed to attend upon her.

A Berlin letter in the *Nord* of Brussels says:—"The Prince and Princess are to be received at the Brandenburg gate, at the entrance to the city, by the different trade corporations, and by a deputation of young girls belonging to the principal families. The trades of the town have already been convoked to come to an understanding on the measures to be adopted. A general subscription has been opened for decorating a chamber in the palace for the Prince and Princess."

Berlin appears just now to think of nothing else than Royal weddings. The Princess Stephanie of Hohenzollern, the future consort of the young King of Portugal, is on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Prussia. Early next spring she will proceed to London, whence she will be fetched by a brother of the King, who will have a Portuguese flotilla under his command.

## AUSTRIA.

The decree relative to the next year's conscription has already been published, and the authorities have received orders to make the necessary preparations. The contingent will be the same as last year—nearly 90,000 men. This decree puts an end to a report which has been current that a new law on recruiting would be made which would very considerably modify the organisation of the Austrian army. The Emperor has also ordered that all the military constructions which are not indispensably necessary shall be suspended.

## BELGIUM.

The Chamber of Representatives and the Senate assembled on Tuesday.

The Chamber was exclusively engaged in the verification of the elections of December 10. The whole of them were found to be regular, with the exception of three, and these were to be examined into by the committee of elections. M. Ansapach, as oldest member, took the chair.

The Prince de Ligne was elected President of the Senate.

They are very busy at the Ministry of the Interior about the approaching nominations of sheriffs and burgomasters. The Liberal triumph at the general election in Belgium has been complete. The Clerical party is everywhere beaten. The Chamber of Representatives is composed of 107 members, and of those now elected it is understood that seventy belong to the Liberal party and thirty-seven to the Clerical.

## HOLLAND.

Advices from the Hague state that Colonel C. F. Van Meurs, Director of the Artillery, has just been named Minister of War.

The Second Chamber of the States General of the Hague, in its sitting of the 12th inst., adopted, by a majority of 53 to 6, the budget of ways and means for 1858. It afterwards unanimously passed the bill allowing a credit of six millions to the War Department, and then adjourned to February 9.

## THE MONETARY CRISIS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

At Hamburg the storm which has raged with such violence, prostrating numerous establishments that seemed to be securely based, and wrecking many a goodly commercial reputation, seems to have well-nigh spent its fury. Meantime it continues its course northwards, and timely preparations to check and moderate its force are in course of being made.

At Copenhagen the Danish Council of State has authorised the Minister, Herr Krieger, to bring in a bill for a loan of £300,000 sterling at 8 per cent, secured on the finances of the whole kingdom.

We learn from Stockholm that, for the purpose of warding off the effects of the financial crisis, a proposition will be made to the Swedish Chambers to contract a loan of ten millions of thalers. Norway, on her own account, will contract a loan of two millions of thalers, with the same object. Numerous failures are announced.

## RUSSIA.

According to the last advices received from Russia, the Imperial family was to remove into St. Petersburg, from Tsarskoje Solo, on the 8th inst., St. George's-day, according to the Russian calendar. The Dowager Empress has taken up her residence in the Winter Palace ever since the close of last month, and all accounts of her health agree in stating it to have been materially benefited by her recent visits to Germany, and the courses of mineral waters she has there gone through.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, after being present at the reception of the Emperor and Empress at Kiew, on the 9th of October, set off for the Crimea, whence we hear that he arrived at Sebastopol, via Simpheropol, on the 20th of November. The Archbishop Dimitar had preceded him thither, from Odessa, for the purpose of consecrating the chapel that has been built there in honour of those that fell in the defence of that fortress.

Prince Gagarin was murdered on the 1st ult. by Prince Dadeschkalian, a Captain in the Guard. The Prince was buried on the 9th in a chapel of which he had himself laid the foundation-stone.

## UNITED STATES.

Latest accounts state that President Buchanan had prepared his message to Congress, and had submitted it to the Cabinet. It is very lengthy, and is said to take strong grounds on the affairs of Kansas and Utah. He is understood to fully indorse the action of the late constitutional Convention in Kansas.

The municipal election in New York had resulted in the defeat of Major Wood. His opponents, by unity of action, had secured the triumph of Daniel F. Tiesman, the "people's candidate."

A despatch from Washington says, that the British and French Ministers there have addressed to the Secretary of State a remonstrance concerning the Walker filibusters, and intimating that the escape of the late mysterious Walker expedition may be attributed more or less to the weakness or inefficiency of Government.

Governor Walker had an interview with the President on the Kansas question, on which the *New York Times* says there is a difference of opinion between the President and the Governor which is likely to cause an open split in the Democratic party.

News from Northern Mexico states that the Federal Government had ordered a body of troops to the border, owing to the unsettled political and social state of the country.

Additional disasters on the great lakes are reported. The schooner *Antelope*, from Chicago for Oswego, with a cargo of wheat, was blown ashore during the late gale at the north of the St. Joseph River, Lake Michigan, and totally lost, with the captain and four of the seamen, who were frozen to death. Five schooners and one barque are reported ashore in Lake Erie. The aggregate losses by these disasters will be very great.

The rumour of last month that a train of emigrants proceeding from the State of Arkansas to California had been met and massacred by the Mormons, or the Indians in league with and instigated by them, is confirmed. The train had reached the Salt Lake City on its way in safety; had remained there some days, during which disputes and quarrels arose between the Saints and the Arkansas emigrants; the latter applied abusive epithets both to the men and women of the community, and otherwise insulted them. The train set out from the city amid threats of vengeance, which were ruthlessly carried into effect. It had proceeded for fifteen days across the country unmolested, but at that distance from the city was attacked by an overwhelming force of Indians, and the whole party, 118 in number, murdered. There is evidence that the deed has been applauded in the Mormon pulpits. It is described as a just retribution for the violence of the Gentiles in Missouri, and a "fulfilment of the prophecies."

A fugitive slave case has caused much sensation at Brooklyn and New York. A man of twenty-five years of age, nearly white, belonging to James Stead, the keeper of some billiard-rooms at Augusta, in Georgia, took passage in the steamer *Florida*, on her last trip for New York, as a second-class passenger. He was not discovered until the vessel was near New York, and upon arrival the fugitive was ironed and hurried off to a house in South Brooklyn, where he remained in close custody three days, until a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued by Judge Culver. On the immediate return of the writ, the fugitive was started on the "underground railroad" for Canada. The captain of the steamer, two special policemen, and the owner of the house where he was confined, have been held to bail on a charge of conspiracy and kidnapping.

## MEXICO.

The news from the west coast of Mexico is important. The operations of the united force of the Generals Alvarez, father and son, had been successful, and the revolutionary troops under Generals Vicario and Juan Antonio were utterly routed at Chelapa after most severe fighting, which endured for about four days. The elder Alvarez had previously driven Vicario from the city of Chilpanzingo with a small force of artillery. When Chelapa was taken Alvarez ordered it to be sacked after the most approved fashion of vengeful soldiers. He was well obeyed, for the most frightful excesses were committed by his men. Neither age nor sex was spared. General Antonio died after his defeat, and Vicario was at Yguata in prosecution of his plans of revolt. Cuernavaca city had declared for him.

## CANADA.

The Governor-General of Canada has dissolved the Parliament. The election votes are returnable on the 13th of January next.

The new Administration had been formed as follows:—Messrs. John A. Macdonald, Premier and Attorney-General of Upper Canada; William Cayley, Inspector-General; Robert Spones, Postmaster-General; G. E. Cartier, Attorney-General, Lower Canada; J. C. Morrison, Receiver-General; P. M. Van Koughnet, President, Executive Council; T. J. J. Loranger, Provincial Secretary; N. F. Belleau, President, Legislative Council; Charles Alleyne, Commissioner, Public Works; and L. V. Sicotte, Commissioner, Crown Lands.

## CHINA.

## CANTON TO BE ATTACKED.

The Correspondent of the *Daily News* writes from Hong-Kong, under date Oct. 30, as follows:—

A great change has come over the spirit of our affairs. The array destined for operations in China having been diverted and proceeded to India, the plan of operations has been changed. The body having proceeded to India, the head is now about to follow; and General Ashburnham will leave about the middle of the month of November for Calcutta in the steamer *Lanesfield*, taking his staff with him. The medical staff is broken up, and by the mail-steamers leaving to-day the following officers proceed to Calcutta:—Staff-Surgeons J. Jackson, J. Fraser, J. Rhys, P. J. Clarke, T. Legitwood, J. J. Hollingsworth, and M. Grant; also Assistant Staff Surgeons W. H. Harris, W. Ramsay, and R. Hungerford. The Commissariat staff will depart next month, leaving the whole arrangements for the war in the hands of the naval authorities. English and French ships of war continue to arrive, augmenting the allied fleets. The steam-transport *Imperator*, with 500 Royal Marines, has arrived, and the *Imperatrix*, with a similar number, is near at hand, so that, with the exception of the marines on board the *Adelaide*, and what are expected from Calcutta, it may be said that nearly the whole force is here. To-morrow, or the following day, the naval force will move towards Canton, and I hear that the 15th proximo is the day fixed upon for the attack on Canton, which place, when carried—about which no great difficulty is anticipated—will be retained by us until the Emperor expresses a wish to open negotiations. His Excellency Lord Elgin remains on board the *Avon*, entertaining the French Minister and the Hong-Kong community, and enjoying the amenities of life, until duty demands his presence nearer the scene of action. Canton prostrate, it is probable the ruler of China will show a disposition to conciliate, and then the labours of the noble Earl will commence, and his talents as a diplomatist be tested.

The English schooner *Neva*, a coasting trader belonging to Messrs. Gibb, Livingston, and Co., has been cut off by her Chinese passengers, adding another to the long list of vessels taken by treacherous passengers. The *Neva* was bound to the northward, and had on board about 30,000 dols. When about forty miles up the coast the Chinese passengers on board, headed by the schooner's carpenter (a Celestial) and some other accomplices, at midnight, murdered the captain (an European, named Sinden), and threw him overboard; they also killed two of the watch who offered resistance. The mate (the only other European on board), on reaching the deck, attacked his assailants with an unloaded musket, but was compelled to escape up the rigging, but not before receiving a violent blow on the back of the head and right shoulder. The crew (Manilla men) were chiefly secured below, the cable being placed over the hatch. Two of the watch were severely wounded about the face and head, one having his cheek cut completely through, and one of his eyes divided in two. Twenty thousand dollars were taken from the vessel, and the mail ransacked. The pirates then took away the tiller and threw it overboard; but the mate coming down, after the wretches had quitted the vessel, released the crew, and the vessel was brought in here.

The British ship *Cathaya*, which vessel left this to land teas at Foo-chow-foo, was totally lost on the Pratas shoal on the 20th inst. Crew saved.

**THE BLACK SEA.**—The Russian Embassy at Constantinople has just published, by order of its Government, a notice respecting the Black Sea and its ports, which has been communicated to all the embassies, in which an endeavour is made to justify the conduct of Russia in closing certain ports on the Circassian coast, and to show that the proceeding is quite in accordance with the Treaty of Paris. The document concludes as follows:—"Any attempt on the part of foreign navigators to communicate with the coast except at the points of Anapa, Soukoum Kalé, and Redout Kalé, will lead on the part of the Russian authorities to the application of the measures of repression established against smuggling and contraventions of quarantine regulations. Those who expose themselves to them will only have to thank themselves for the consequences of their conduct."

QUEEN CHRISTINA and her husband have left Paris for Rome via Marseilles.

THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SCHWARSBURG-RUDOLSTADT has been slightly wounded in a duel with a student of the University of Göttingen, of which he is also a member.

OMER PACHA, appointed Governor of Bagdad, arrived on the 24th of November at Alexandretta, and immediately set out for Aleppo.

REPORTED VICTORY OF THE RUSSIANS OVER THE CIRCASSIANS.—A despatch from St. Petersburg, dated the 14th December, announces that General Joffe Kimoff has just gained an important victory over the Tcherkesses: a great number of the latter were killed. In this affair a number of the villages of the Tcherkesses were burnt.

An attempt is about to be made to introduce salmon into the Australian and Tasmanian rivers.



## TRANSATLANTIC SKETCHES.—A DAY IN BROADWAY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25, 1857.

In one of his famous letters to the Pennsylvanians the late Rev. Sydney Smith accused the whole American people of pride, conceit, and presumption. Smarting under a sense of injuries inflicted upon him, not by the state or city of New York, which had not the remotest connection with his grievances, real or supposed, he hurled this sweeping denunciation against all the States—declaring, among other odd things, in his own odd way, "that this new and vain people could never forgive England because Broadway was inferior to Bond-street." It is fourteen years since the Rev. Sydney Smith thus disburdened his mind because his pockets had been previously disburdened by his own desire of making more than five per cent by the transatlantic investment of his money; and fourteen years have, doubtless, made a great difference in the aspect of the Broadway, as well as in that of New York generally. But, whatever may have been the appearance of this great artery of New York in that remote period of its history—a period when, travellers told us, pigs prowled about the principal thoroughfares, and lay down at night on the marble door-steps of marble palaces snug and in affectionate familiarity with Irish emigrants—Sydney Smith's assertion of Broadway inferiority to Bond-street is ludicrously untrue at the present time. Bond-street! quotha? Bond-street is no more to be compared to Broadway for beauty, extent, life, bustle, and wealth, than a dingy old farthing of the reign of George III. to a bright new sovereign of the days of Queen Victoria. There is no street in London, Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, that can be declared superior or even equal, all things considered, to the Broadway. It is a street *sui generis*, combining in itself the characteristics of the Boulevard des Italiens at Paris, and Cheapside or Fleet-street in London, with here and there a dash of Whitechapel or the Minories; and here and there a dash of Liverpool and Dublin. It is longer, more crowded, and fuller of fine buildings than the Parisian Boulevard; more bustling than Cheapside; and has a sky above it as bright as the sky of Venice or Naples. Its aspect is thoroughly Parisian. Were it not for the old familiar names of Smith, Jones, and Brown over the doors of the stores and warehouses, and the English posting-bills and advertisements that everywhere meet the eye, the stranger might fancy himself under the maximised government and iron grip of Napoleon III., instead of being under that of the minimized and mild government of an American Republic—a government so infinitesimally light in its weight, and carried on by persons so little known, that strangers in this, the Empire State as it is called, and even the citizens themselves, are scarcely more cognisant of the name of the Governor than a Londoner is of the name of the High Sheriff of Flintshire or the Lord Lieutenant of Merioneth.

If England have given names to the people in Broadway, France and Continental Europe seem to have given them their manners. Flagstaffs on the roof of every third or fourth house, banners flaunting from the windows, a constant rat-tat-too of drums as detachments of the militia regiments (and very fine regiments they are, and very splendidly accoutred) pass to and fro, all add to the illusion; and it is only the well-known vernacular of the city of St. Paul's, spiced occasionally with the still more piquant vernacular of the city of St. Patrick's, that bring the cheated fancy back to the reality, and prove to the Englishman that he is among his own people.

Were there anything like uniformity in the design of its long lines of buildings, Broadway would be the most magnificent street in the world. Even without any general design—for each man builds exactly as he pleases—the street, in its details, surpasses anything that Europe can show. From the Battery facing the sea, where the Broadway has a very ignoble commencement, to Trinity Church, there is nothing remarkable about it; but from Trinity Church, of brown stone, with its elegant spire, to Grace Church, built entirely of white marble, a distance in a straight line of more than three miles, and thence on to Union-square and the statue of Washington, the Broadway offers one grand succession of commercial palaces. Formerly—and perhaps when Sydney Smith wrote—the houses were for the most part of brick, gaily coloured, with here and there a house of brown stone or granite. But the brick is in gradual process of extirpation; and white marble—pure, glistening, brilliant white marble, without speck or flaw—is rapidly taking its place. This letter is written in the St. Nicholas Hotel, one of the most sumptuous buildings in New York—a palace of white marble, with upwards of one hundred windows fronting the Broadway. To the right, and to the left, and in front, are other palaces of the same material, pure as Parian—larger than the largest warehouses in St. Paul's Church-yard, and devoted to the same and similar purposes; some for the wholesale, but the great majority for the retail trade. Dry-goods or linendrapers' stores compete with each other in the use of this costly stone; and such has been, and is, the rage for a certain to revive when the present commercial panic shall subside—that in a few years hence a house of any other material will be the exception to the rule in Broadway, and the main thoroughfares leading from it to the east and the west. Most of these buildings, taken separately, are fine specimens of architecture, far finer than anything London can show out of Regent-street; but the general effect is not striking, from the total absence of plan and method, already alluded to, and which seems to be inevitable in a country where every man is a portion of the Government and of the Sovereignty, and considers himself bound to consult nobody's taste but his own. But this peculiarity is not confined to America, or St. Paul's Church-yard would not be what it is, and the noble proportions of the cathedral would not be marred as they are by the too close proximity of the hideous warehouses that have been gradually piled up around it—monuments alike of commercial pride and bad taste. Brown stone edifices rank next in size and number to the marble palaces; and a few of cast iron, with elegant Corinthian pillars, add to the variety of architecture in the Broadway. Conspicuous among the edifices that give its most imposing character to this busy and beautiful street are such hotels as the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan, the Laffarge House, the St. Denis, the Clarendon, the Everett House, and the Astor House. The last mentioned was, some years ago, the boast and pride of New York, and the wonder of strangers; but the city has outgrown its southern limits, and stretched itself far away into the north and north-west, and such hotels as the St. Nicholas and the Metropolitan have

dwarfed the Astor House in size and eclipsed it in splendour. The St. Nicholas makes up nearly one thousand beds, and the Metropolitan (a brown stone palace) nearly as many. Both of these, as well as the others mentioned, represent the magnificent scale on which the New Yorkers do business, as well as the more than Parisian publicity with which travelling families eat and drink and pass the day. But the hotel life of great cities is both a curious and peculiar feature in American manners which must be reserved for future description. Neither France nor Britain offers any parallel or even a resemblance to it.

Enough for the present on the street architecture of Broadway. A few words on its physical and moral aspects are necessary to complete the picture. On each side of the street are rows of American elm, with here and there a willow, a sumach, or a mountain ash. At this date all the trees are leafless, except the willows, which still droop in green beauty, though somewhat shrivelled in their leaves by the frosts of the last three nights. The roadway is excellently paved with granite, and the foot pavements are equally good. But let not the traveller be deceived into the idea that the part is an aspecimen of the whole. The Broadway monopolises nearly all the good pavement as well as cleanliness that New York affords; and the streets that branch off from it on each side are uneven, dirty, and full of deep holes and ruts, through which carriage-driving is far from being either easy or agreeable. If there be any exception it is in the Fifth Avenue—the Tyburnia, or Belgravia, of New York—where the richest people live, in white marble palaces, not quite so large as the business palaces of Broadway, but sufficiently luxurious and imposing. The street swarms with omnibuses, somewhat smaller and more inconvenient than the omnibuses of London. Nearly the whole of them are painted white. No one rides outside, for the satisfactory reason that there are no seats. They have no conductors. The passenger, on entering, is expected to pay his fare to the driver through a hole in the roof; and, if he neglect to do so, the driver speedily begins to drum with his fist on the top, to attract attention, and forthwith pokes his hand through the aforesaid hole for the money, with an oburgation against the passenger's delay or inattention more emphatic than polite, and often in the choicest brogue of the county of Cork. When the passenger wants to descend he pulls a cord, the vehicle stops, and he opens the door for himself, and goes about his business. The New Yorkers consider themselves, and are considered by others, to be a fast people; but they have no fast cars, no Hansoms, and, indeed, no cabs of any description. They have not yet got beyond the hackney-coach with two horses which disappeared from the streets of London some five-and-twenty years ago. A few cabs, it appears, were recently introduced, but Cabbie, being in a free country, insisted upon fixing the fares himself, at something like a dollar a mile. As might have been predicted, the scheme did not work, and Cabbie, instead of lowering his price, disappeared altogether, and betook himself to other schemes and projects for making an easy living, or emigrated to the Far West. The hackney-coaches with two horses are conducted upon such a system of extortion that one job per diem may be considered tolerably good pay. Let not the stranger who comes to New York for the first time imagine that there is any law for him if he have any dispute with a hack-driver. The New York Jehu, who is generally an Irishman, charges what he pleases, and this deponent had to pay two dollars (eight shillings and fourpence) for a drive of less than two miles, and there was neither redress nor law for the grievance, nor anything but submission. Had a bargain been made beforehand one dollar would doubtless have been accepted; but a hackney-coach is, at the best of times, and in all circumstances, such an expensive and litigious luxury, that few people but the greenest of strangers think of using one. The great avenues that run parallel with Broadway are provided with lines of rail, on which numbers of very excellent cars, each capable of accommodating, with perfect ease and comfort, from twenty to thirty passengers, are drawn by horses—an arrangement which might be introduced into London with much advantage.

Broadway is the fashionable promenade—the Regent-street and Hyde-park, as well as the Cheapside and Fleet-street—of New York. Let us take a look at the people. A few carriages—several of them with ducal or baronial coronets upon the panels, though on what principle no one can tell—mingle among the white omnibuses; and here the negro coachmen come into competition with the Irish. The ladies of New York who go shopping in the Broadway are evidently fond of dress. Let them not be blamed, for what lady is not? Some of the journals have been ungallant enough to attribute the late commercial panic almost exclusively to the extravagance in personal adornment of the fair sex; but, without joining in this silly assertion, or saying one word in disrespect or disparagement of that charming and better portion of humankind, truth compels me to state that, as regards the mere volume and circumference of crinoline, the ladies of London and Paris are, to those of New York, but as butterflies compared with canaries. The caricatures of the crinoline mania which the world owes to its excellent friend Punch, if exaggerations of English fashions, are no exaggerations of those of New York; and to get along Broadway, where there is no law of the pavement as in England, and where every one takes the wall as it pleases him or her, is no easy matter. Were it not for the crinolines it would be difficult for an Englishman, accustomed to have the wall at his right hand, to make any progress, unless by a series of provoking zigzags; but, hustled by crinolines, the best thing for the gallant man who is in a hurry is to step off the pavement into the road. Nor have the fair ladies all the crinoline to themselves. The dark ladies share with them the passion, or the sentiment of the hoop (for it must be one of these), and inflate their garments to the most ridiculous proportions. Little negro girls of fourteen or fifteen years of age, with bright-coloured parasols, bright silk dresses of a width surpassing any credence but that of the eyes of the beholder, flounder awkwardly to and fro; and aged negresses, equally splendid and equally rotund, waddle like hippopotami among their Anglo-Saxon and Celtic fellow-creatures, as if they had been rigged out maliciously by some hater of crinoline and launched into the street to convert their fairer sisters to a more elegant form of dress, upon the same principle as the ancients inculcated sobriety by the spectacle of their drunken slaves. There is not only a craze for crinoline here, but crinoline itself is crazy—huge, unwieldy, preposterous, and offensive.

Another feature of Broadway is the number of Irish and Germans who swarm in it, on it, and round about it. The Irish seem to have the news trade to themselves; and the newsboys and newsgirls, selling the cheap daily newspapers, are to be met with at every corner, and blockade the entrances to all the principal hotels. Ragged, barefooted, and pertinacious, they are to be found in the streets from dawn till past the dark, crying out "The glorious news of the Fall of Delhi!" "The last terrible explosion on the Ohio—one hundred lives lost!" or "The last attempted assassination in a Lager beer-cellar!" They recall the memories of the old country by their garb, appearance, and accent, if not by their profession; while their staid elders, male and female, who monopolise the apple-stalls, look far sleeker and more comfortable than their compeers do at home, and show by their cozy appearance that they have prospered in the New Land. The Germans are more quiet, and drink Lager beer, and smoke pipes in cellars, day and night.

But the Broadway at night offers a more remarkable scene than the Broadway by day. My impressions of it shall be reserved for my next letter.

## EPITOME OF NEWS—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

It is stated to be her Majesty's intention to visit Alnwick Castle when the works now in progress are more advanced.

The Prince of Wales, according to the *Western Times*, is going to plant Dartmoor. His Royal Highness has ordered a large number of larch, Scotch fir, oak, and other plants for forest-planting.

The Honourable Spencer Cecil Brabazon Ponsonby has been appointed Comptroller of Accounts in the Lord Chamberlain's department, and extra Gentleman Usher to her Majesty.

The canonry in Durham Cathedral rendered vacant by the death of the Rev. Dr. Townsend has been conferred on the Rev. R. C. Cox, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne and Vicar of Eglingham.

The Emperor of the French has instituted a charitable fund to be specially applied to relieving the native Mussulman population of Algiers.

Mr. Lewin B. Bowring, of the Bengal Civil Service, third son of Sir John Bowring, her Majesty's Minister at Hong-Kong, has been appointed Assistant Private Secretary to Lord Canning at Calcutta.

The news generally from the manufacturing districts continues bad. The numbers of the unemployed and destitute are steadily increasing, and the gloom thickens.

In the beginning of next year a translation in the Russian language is to be published of the best works in the English and French tongues. Prescott's "History of Ferdinand and Isabella" and "Philip the Second of Spain," Grote's "History of Greece," and Thierry's "Norman Conquest," have been selected to begin with.

Mr. James Vallach, solicitor, has been unanimously elected coroner of the borough of Derby in place of the late Mr. Mozley, who a short time ago shot himself through the heart.

The *Cardiff Journal* says that six steamers are about to be employed on the River Severn, between Cardiff and Worcester.

The late Lieutenant Philip Salkeld, whose bravery was shown in the blowing up of the Cashmere Gate at Delhi, was nephew to Lieutenant Salkeld whom her Majesty has recently appointed a Naval Knight of Windsor.

The brig *Maria*, of Weymouth, struck last week on a bank entering the Tagus, and became a total wreck. All hands were saved.

Mr. W. B. Paget, of Sutton Bonington, has been appointed chairman of the Midland Railway Company, and Mr. Hutchinson vice-chairman.

The bays and estuaries on the west coast of Ross and Inverness have lately been swarming with herrings, and the fishermen of these regions have caught large quantities of them—a welcome addition to their winter resources.

A very handsome monument has lately been erected in the mausoleum chancel of Long Newton Church, by Frances Anne, Marchioness of Londonderry, to the memory of the late Marquis of Londonderry.

The *Times* screw steam-ship came into collision off the Shetlands early on Sunday morning with the brig *Atalanta*, bound from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres, which immediately sank. The crew were saved by the *Times*, which sustained but little damage.

Great distress continues to prevail among the Spitalfields weavers, three thousand looms being at present unemployed.

On Saturday last Mr. Alderman Cubitt, chairman of the Gaol Committee to the Aldermen, together with several other Aldermen, attended at the Insolvent Debtors' Prison, Whitecross-street, to explain the alterations which have been made in the regulations of the prison.

The stock of the Smithfield Club Cattle Show was removed on Saturday last. The prices obtained for beasts were 6s. to 5s. 8d. and 6s. per stone, sinking the offal; sheep sold at 6s. 4d. to 6s. 6d. per stone, and pigs at 5s. to 6s. per stone.

Mr. Milner Gibson was returned for Ashton-under-Lyne on Saturday last by a majority of 132 over his opponent, Mr. Mason.

In the year ended last March the duty on corn imported was £483,802.

The duty on tobacco and snuff in the year ending the 31st of March last was £5,210,116.

The visitors to the South Kensington Museum last week were:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday (free days), 1743; on Monday and Tuesday (free evenings), 2565; on the three students' days (admission to the public ed.), 595; one student's evening, Wednesday, 106; total, 5009.

At Carlisle, on Saturday last, John Pattinson, under arrest for debt, striving to escape took to the River Calder, and was drowned.

Much depression continues among the trading classes in Paris and the departments, although no failures of any note have been announced.

Three manufactories and two custom-houses have been destroyed by fire at Hammerfest, Sweden. The loss is estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000 rix dollars.

At Woolwich, on Monday, three recruits recently enlisted in the Royal Artillery were flogged (each receiving fifty lashes) for insubordinate conduct.

In the year ended the 31st of March last the paper duty amounted to £1,138,880, whilst in the previous year the amount was £1,047,430.

The number of patients relieved at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, during last week was 2354, of which 680 were new cases.

Dr. McNeile has laid the foundation-stone of a new church at Liverpool, which is designed especially for the humbler classes, and is to be built under the auspices of the Working Men's Church Association.

In the year ended the 31st March last the duties on spirits amounted to £11,435,881. In the preceding year the duties were £10,350,479.

The number of planets at present known in our system is forty-nine, the last having been discovered on the night of the 19th of September: it is between the tenth and eleventh magnitude.

It is believed that the fearful explosion at Mayence was wilfully caused by Wimmer, an Austrian artilleryman, who himself perished: his mind had been soured by disappointments at not getting promotion.

The deliveries of tea in London, estimated for last week, were 712,499lb., which is an increase of 92,602lb., compared with the previous statement.

It is stated that at Rome crime is very rife; robberies being of daily occurrence, both in town and country.

Nicaragua has issued a declaration of war against Costa Rica. General Tomas Martinez has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Nicaraguan army.

The month of November was exceedingly boisterous in the Black Sea and the Bosphorus, and the navigation at the mouth of the Danube was considerably impeded; even the steamers had sometimes to wait for several days at Sulina before they could go out.

At Lisbon the fever has greatly abated, the deaths, on an average, not exceeding thirty daily.

General Edgar Ney is named Prince de la Moskowa.

A rigorous censorship of the press has been established at Constantinople. In case of contravention journals will be punished by suspension for a period more or less long, according to the gravity of the case.

On Saturday last the whole of the troops in Woolwich garrison, except the corps of Royal Marines, were reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge.

The Session of the Sardinian Legislature was opened on Monday by a speech from the King, in which he expressed his regret at not being able to announce the resumption of diplomatic intercourse with Austria.

An extraordinary decree has been issued in France, granting the credit of 1,000,000 francs towards alleviating the sufferings of the workmen, and finding them in the communes means of employment and food.

The Bank of Vienna has advanced a loan of 10,000,000 florins to the city of Hamburg, at six per cent, for twelve months. The amount is to be paid into the Hamburg Treasury in silver.

The Council General of the department of the Seine has passed a resolution in favour of the Suez Canal, recommending this enterprise to the solicitude of Government.

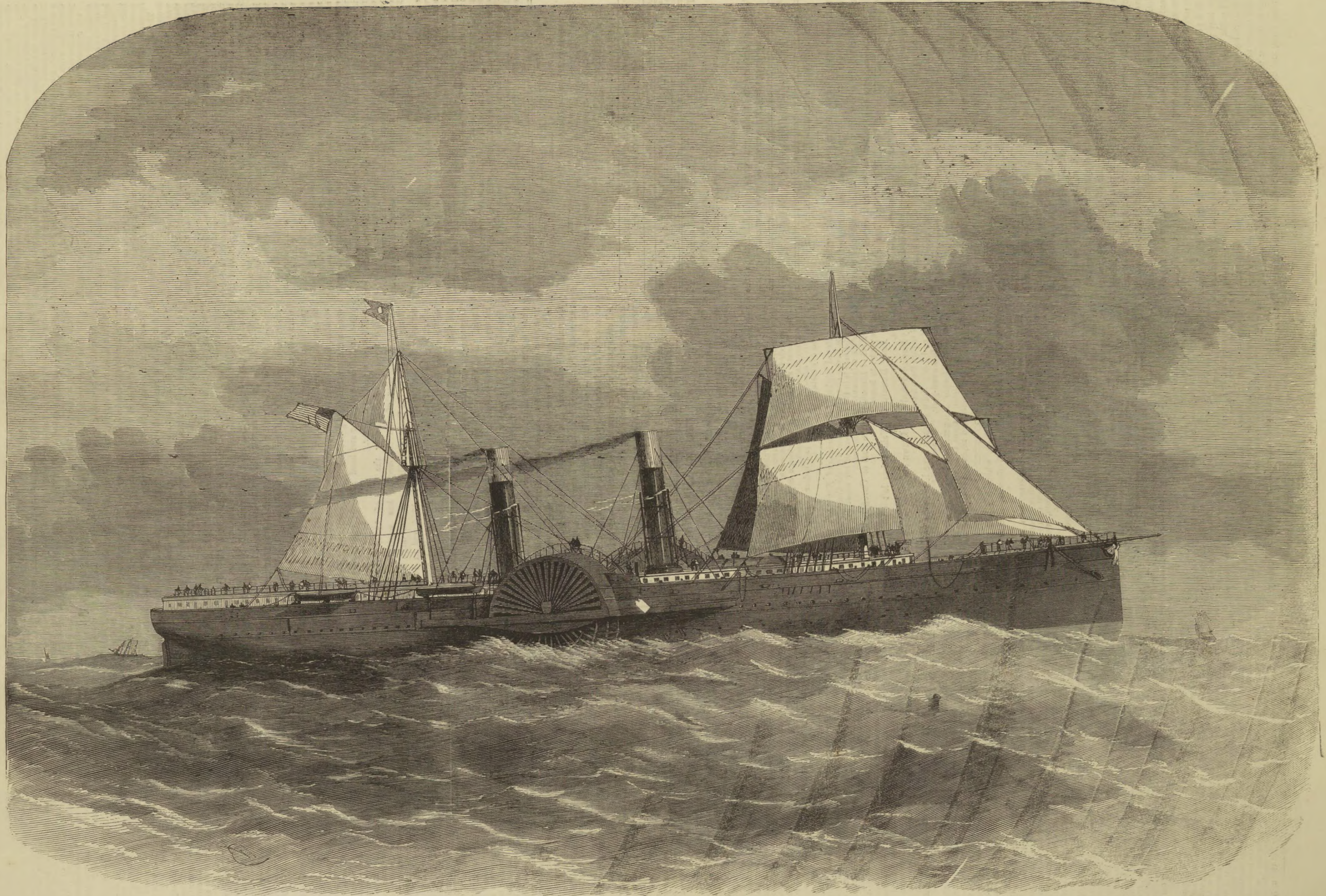
It is reported at the Sandwich Islands that the Russian Government has issued orders to prevent American whalers from fishing in Russian waters.

The Scarborough election terminated on Monday in a majority for Mr. Dent, the numbers being—Dent, 373; Cayley, 280.

Mr. Charles Compton Cavendish will be raised to the Upper House by the title of Baron Latimer.

The police report the floating population of Paris visitors to be 110,000.





THE UNITED STATES' NEW MAIL STEAM-SHIP "ADRIATIC."—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



THE UNITED STATES' NEW MAIL STEAM-SHIP "ADRIATIC."

THIS long-expected and noble ship—at present the largest and most powerful vessel afloat—arrived off Point Lynas, at 9 p.m., on Thursday, the 3rd instant, after a run of ten days four hours, from New York. Had she proceeded to Liverpool direct the passage between the two ports would have been made in ten days eight hours, mean time; but Captain West, in consequence of a strong gale from the westward, deemed it prudent to lay to during the night, and did not get under way till nearly high water of the next flood tide. We understand that the *Adriatic's* performances during the voyage were considered by all on board to be highly satisfactory, and that occasionally she logged 15 knots per hour. In taking the passage at ten days eight hours some allowance must be made for this, her first trip, for there is no doubt that when her machinery is in good working order she will improve in her rate of speed.

On approaching the Sloyne the *Adriatic* displayed the English ensign, and saluted the Cunard steamers *Canada* and *Persia*, a compliment which was promptly returned by these fine vessels, each of which had the United States' ensign at the fore.

Viewed from the piers she differs but little from the other steamers belonging to the Collins line, having the same upright stem and neatly-rounded stern. She has two light masts, with topsails yards on the foremast, and two lofty funnels, placed fore and aft, slightly raked.

The *Adriatic* was constructed in New York by the late Mr. George Steers, who also built the United States' screw-frigate *Niagara*, and was launched on the 7th of April, 1856. Her extraordinary delay in that port was caused by frequent alterations in her machinery. According to the American measurement she is of 5900 tons capacity. The length of the *Adriatic* over all is 354½ feet, while that of the *Persia* is 390 feet. The breadth of beam of the former is 50 feet, being five feet more than that of the latter. The depth of hold of the *Adriatic* is 33 1-6 feet, and that of the *Persia* 32 feet. The tonnage of the latter is given at 3600 tons, with side lever engines of two cylinders of 100 inches diameter each, and 10 feet stroke of piston.

The machinery of the *Adriatic* consists of two of the largest oscillating engines that have ever been constructed, and were manufactured at the New York Novelty Works. They have two cylinders, each 100 inches in diameter, with 12 feet stroke of piston, and are of the technical horse-power of 1500, but are considered in reality equal to 2800 horse-power. The diameter of the paddlewheels of the *Adriatic* and the *Persia* is the same—namely, 40 feet. The *Adriatic* is considerably larger than the other American steamers—being 700 tons more than the screw-frigate *Niagara*, 800 more than the *Vanderbilt*, and 2900 tons more than the *Atlantic*. She is altogether a splendid specimen of naval architecture, and will doubtless prove to be by far the fastest vessel ever constructed in the United States. The total cost is estimated at little short of a quarter of a million sterling. The frame of the *Adriatic* is all of live and white oak, locust, cedar, and chestnut, put together in the strongest possible manner. The ship is plentifully furnished with patent metallic boats. The principal anchors each weigh 3½ tons; and the cables, each of about 100 fathoms, are 2½ inches thick.

Among other new arrangements, the calcium light, which she carries at her foremast-head, will not only be a security against a collision with another vessel, but, by enabling the look-out to discover objects at a distance of three or four miles in the dark, will greatly lessen the chances of accidents at night. She has accommodations for about 400 passengers, 300 of them being first-class. Her working force, numbering 188 men, is distributed as follows:—1 commander, 4 mates, 1 surgeon, 1 purser, 4 quartermasters, 2 carpenters, 1 boatswain, 36 seamen, 1 engineer, 3 assistants, 6 superintendents of fires and boilers, 4 oilers, 2 engineers' storekeepers, 24 firemen, 36 coal-passers, 1 steward, 3 assistants, 36 waiters, 3 stewardesses, 2 storekeepers, 1 barkeeper, 1 barber, 1 chief cook, 1 assistant cook, 1 baker, 2 pastrycooks, 2 engineers' messmen, 2 keepers of lamps and oil, 1 hosekeeper.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SUNDAY, Dec. 20.—4th Sunday in Advent.  
MONDAY, 21.—St. Thomas. Battle of Trafalgar, 1805.  
TUESDAY, 22.—Great Earthquake at Japan, 1854.  
WEDNESDAY, 23.—James II. fled from Rochester, 1688.  
THURSDAY, 24.—Peace of Westphalia, 1648.  
FRIDAY, 25.—Christmas Day.  
SATURDAY, 26.—St. Stephen.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON-BRIDGE, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 26, 1857.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
4 18	4 35	4 55	5 15	5 33	5 55	6 15
6 15	6 30	6 45	7 00	7 15	7 30	7 45
8 15	8 30	8 45	9 00	9 15	9 30	9 45
10 15	10 30	10 45	11 00	11 15	11 30	11 45
12 15	12 30	12 45	1 00	1 15	1 30	1 45
2 15	2 30	2 45	3 00	3 15	3 30	3 45
4 15	4 30	4 45	5 00	5 15	5 30	5 45
6 15	6 30	6 45	7 00	7 15	7 30	7 45
8 15	8 30	8 45	9 00	9 15	9 30	9 45
10 15	10 30	10 45	11 00	11 15	11 30	11 45
12 15	12 30	12 45	1 00	1 15	1 30	1 45

TO ADVERTISERS.—Next week's ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS will be PUBLISHED ONE DAY EARLIER, in consequence of Christmas Day falling on Friday. No advertisements can therefore be received after Wednesday.

\*\*\* The Answers to the CONUNDRUMS and REBUSES in the CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT will be given next week.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1857.

It gives us great pleasure to suppose that the dark spots in the national path are fast brightening. Not that our great work in India is yet wholly achieved, and not that the commercial convulsion at home has spent all its force; but we think we see the end of the former, and the latter becomes every day less alarming. We shall yet hear, probably, of commercial failures, and the prevailing distress in the manufacturing districts may yet be deepened; but those who regard the condition of the Bank of England as the emblem of national weal will see with much satisfaction the daily increase of its bullion and of its reserve; and others will find a hope in confidence returning and prosperity reviving in the United States that distress here will be neither very extensive nor very severe. Owing in part to our excellent harvest, and in part to the fact that the convulsion arises more from a disorganisation of credit than deficient production of any kind, its effects, like those of the Indian mutiny, have fallen very much, as yet, on the middle classes, amongst whom bankruptcy has been widely spread; and they have not affected the multitude so seriously as might have been apprehended. It is, indeed, known, notwithstanding the great temporary stagnation of business in Manchester, Birmingham, and other places, that the stock of manufactured goods on hand is not excessive, and that the slightest increase of demand, accompanied by a reduction in the rate of discount, will suffice to bring into active work many mills now partially or wholly stopped. The season, also, hitherto, has been unusually mild, and severe frost does not add to the miseries of short commons, scanty clothing, and a fireless hearth. Nevertheless, there is sufficient want of employment and sufficient distress in many places to call into activity the virtues congenial to the feelings and condition of the more fortunate classes.

It is not our intention to dogmatise on the manner in which they can best perform their duties. Local and individual peculiarities will guide them in different places to different courses, and they can judge best of the objects immediately to be accomplished and of the means to be employed. We think it more consonant to our duty to suggest that the sufferings of some artisans are due to a general fault, and that it is neither honest nor safe, even if it were

possible, to make one class exclusively the victims of a national error. There is but one opinion, we think, as to the fact that "the fundamental cause of these commercial aberrations is an irrational desire and hope of becoming suddenly rich." In this desire and hope the working multitude have scarcely participated: they have had nothing to do with creating fictitious bills, or inflating credit, though, as long as the inflation lasted, they derived from it additional employment and higher wages. To them, however, the unusual demand was but too often an incentive to extravagance and recklessness, which have left them, after its cessation, destitute and helpless. To refer to the causes of these aberrations is neither to ignore nor excuse them: it is only to point out that others have materially assisted to pilot them wrong, and should cheerfully and strenuously help to save them from becoming perfect wrecks.

Even those who carrying on business on credit have been the more immediate causes of the inflation and the collapse are not without some excuse in "the general desire and hope" which they share. Mr. Weguelin, the late Governor of the Bank of England, remarked in a recent debate that the great expenditure of the Governments of England, France, and Russia in the late war had contributed very much to increase consumption, to raise prices, and promote trade for a time. Large consumption of previous savings, attended with no inconsiderable destruction, always notoriously gives temporary and apparent prosperity. It sharpened the desires and the activity of all traders. They regulated their future business and their business generally by the large scale of the temporary expenditure; and by this error, in conjunction with others—arising from the great and sudden impulse given to society by the gold discoveries—when the expenditure ceased, when consumption was lessened, when prices fell, when increased production followed on the heels of devastation, they were landed in almost general bankruptcy. Reckless trading is never excusable, but it seems to be in part a result of the continual national excitement, caused by the great and unusual events of the last few years, and is less a peculiar and local than the most conspicuous symptom of a general disorder.

The necessity of suspending the Act of 1844, on account (as the Chancellor of the Exchequer has explicitly stated) of the condition of the Bank of England, and the large advances made by the Bank in the present year, in 1856, and in 1855, by which it gains vast profits, show conclusively that this staid and well-governed body has shared in the general whirl equally with the Glasgow Bank; and, in fact, was only saved from the common disgrace of our bankrupt trade by the interference of the State. But it is now notorious that the Bank, in what concerns money, as Lord Overstone has said, is merely the instrument of the State; and thus we are driven to the conclusion that the State itself, or the whole community whose power it embodies, is in a great degree responsible for the commercial convulsion and its inevitable consequences. It is now, therefore, a national duty—how to be exercised we stop not to explain—to relieve the distress of the multitude wherever that is conspicuous; and to take care, by our mode of dealing with it, that we do not make any present destitution or present degradation, whether material or mental, the criterion of the future and permanent condition of the multitude. All such partial misfortunes tend, it is well known, to increase permanently their dependence, their deficiency in self-government, their poverty, and their degradation; and those who have the means of helping them should, above all things, keep alive in them a high standard of well-being, and a desire for permanent improvement.

THE COURT.

The Court has been passing the few days before Christmas in comparative retirement at Osborne, occasional excursions in the neighbourhood of the Royal demesne and a flying visit to the sailor Prince Alfred at Alverbank having been the only incidents of the last few days. On Sunday the Queen and Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice, and Princess Helena, went to Whippingham Church, where the Rev. G. Prothero performed the service. The Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales have had some shooting excursions in the island, and both the heir-apparent and Prince Arthur have paid visits to their Royal brother at Alverbank. Major-General the Hon. Sir James Scarlett and Admiral Sir George Seymour have been the only guests of Her Majesty during the week.

The Court is expected to return to Windsor Castle for the Christmas holidays to-day (Saturday).

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent has been residing at Frogmore House since the departure of the Court from Windsor. Her Royal Highness is in the enjoyment of her usual health, and takes daily drives in the neighbourhood of the forest.

The Earl of Lincoln and the Earl of Coventry have left town to pass the winter in Rome.

The Lady Howard de Walden has left Claridge's Hotel for Brussels.

Lady Marian Alford has left town for Rome, where her Ladyship intends to pass the winter.

Lord and Lady John Russell have left Farrance's Hotel, Belgrave, for Richmond-park.

The Hon. Eleanor Alexandrina Fraser, sister of Alexander seventeenth Lord Saltoun, is about to be married to Mr. Henry Forester, first cousin of Lord Forester, and nephew of the Duke of Cleveland.

THE Colonelcy of the 3rd Buffs, which has just become vacant by the death of Lieutenant-General Wodehouse, will be conferred on Major-General Sir Henry Havelock.

MAJOR-GENERAL WILSON, LADY NEILL, AND MRS. NICHOLSON.—The grant of a pension by the East India Company of £1000 a year to General Wilson, and of pensions of £500 each to the widow of General Neill and the mother of General Nicholson, was confirmed on Wednesday by a special general Court of Proprietors.

GOVERNMENT grants £5000 to fit up a vessel in which Dr. Livingstone is to explore the Zambesi River.

PREFERRMENTS AND APPOINTMENTS IN THE CHURCH.—*Canonry*: The Ven. Archdeacon Cox to Durham Cathedral. *Rural Deanery*: The Rev. G. Marshall, Vicar of Pyrtton, Oxfordshire, to Aston Deanery. *Rectory*: The Rev. W. Hutton to St. Philip's, Bradford-road, Manchester. *Vicarages*: The Rev. C. J. Buncombe to St. Mary Bishophill Jun., York; Rev. W. G. Cokesley to Hayton-with-Bealy, Yorkshire; Rev. H. P. Edwards to Llangattock-juxta-Caerleon. *Incumbencies*: The Rev. L. R. Ayre to the new District Church of St. Michael's, Islington; Rev. J. K. Harrison to the new District Church for Barnsbury-park, Islington; Rev. H. T. Simpson to Dowland, Devon; Rev. G. A. Todd to the new District Church of St. Thomas, Islington; Rev. J. P. Waldo to St. James's, Hampstead-road. *Perpetual Curacies*: The Rev. D. Davies to Long Sutton, Hants; Rev. J. J. Hedges to Littledean, Forest of Dean. *Stipendiary Curacies*: Rev. S. Bawire to Newton-in-Makerfield; Rev. C. R. Ord to Christ Church, Southport. *Curacies*: The Rev. J. C. M. Bellew to St. Mark's, St. John's-wood; Rev. W. Drawbridge to Burghfield, Berks; Rev. F. Hewson to Parkstone, Dorset; Rev. D. J. Lequer (sole charge) to Lydford, Bridgestow, Devon; Rev. R. Le Marchant to Harberton; Rev. H. Measham to St. Andrew, Plymouth; Rev. T. Wilson to Buxton, Derbyshire; Rev. T. Wolstencroft to Mary, Rawtenstall, Lancashire. Rev. T. C. Onion, B.A., to be Chaplain to the Lancaster Lunatic Asylum; Rev. H. Venables, M.A., to be Precentor of the Cathedral Church of Chester.

M. GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS are announced for the 15th of January in six volumes.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

BRITISH INDIA.—Two meetings in connection with India, both of a religious complexion, were held on Wednesday. An adjourned meeting, having for its object the extension in India of the mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, was held at Willis's Rooms—the Bishop of London in the chair. The speech of the day was by Lord John Manners, who rebuked Indian misgovernment and spoliation. Resolutions to the effect that the Church of England was called upon by the occurrence of the late calamitous events in India to take steps for extending missions in that country were unanimously carried.—In the evening a meeting to promote religious emancipation in British India was held in the Tower Hamlets. Effective speeches were delivered by Mr. Ayrton, one of the members for the borough; Mr. Miall, and other friends of religious liberty. The speeches and resolutions deprecated Government support of idolatrous practices on the one hand, and a Christian State Church Establishment on the other.—A meeting was held on Thursday evening, at St. Martin's Hall, to consider the policy of continuing the present irresponsible Government of India. The chair was taken by the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Bury, M.P.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AND THE HOMELESS POOR.—On Sunday the Bishop of London, accompanied by Mrs. Tait, paid an unexpected visit to the Field-lane Night Refuge for the Homeless. The sleeping berths, baths, lavatories, &c., were all inspected. The Bishop was most particular in his inquiries regarding the distribution of food to the inmates night and morning, and the means adopted by the committee for the observance of order. The Bishop expressed his satisfaction with the entire arrangements.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO BE LIGHTED WITH GAS.—It having been resolved that Divine service shall be performed in Westminster Abbey on Sunday evenings, at the commencement of the new year, the Dean and Chapter have exerted themselves to provide for the comfort of the parties assembling for public worship, and have decided that gas shall be introduced into the Abbey.

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION, BROMPTON.—On Thursday a meeting of the friends of the above institution was held at the board-room of the hospital, at Brompton. From the report of the committee it appeared that there were nearly 200 patients on the books waiting admission as vacancies occurred. The hospital having been lately enlarged to more than double its former size, the committee had sufficient accommodation for 230 in-door patients, but were unable to fill all the beds from the want of sufficient funds. The out-door patients exceed 100 per day. The report concluded by an earnest appeal for additional funds.

ROYAL CALEDONIAN ASYLUM.—On Friday (last week) the Lord Bishop of London paid a visit to the Royal Caledonian Asylum, Holloway. A numerous body of the directors was in attendance to receive the right rev. prelate. After the objects of this useful and valuable institution had been explained, the children (boys and girls, 120 in number) were introduced. The right rev. prelate then delivered a simple but touching and eloquent address. He had but lately returned from visiting the homes of their fathers, and in some of the rural districts in Scotland he was informed there was not a single cottage that had not its family altar. He trusted they would never forget the old Scotch habit of "looking up." The right rev. prelate concluded by commending those orphans whose fathers had fallen in the Crimean war, and all the children, to the Divine blessing and favour. The Bishop contributed ten guineas to the funds, in addition to a liberal donation at the festival. Upon leaving the asylum the Bishop was loudly cheered, and the proceedings terminated by the juvenile band playing "God Save the Queen."—At a court of directors, held in an earlier part of the day, Colonel Crichton Stuart, M.P., presiding, the secretary read a letter from the Duke of Hamilton, inclosing a cheque for fifty guineas, and consenting to preside at the ensuing festival. A contribution of 100 guineas from the East India Company was also announced.

JURIDICAL SOCIETY.—On Monday the usual bi-monthly meeting of the members of this society was held at the rooms, Trafalgar-place, St. Martin's-lane—the Right Hon. Vice-Chancellor Sir John Stuart in the chair. There was a larger attendance of visitors present than usual to hear Dr. Forbes Winslow read a paper on the "Legal Doctrine of Responsibility in Cases of Insanity, connected with Alleged Criminal Acts." Dr. Winslow divided his essay into five principal parts—dwelling in the first on the nature of insanity in its medico-legal relation; in the second, on the legal doctrine of responsibility in connection with insanity, associated with alleged criminal acts; in the third, on the doctrine of partial insanity, or monomania; in the fourth, on the existence of homicidal insanity and insane irresistible impulses; and in the fifth, on anomalous or mixed cases of mental disorder, involving the question of modified responsibility and the propriety of punishment. Considerable applause followed the reading of the paper.

AT THE MANSION HOUSE, on Tuesday, a man who gave his age as twenty-four, and his name as Richard Johnson, but who is known to be the brother of a Baronet, was brought before the Lord Mayor, charged with stealing a bag, value 2s., from a shop-door in Gracechurch-street. Evidence as to the robbery having been given, the Lord Mayor said, "I know all about you, and I find that you have had plenty of money during the last month, but that you have been a disgrace to your family since your childhood. You have been imprisoned twice—once for two months, and once for three months. I shall now send you for three months more, with hard labour; and rest assured that your next offence will be followed by penal servitude." The prisoner wore an air of sullen melancholy, and was attired in a half-sailor costume.

EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.—At the Westminster Police Court, on Tuesday, Elizabeth Robinson and John Willis were charged with creating a great disturbance under the following circumstances:—For the last three or four years many of the residents of Eaton and Chester squares and the neighbourhood have been subjected to continual annoyance by the female defendant, who suffers under the delusion that she is the rightful owner of the houses they respectively inhabit, and is either entitled to receive the rents, or to take possession of the property. In prosecution of her supposititious claims she has been five times charged at the Westminster Court; and, although she has recently suffered a long period of imprisonment in default of sureties, she on Monday conducted herself in the following extraordinary manner:—She went to the house of Dr. Griffiths, No. 3, Eaton-square, and, having obtained admission in the ordinary way upon knocking at the door, rushed up stairs into the front drawing-room, and, having taken her station upon the balcony, with violent gesticulations, addressed persons in the street upon the subject of her alleged claims and cruel wrongs. The square was in a complete tumult; a large crowd of persons having assembled, interspersed with gentlemen's carriages, hackney-cabs, and other vehicles, the occupants of which were in perfect bewilderment at the scene which was going on, while the inmates of some of the other houses had crowded to the windows to ascertain, if possible, the cause of the disturbance. Miss Robinson, and the male defendant, who also was urging the lady's claim with great vehemence, were ultimately taken to the police station. There has been a suit in Chancery respecting some house property in the neighbourhood which was fully determined; but the female defendant was completely unknown and unheard of in it as a claimant. Mr. Paynter ordered the defendants to find good bail for their reappearance in a week, and intimated that they might be committed for conspiracy. Not being provided with the sureties, they were locked up for remand.

BIRTHS AND DEATHS.—Last week the births of 961 boys and 842 girls, in all 1803 children, were registered in London. In the ten corresponding weeks of the years 1847-56 the average number was 1507.—The public health of the metropolitan districts appears to be returning to a more satisfactory condition. In the previous week the deaths registered were 1428; last week they fell to 1240. In the ten years 1847-56 the average number of deaths in the weeks corresponding with last week was 1297.

A COLLISION took place on Wednesday morning on the North London Railway, near the Hackney station, by the sudden exit of a coal-train from a siding near that station. At the time of the approach of the 8.20 passenger-train from Bow—the latter cutting the former in two, and destroying the bulk of the waggons composing the train. Fortunately there were but few passengers in the train, some of whom sustained serious injury. The engine of the passenger-train was partly demolished, and most of the carriages were shattered.

AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, on Tuesday, Attwell, who confessed to the robbery of Lady Ellesmere's jewels, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment; and Jackson, the receiver, was convicted and sent into penal servitude for ten years.—In the course of the same day, and upon the application of Mr. Bodkin, the Recorder issued a warrant for the apprehension of Mr. E. A. Glover, the late member for Beverley, on a charge of having made a false declaration to the House of Commons as to his qualification to sit in that House.—Sattler, the foreigner, who shot Thain, the detective officer, on board the *Caledonia* steamer, was arraigned on Wednesday on the charge of murder. The trial, however, was postponed until the next sessions, on the ground that the accused had not had time sufficient to prepare his defence.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.—A horrible tragedy has been perpetrated in Drummond-street, Euston-square. Two foreigners, a man and a woman, recently took apartments at a coffee-house in that street, and lived in a somewhat costly style. On Sunday afternoon, when they were about to go out, the landlord, Mr. Harper, asked them to pay the amount of their bill. They walked up stairs and retired to their bed-room, as if to obtain the money for that purpose. Nothing, however, was seen of them during the remainder of the day; and late in the evening the landlord became alarmed, and procured the assistance of the police. On breaking open the bed-room they found its wretched occupants quite dead, with their throats cut. It appeared evident that the man had first murdered his companion, and then committed suicide. Although they had run up a bill to the extent of several pounds, they were both almost penniless.



**THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.**—The annual general meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England was held on Friday (last week), at the society's house in Hanover-square—Lord Berners in the chair. The report, which was read by the secretary, states that the society has gained, since the last half-yearly meeting 150 new members on its list, and consists at the present time of 5218 members. The funded capital of the society is £9264 ss. 11d. in the New Three per Cents. The Salisbury meeting has been one of the most remarkable assemblages of live stock and implements ever held in this country. The country meeting to be held next year at Chester will be distinguished by the unusual amount of local prizes placed at the disposal of the society by the local committee of that city, by the triennial exhibition and trial of steam-engines and agricultural steam machinery generally, and by the peculiar advantages of its position in reference to railway communication.

**THE LEVIATHAN.**—Preparations for the resumption of the launch of this vessel took up the whole of Monday. On Tuesday the attempt was renewed, but the monster continued obdurate, and made no advance whatever in its progress to the Thames. Nor was the success great on Wednesday. The presses were set to work at an early hour, and at ten o'clock a slip was made of 38 inches aft and 16 inches forward. In the afternoon the cylinders of the hydraulic-ram pressing against the centre of the vessel burst, deluging the men who were employed at it, and putting a stop to the work for a time.

**A PUBLIC DISCUSSION** on what is called the "Sunday question" took place on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, in Exeter Hall, between the Rev. Robert Maguire and Mr. Langley, of the Sunday League.

**THE CROYDON TRAGEDY.**—The coroner's jury, on Tuesday, came to a decision on this painful case—the particulars of which will be best gathered perhaps from the evidence of the servant girl—it being first premised that a lady, Mrs. Smith, and her two sons, William and Charles, resided together at Thornton-heath, near Croydon. The servant girl had taken up a wine-glass to Mr. William Smith on the morning of Thursday week; some time afterwards, finding the brothers did not make their appearance to breakfast, she went to the bed-room of Charles and listened for a moment or so, and, hearing no noise, she pushed the door open, and the first thing that caught her view was the countenance of her young master, with a quantity of coloured foam about the mouth and nostrils. The sight so alarmed her that she at once ran to the next house for assistance, and returned with the servant man. The two persons then entered the bed-room, where they found both the brothers perfectly lifeless, and a phial and a wine-glass on the foot of the bed. The first exclamation of the servant was, that she was sure the shock would kill her mistress, and she hesitated awhile as to how she should break it to her. In a few moments, however, she summoned resolution, and proceeded to her mistress's bed-room, on the same floor, and on entering it found the unfortunate lady dead also. She lay on the bed with her head resting on her right hand, the bed perfectly unruined. It appears that Mrs. Smith had been ailing for some days, and that her son William had been in the habit of giving her the medicine prescribed for her illness, and by this means had been enabled to give her the fatal dose, which must in a moment have terminated her existence. It is the opinion of those who had seen him that the fatal drug must have been poured into the mouth of the youth Charles while he lay on his back, and that the sudden shock to the circulation had caused the foam about the mouth and nostrils. It is also believed that the quantity of prussic acid taken by the unfortunate murderer himself was so great that his death was instantaneous. William Smith was a clerk in the Bank of England, and his brother Charles was expecting an appointment in the same establishment. The murderer was in difficulties from speculation in the funds, and dreaded exposure. An inquest was opened on Saturday, when the servant was the principal witness, telling the sad story as given above. "William was a very excitable young man, and had drank to excess on the two days previous to his death. Mrs. Smith gave William £20 to put away for her; but he had used the money, and could not bear to tell his mamma of it. I think William did not like to die alone. All the family seemed to live very happily together, and to love one another very much. I think William gave Charles and his mother the prussic acid out of affection for them." A phial, labelled "Prussic acid—poison," was found in the bed. The medical testimony was to the effect that the two brothers had undoubtedly died from prussic acid; but the cause of the mother's death was not so clear. The inquiry was therefore adjourned for the purpose of having a post-mortem examination made. It was resumed on Tuesday, when the medical evidence was to the effect that Mrs. Smith had also been poisoned by prussic acid. The jury found—"That the deceased Mrs. Mary Smith and the deceased Charles Smith were both wilfully murdered by the deceased William Smith, and that the said William Smith committed suicide while in a state of mental derangement."

**A MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE** was expelled on Tuesday, by order of the Committee, for having obtained, by improper means, the contents of telegraphic messages transmitted from the Continent to London.

### THE WEATHER.

#### METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY, FOR THE WEEK ENDING DEC. 18, 1857.

Day.	Barometer at 9 A.M. reduced to sea level, and corrected for temperature.	Highest Temperature.	Lowest Temperature.	Adopted Mean Temperature.	Dry Bulb at 9 A.M.	Wet Bulb at 9 A.M.	Dry Bulb at 3 P.M.	Wet Bulb at 3 P.M.	Direction of Wind.	Amt. of Cloud (0-10)	Rain in Inches.
Dec. 10	30.356	50.6	32.8	44.4	43.4	42.2	49.2	47.6	S.W.	0	0.000
" 11	30.529	49.2	39.2	45.0	44.6	43.2	48.9	46.4	S.W.	6	0.000
" 12	30.722	39.2	33.1	36.0	35.1	34.5	37.8	37.5	S.	10	0.000
" 13	30.640	46.4	35.9	42.5	42.4	41.2	44.8	43.2	S.W. S.	10	0.000
" 14	30.392	47.8	33.8	42.3	41.4	40.0	47.8	46.0	S.	10	0.000
" 15	30.125	50.2	39.0	46.6	46.6	45.0	49.5	47.8	S.W.	10	0.000
" 16	30.682	52.2	39.3	48.0	47.8	46.4	51.4	49.8	S.	8	0.000
Means	30.407	47.9	36.9	43.6	43.0	41.8	46.9	44.6			0.000

The range of temperature during the week was 19.4 degrees. A dense fog suddenly came over the sky at midnight of the 10th, and on the following night, at the same hour, a dense fog again passed over, which continued throughout the night and during the day of the 12th. The sky was beautifully clear on the days and evenings of the 10th and 11th, and several meteors were seen. Fog likewise prevailed on the morning of the 14th. Hoar frost covered the ground on the night of the 15th. A few drops of rain fell on the night of the 15th, but nothing was registered in the rain-gauge. The wind was rather high on the days of the 15th and 16th. The sky has been greatly overcast since the 11th, but was occasionally clear during the 16th.

### RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W.; Height above sea 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOMETER.		WIND.		RAIN IN 24 HOURS.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Minimum at 10 A.M.	Maximum at 10 P.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	
Dec. 9	30.488	43.5	40.4	90	9	35.8	44.8	SSE. SSW.	273	.003
" 10	30.437	45.0	42.3	91	6	43.6	50.8	SSW. W.	214	.000
" 11	30.590	40.2	38.8	95	3	35.5	46.2	SW. SSE.	84	.000
" 12	30.698	42.6	40.1	92	10	34.9	44.7	SW.	66	.000
" 13	30.620	40.9	39.3	95	9	41.2	43.0	NW.	45	.000
" 14	30.343	41.3	36.4	94	10	39.2	43.8	SSW.	207	.000
" 15	30.156	47.7	45.4	92	10	41.7	50.1	S. SW.	358	.000

The daily means are obtained from observations made at 6h. and 10h. a.m., and 2h., 6h., and 10h. p.m., on each day, except Sunday, when the first observation is omitted. The corrections for diurnal variation are taken from the tables of Mr. Glaisher. The "Dew-point" and "Relative Humidity" are calculated from observations of the dry and wet bulb thermometers, by Dr. Apjohn's Formula and Dalton's Tables of the "Tension of Vapour." The movement of the wind is given by a self-recording Robinson's Anemometer, the amount stated for each day being that registered from midnight to midnight.

**SOLAR SPOTS.**—A very large group of spots was visible near the western limb of the sun on the day of the 16th, and several other smaller spots were scattered over its surface. The group at the western edge was almost large enough to be seen with the naked eye, and consisted of three or four dark spots surrounded with the usual penumbra, which extended to a considerable distance from the nuclei. The bright streaks and veins which are sometimes seen near the edges of the sun were likewise very conspicuous, and were most advantageously seen in the neighbourhood of the group.

**A NEW COMET.** the sixth of 1857, was discovered at Florence on the 11th ult., by M. Donati. This comet also, like the preceding ones, has been discovered in the northern part of the heavens.

**FATAL AFFRAY WITH POACHERS.**—On Saturday night week a serious affray took place between a large number of poachers and the gamekeepers of Mr. Richard Corbet, of Adderley, Shropshire, during which one of the keepers, named George Norton, was killed. Three of the poachers are in custody.

### OBITUARY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

**THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.**  
**THE PRINCESS OCTAVIA SPINELLI,** who died lately at her residence in the Strada di Chiaia, Naples, was daughter of the Duke of Laurino, and was first married to the Prince Butera, a Sicilian nobleman, by whom she had an only daughter. After his demise she was wedded, secondly, to Lord Herbert, eldest son of George Augustus, eleventh Earl of Pembroke, on the 14th August, 1814. This second union was one of a somewhat romantic nature, owing to the then Earl of Pembroke's opposition to it and to other incidents connected with it. Lord Herbert, the Princess-Countess's husband, succeeded to the Earldom of Pembroke the 6th October, 1827. The Princess-Countess, who had no issue by her second marriage, was one of the Ladies of the Neapolitan Court. Her death, at an advanced period of life, is regretted by a numerous circle of friends and relatives.

**THE COUNTESS MARULLI.**  
**CHARLOTTE, COUNTESS MARULLI,** relict of Count Paul Marulli, of the family of the Duke of Ascoli, died, at a very advanced age, in October last. The Countess was eldest daughter of John Sanford, Esq., of Nyncehead Court, in the county of Somerset, by his wife, the Hon. Jane Anstruther, daughter of Lord Newark, and his Lordship's successor as Baroness Newark. The Countess Marulli was one of the ladies of the Court of Naples, and through a long life maintained a high and respected position. She was aunt of Edward Ashford Sanford, Esq., of Nyncehead Court, in the county of Somerset, and Lynton, county of Devon, formerly M.P. for Somersetshire, whose second wife, Lady Caroline Anne Stanhope, who died in 1853, was daughter of Charles, third Earl of Harrington.

**ADMIRAL CHARLES PHILIP BOTELER BATEMAN.**  
THIS gallant officer, who died suddenly, in his eighty-second year, at his residence, Corston, near Bath, on the 23rd ult., was the only son of Captain Bateman, R.N., a distinguished navigator, who in the last century gave name to Bateman Bay, on the coast of New Holland. Admiral Bateman was one of the few survivors of the generation now nearly extinct which fought and conquered under Nelson. The Admiral was also at one period the frequent and familiar guest of the Duke of Wellington, when co-operating with the army under the Duke's command in Spain. As a midshipman, Bateman was on board the *Penelope* when she captured the French frigate *Inconstante* in 1793; and, in the following year, while serving in the *Boyne*, he was wounded on shore in the attack on Guadeloupe. He was again wounded in 1796, when Lieutenant of the *Scipio*, at the taking of Demerara; and he assisted at the destruction of a Spanish squadron off Trinidad in 1797. He was Lieutenant of the *Monarch* at Copenhagen in 1801, for which action he received a medal. In the following year he was made Commander, and was entirely employed for some time in conveying fleets of merchant-vessels. In 1806 he was posted to the *Scipione*. His last employment afloat was at the defence of Cadiz in 1812, where, in the *Revenge*, he commanded the fleet as senior Captain on the departure of Commodore Sir G. Cockburn. In 1841 he obtained his flag, and, after passing through the intermediate grades, became a full Admiral on the reserved list in the present year. Admiral Bateman, by his marriage with Lucy Esther, daughter of William Chetwynd, Esq., and granddaughter of the Hon. and Rev. John Chetwynd, brother of William, fourth Viscount Chetwynd, by whom he leaves a son and three daughters.

**LIEUTENANT SALKELD.**  
LIEUTENANT SALKELD, the hero of the Cashmere Gate, whose gallantry has given lasting honour to his name though fatal to his own valuable life, was but young in years, yet was an officer of considerable experience as well as high promise. He was the third of the eleven children of the Rev. Robert Salkeld, M.A., of Fontmell Magna Rectory, Dorsetshire, and was only twenty-seven years of age at the time of his last exploit. He had his nomination to the Indian service from the late William Astell, Esq., M.P., and he received his earlier military education at the College of Addiscombe. There he was selected by competition to an engineer appointment, and obtained the highest prizes in mathematics and modern languages. On quitting Addiscombe he went to the Royal Engineer establishment at Chatham, where he spent nearly two years in the theoretic and practical study of fortification and other kindred subjects. He quitted that institution in January, 1850, and arrived at Calcutta in the following June, when, having acquired a perfect knowledge of the Hindoostanee language, he joined the corps of Sappers and Miners. In July last he joined the force before Delhi, and did the deadly but glorious duty which devolved upon him—viz., that of firing the powder-bags and blowing open the Cashmere Gate; for which service General Wilson expressed to him his own and the public gratitude, and the Victoria Cross was given him, an honour destined, however, to only decorate his memory, for he has since died of the wounds he received.

**SIR T. LE BRETON.**  
SIR THOMAS LE BRETON, the Chief Magistrate of the island of Jersey, who died at St. Helier, on the 24th ult., in the sixty-seventh year of his age, was the son of the late Thomas Le Breton, of St. Helier, and was the head of an ancient family—the Le Bretons of Jersey, who originally came from Bretagne. He was for many years Colonel in command of a regiment of Jersey militia, but retired in 1846. He was knighted in 1847. In 1848 he was appointed Bailiff or Chief Judge of Jersey, of which island he had formerly been Procurator-General. Sir Thomas Le Breton was highly and deservedly respected and esteemed for the invariable uprightness, energy, and urbanity which characterised his long and useful official career.

**THE REV. DR. MACFARLANE.**  
THE REV. DR. MACFARLANE, Principal of the University of Glasgow, and Minister of the High Church, died on the 25th ult. at his residence in the University. Dr. Macfarlane, who was born on the 27th Sept., 1771, held the office of Principal at Glasgow for the period of thirty-two years, and was Incumbent of the High Church there for nearly the same length of time. He was ordained a minister of the Church of Scotland when only twenty-one years of age, and was then appointed assistant to his father at Dryden. Dr. Macfarlane was loved and respected not only by those of his own Church, but by those of all denominations at Glasgow, where the various charitable institutions of the city had in him a zealous supporter and warm advocate.

**CASUALTIES DURING THE MUTINIES IN INDIA.**  
IN CONTINUATION OF THE LISTS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.  
(From the *Homeward Mail* of Dec. 15, 1857.)  
Bartrum, Assistant-Surgeon R. H.  
Brook, Major F. R., Bengal Artillery.  
Broughton, Lieut. A. F. H., 32nd Madras N.I.  
Becher, Capt. Andrew Aitmond, 46th Den. N.I.  
Carey, Dr., Mehidpore.  
Carter, Lieut. W. M., H.M. 5th Fusiliers.  
Chancellor, Capt. A. H. M., 75th Regiment.  
Clifford, W., Bengal C.S.  
Crump, Lieut. C. W., Madras Artillery.  
Dayrell, Lieut. C. L., 6th Bengal N.I.  
De Bussat, G. D., wife and two children, Cawnpore.  
Gibaut, Lieut. Alfred, H.M. 84th Foot.  
Grant, Donald, Bengal C.S.  
Grange, Lieut. L. A. M., 1st Madras Fusiliers.  
Griffiths, Lieut. G. H., 8th Bengal N.I.  
Hillborton, Major J. F., 78th Highlanders.  
Johnson, Capt. A. E., H.M. 5th Fusiliers.  
Joly, Lieut. E. de L., H.M. 52nd Foot.  
Kennett, General B., 22nd Bombay N.I.  
Kirkby, Lieut. M. A., H.M. 78th Highlanders.  
Koch, Rev. L., at Delhi.  
Kyle, Lieut. M. D'Arcy, H.M. 27th Foot.  
MacKenzie, Lieut.-Col. M., Bengal Horse Artillery.  
Manson, Sergeant-Major, Mehidpore.  
Maurby, Lieut. R. H. M., 8th Foot.  
Miles, Lieut. G. L., 14th Bombay N.I.  
Moutrie, Lieut. A. A., H.M. 99th Foot.  
O'Connell, Sergeant-Major, at Mehidpore.  
Powell, Lieut.-Col. T. S., H.M.'s 33rd Foot.  
Powsy, Lieut. E. A., of the Sikh Corps.  
Salkeld, Lieut. P., Bengal Artillery.  
Sanctuary, Capt. J. J., 5th Bengal N.I.  
Simmons, Major J. E., H.M.'s 5th Fusiliers.  
"Pencer, A. H., at Agra.  
Warren, Lieut. 12th Bengal Irregular Cavalry.  
Woodward, Assistant Surgeon J. H.  
Young, G., Bengal Unconquered Civil Service.

The following were included in previous lists of casualties; but we have since been glad to learn that they have escaped:—  
Fayrer, Assistant Surgeon J.  
Harris, Capt. R. R., 67th Bengal N.I.  
Orr, Mr., of Jhansal.  
Ryley, Sergeant.  
Ryves, Lieut. W. C. L., 12th Bengal N.I.  
Shute, Capt. N. H., H.M.'s 84th Foot.  
Wild, Lieut. E. J., 6th Bengal N.I.

**TOWN AND TABLE TALK ON LITERATURE, ART, &c.**  
In this fat cattle-moving and Leviathan-unmoving week, when all authors are, or are supposed to be, idle, we will revert to days gone by, when wits lived and spoke, now and then dully, but still with wit. Here is a bit of Dr. Johnson and Lord Stanhope's Lord Chesterfield, now for the first time published:—

WRITTEN BY LORD CHESTERFIELD, 1761, AND PLACED IN THE PARLOUR OF HIS BROTHER, SIR WILLIAM STANHOPE, IN THE HOUSE THAT WAS POPE'S AT TWICKENHAM.  
Let social Mirth with gentle Manners join,  
Unstir'd by Laughter, uninfamed by Wine;  
Let Reason unimpair'd exert its powers,  
But let gay Fancy strew its way with flowers.  
Far hence the ways of willing scurril jest,  
Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest;  
True Wit and Humour such low helps decline,  
Nor will the Graces owe their charms to Wine.  
Fools fly to drink in native dulness sunk:  
In vain; they're ten times greater fools when drunk.

We might have expected in ten lines from Lord Chesterfield more point and propriety (recollecting the spot) than we find here, but we must be content with neither a witticism nor a "miracle." Chesterfield wrote these lines, and they were accepted as wit when George IV. was young. They will appear as wit to many—and not improperly. And now for a bit of Horace Walpole, for the first time in print—not even before in Kirgate's print:—

ON PAM HOLDING A TELESCOPE TO THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON.  
Ye simple astronomers, lay by your glasses;  
The transit of Venus has proved you all asses:  
Your telescopes signify nothing to scan it:  
'Tis not meant of the clouds, 'tis not meant of a planet.  
The seer who foretold it mistook or deceives 'em,  
For Venus's transit is when Grafton leaves 'em.

The Duchess of Grafton was *Walpole's Duchess*, afterwards *Lady Ossory*. There was a romance about the story of the Duchess, which we shall seek to explain some day in spite of Farming Woods and the Right Honourable Robert Vernon Smith. Walpole writes, in his "Short Notes," that he had written certain lines on the departure of his Duchess; but even the late Mr. Croker, who was well "up" in Walpole, never saw these lines.

The autographs of the late Mr. Croker are to be sold by auction by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. Divines will delight in finding at least ten long unpublished letters of the great Jeremy Taylor. Historians will delight in seeing many letters from *Steenie*, Duke of Buckingham, while collectors will vie with one another in "bids" for a letter from Izaak Walton's Sir Harry Wotton, addressed to the Duke of Buckingham as his patron and friend, written throughout in Sir Harry's exquisite handwriting, and making a most appropriate allusion to the Queen of Bohemia, whose beauty is immortal in Wotton's poetry. This letter will doubtless find its way to Vanbrugh-fields, Blackheath.

Among the new announcements of books we do not remember any one more tempting than "Murillo and his Works," by the author of "Velasquez and his Works." Need we say that we refer to Mr. Sterling?

We went on Wednesday last with a friend to the Brompton Boilers. Heat insufferable, Mr. Cole—everything else admirably managed. Delighted were we to see that the far-famed "Duncan Grey" of Wilkie has been most admirably recovered by Mr. Bentley (under Mr. Mulready's eye) from its asphaltum and maguip. We can recommend Lord Essex to send his "Highland Family," by the same great artist, to the same careful cleaner.

THE INDIAN RELIEF FUND now amounts to nearly £300,000, and sympathy for the sufferers is not yet exhausted.  
THE sum of £514 17s. 6d. has been subscribed to the Indian Relief Fund by a number of commercial men in Vienna.

THE PATENT READY INDEX.—(Raven and Co.)—This is a most valuable improvement in the making of an index, which, for saving time, trouble, and wear and tear of the book, must prove very useful. In referring to an ordinary index several movements are necessary. The left-hand lid of the book must be lifted up, and the leaves jerked over the right hand to expose the index. The right hand must then be used to select the index-letter, and again the leaves are thrown back into the left hand, in order to open the book and find the page. In these several movements both hands are unavoidably engaged, and much time is lost. The "Patent Ready Index" obviates these objections. Being constantly visible, the thumb may be placed upon the index-letter before the book is opened. When once laid open for use, there is no further need to lift the cover. The left hand runs up and down the index, selecting the letters, and opening the proper pages, whilst the right hand retains the pen. This new index has already received the strongly-expressed approval of the heads of several public departments, and amongst the mercantile and trading community. The improvement can, of course, be applied to all alphabets.

MR. GEORGE R. GLIDDON, the well-known Egyptian scholar and author, died suddenly at Panama, of pulmonary congestion, on the 16th Nov., aged about fifty years. Mr. Gliddon was born in England, but went early to Egypt, where his father was Consul of the United States, which office was afterwards held by Mr. Gliddon himself.

RIGA.—A gratifying festival has taken place at Riga, the capital of Livonia, and an emporium of considerable trade. The occasion was the demolition of the fortifications, these having been given up by the Emperor. It was a work which the citizens joyfully set about, as these fortifications proved a serious check upon the growth of their town.

A LETTER FROM JERUSALEM of the 20th ult. states that great agitation prevails in that city and the neighbourhood. A conflict had taken place between the inhabitants of Bethlehem and those of Tamar, in which one man was killed and several wounded. Caravans of pilgrims were beginning to arrive in the country. Jerusalem is crowded with pilgrims of a new character. A great part of the crew of the American frigate *Congress* had arrived there to visit the holy places, together with a greater number of the crews of the three Russian ships of war anchored at Jaffa.

A FUGITIVE BANKRUPT FROM ENGLAND.—The *New York Herald* has the following:—"Lewis Lewis, formerly a flourishing draper, doing business at Exmouth-street, London, suspended payment a few months ago and fled to this country to evade the grasp of his creditors. He was declared a bankrupt, and a reward of £20 was offered for his apprehension by the authorities in London. The creditors, learning that Lewis had fled to New York, and that he had brought with him to this country a large amount of money, determined to dispatch a detective policeman after him. Accordingly detective Hugget was employed for that purpose. On the arrival of the latter in this city he employed the services of ex-officer Philip Farley, and the pair laid their plans accordingly. They put a letter in the post-office directed to Lewis, and waited until he called for it, and by that means succeeded in tracing him to his lodgings, No. 18, Greenwich-street. There they seized upon £500 which Lewis had in his possession, and deposited the same in the hands of the Sheriff, to wait the result of a civil suit, which will be immediately commenced against Lewis, for the benefit of his creditors. The detective expects to recover about £1000 more, and then will take his congé of New York and its inhabitants."

THE BRAMHALL TRAGEDY.—The Hendersons have given up their farm, and are, it is said, about to leave this country for the United States.

THE steamer *England*, with troops and stores for Calcutta, met with a hurricane on the Madras coast, and, having sprung a leak, was obliged to put into Masulipatam.

THE 2nd battalion of the 6th Foot, raised at the expense of Major Macleod Fraser (who has obtained a Lieutenant-Colonelcy and the command of the battalion for his exertions), numbers at present 1230 strong.

CAUTION TO RAILWAY TRAVELLERS.—Captain C. Watkins, of the Northampton Militia, was travelling with his regiment from Oxford to Plymouth on Thursday week, and when between Totnes and the Kingsbridge-road station he put his head out of the carriage window: it came in contact with the buttress of a wall, and he was killed on the spot.

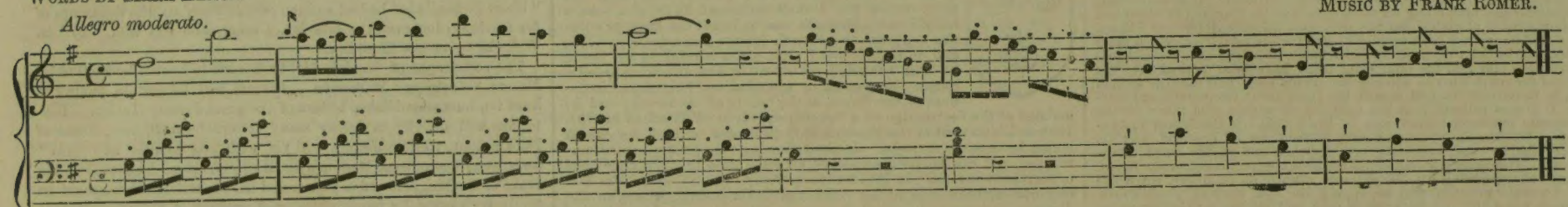
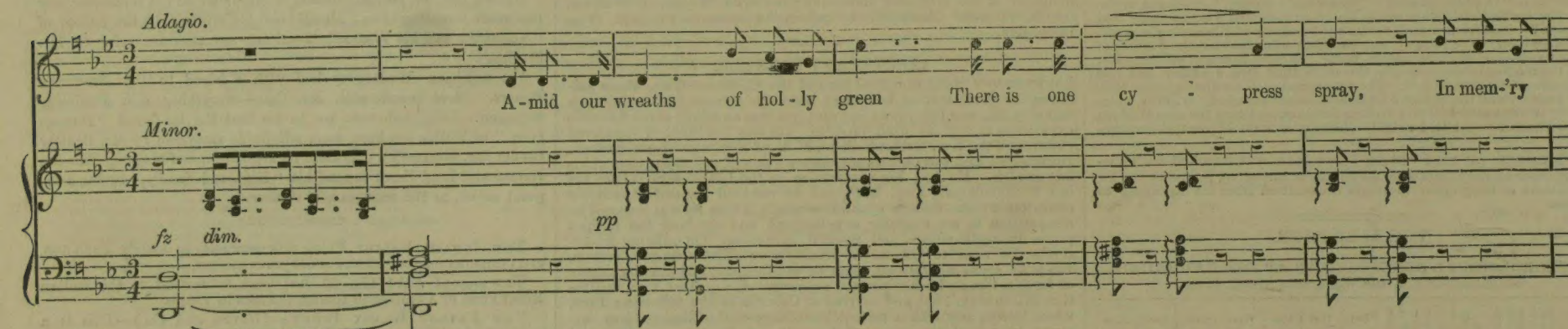
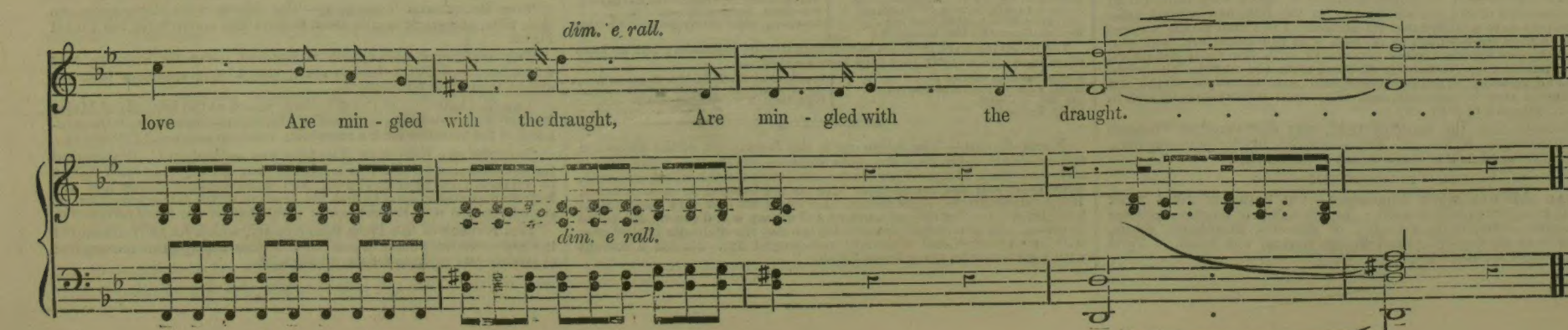
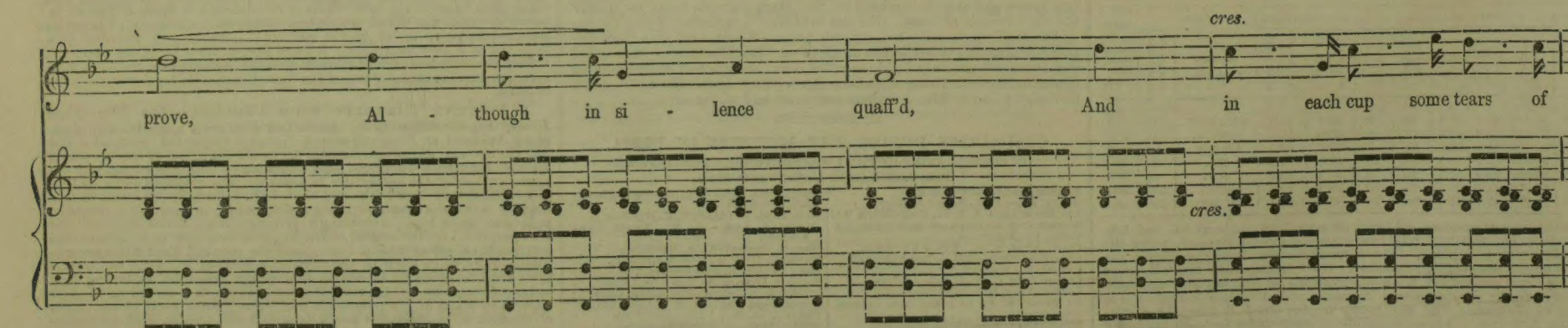
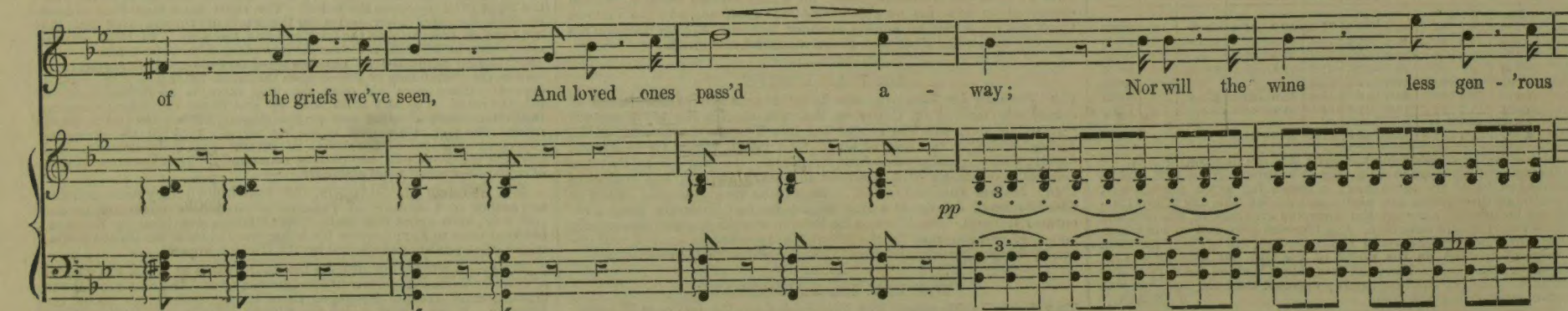
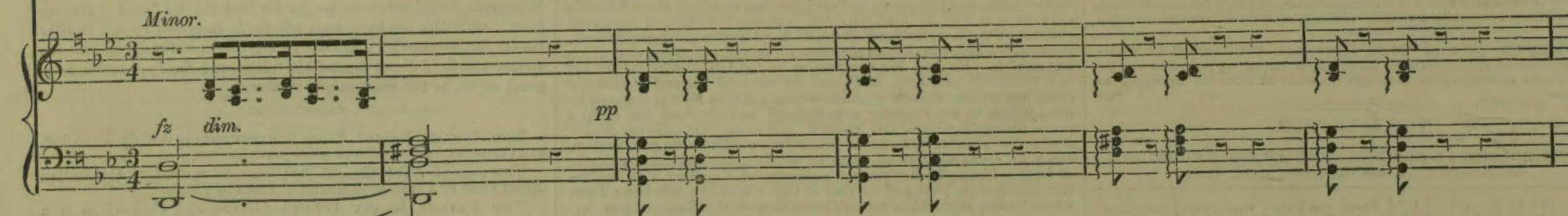
THE revenue of the Paris municipality, which for 1857 amounted to sixty-seven millions of francs, by judicious management is computed at seventy-two millions for the coming 1858.





WORDS BY MARK LEMON.

MUSIC BY FRANK ROMER.

*Allegro moderato.**Adagio.**Minor.*



*Allegro moderato (with animation).*

Now, a thank-ful mea-sure! Hush'd be all com-plain-ing, Whilst we count the trea-sure

That we have re-main-ing! See! of all the lov-ing Time has not be-reft us!

Fond hearts still are prov-ing How much love is left us. Friends we've tried found tru-er!

Hope and faith made strong-er! Though our joys are few-er, Who would sor-row long-er?

No! a thank-ful mea-sure! Hush'd be all com-plain-ing, Whilst we count the trea-sure

That we have re-main-ing, Whilst we count the trea-sure That we have re-main-

ing.

*cres. f dim. e rallentando pp morendo*



NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE eight-days' Session terminated on Saturday, and legislation has holiday again until the 4th of February. The brief period during which our senators assembled has enabled them to indemnify the Government and Bank for acting contrary to the advice of the capitalists, and for saving thousands from the "ruin" which Lord Overstone charitably suggested as a wholesome cure for the artificial condition of commercial matters. Beyond this legislation did not proceed. Parliament insisted upon something more of a reward being given to General Havelock than the small guerdon proposed; but Ministers thought that it would be quite time enough to make the grant in February. We trust that Sir H. Havelock and his son, who has been wounded, will meet with no casualty in the interim; and it is matter of congratulation that Indian Generals are not so ready to postpone operations as English statesmen are to postpone rewards. We should have had the Pension Bill rattled through both Houses at a splendid pace, had the intended recipients of the reward had the good fortune to be allied to influential families. One of these days the country will have something to say upon the spirit with which the merits of soldiers sprung from the middling classes are scanned by more fortunate holders of commissions. The recognition of the deeds of our Indian heroes by the authorities has been far from the cordial, grateful thing it ought to have been.

Several measures have been promised to the House of Commons. A Reform Bill for the Corporation of London is one. A Savings Banks Bill is not another; and it is a matter of deep regret that no Minister will take up in earnest a subject of such vital consequence to the industrious among the humbler class. The subject is to be sent to a Committee. What can be said that is not known already? The Jew Bill has been introduced without resistance from the Conservatives; but, while rumours are spread on one side that the Premier has "managed," and the measure is safe (as was said last time), Sir Frederic Thesiger pledges not only his "following" in the Commons, but the Earl of Derby's elsewhere, to oppose the bill, and Mr. Duncombe insists on proceeding by resolution, for the benefit of lawyers and informers. We are also promised a Minister of Justice, or something of the kind, and also some law reforms and church-rates are, it is said, to be dealt with by the Cabinet. One would not be suspicious, but it really looks as if it were determined to give the Parliament plenty to do, so as to afford it an excuse for declining to go into anything fresh.

Nevertheless, touching Parliamentary Reform, there be rumours going about, not only that the bill is ready, but concerning its contents. We give such reports merely for what they are worth. It is said that at least thirty new seats are to be given, but that the number of the members is not to be increased, and, therefore, vacancy must be created by disfranchisements, or the taking away the second member from places which do not seem to require the services of more than one. Also, we are told of an educational franchise, which shall extend to all who, by diploma, license, commission, degree, or, it is said, position, can show that they have received a certain cultivation. This line may be difficult to draw: for instance, it will scarcely do to refuse to an author or journalist who has for thirty or forty years been trying his brain on every subject of the day, but may not have been at college, the right you confer on a raw graduate. But, of course, any argument or objection at this period is premature. It is satisfactory to receive even a rumour to the effect that education is to be elevated to the same representative rights as property.

The public is requested to recur to the discussions some months ago on the China war question, and, if convenient, to furbish up anew the indignation then felt, or expressed, against the flowery barbarians; because an attack is now to be made upon Canton, and that city is to be seized and held by England, and possibly France (whose Envoy has been in close conference with Lord Elgin), until the Emperor shall condescend to open communications with us direct from Court, instead of leaving us to a treacherous Commissioner, whose acts can be adopted or repudiated as may be most desirable.

Her Majesty the Queen of Spain, having been blessed with an heir, has had him christened by various names, which were settled after a series of councils and intrigues enough to have arranged a constitution, had such a thing been wanted. The Prince's chief name is that which used to be a good deal given to English pages in buttons, until a satirist pointed out that it was of no use to call a boy "Alfonso" when his face told unmistakably that he was plain "Bill." Should this Prince succeed to the throne of his exemplary mother he will reign as Alfonso XII.; but a better future may be in store for beautiful and unfortunate Spain.

Readers of the daily press will be startled and shocked by the very large number of crimes, of the deepest character, which are now registered. Murder—double and treble—and suicide, have repeatedly stained the records of the last few weeks. Some of these cases are of the ordinary kind, and such as come into criminal "averages," but others, and many, are unquestionably due to the state of financial affairs. Men have been speculating in a feverish atmosphere, and have been upheld by its excitement and intoxication, but a storm has blown through it, and they have been unable to endure the change. Without metaphor, we may say that a false system of credit, continued with an artificial and unhealthy struggle for appearances beyond a man's means, has led many a weak but ambitious adventurer into error and crime, and, the crash having come, the coroners' books tell the rest. The impunity which has been allowed to certain great swindlers has also, no doubt, done much to break down the distinctions, formerly so marked, between legitimate and illegitimate speculation, and, success having been the only touchstone used by society, it is not wonderful that many men have resolved to succeed on any terms. Let us hope that so many fearful lessons will not have been given in vain, and that many thousands will ask themselves whether they are living within their means.

We invariably note with satisfaction any rebuke administered by the Bench to the license of counsel. Sir Alexander Cockburn felt it his duty to stop a very eminent advocate the other day, because, in his desire to break down the case that had been made against his client, he adopted a tone nearly approaching that of ribaldry. The Chief Justice reminded the pleader that very serious interests were at stake, and that the case must be treated seriously. It is possible that the manner of the counsel may also have offended the jury, for, as far as we can make out from the briefly-reported case, the evidence went to show that the defendant had very good grounds for believing that his charges were true, and for complaining that the vessel on board of which he was seemed neglected by the captain, while he indulged in social enjoyment. But it is never safe to ensure a verdict unless the whole evidence is before you; and not always then, unless you have seen the way it was given—facts which people who assail magistrates, judges, and juries, too often forget.

While our Indian heroes are being remembered—and when will they be forgotten?—we should take care that justice is done all round. No one will forget the gallant deed of Lieutenant Salkeld, who blew open the gate of Delhi, and who has died of the wounds he received. It is stated that a very near relative of this brave man fills the office of a governor in London. It has been well said that if the lady retains this office, now that the Delhi despatch has been read by Government and the country, she will do so from choice, not need. England can well spare a provision for the sister of such a brother.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. P.—The book of the American Congress, it is announced, will not be ready before April next. Under these circumstances it is certainly desirable the committee of management should recall their order prohibiting the publication of any of the games before the appearance of the book. The official account of the London Tournament, in 1851, was not issued for some months after the meeting, but, in the meantime, and, indeed, during the progress of the tourney, a great number of the best games were published in the newspapers for the satisfaction of the public.

J. HURST.—The one marked 11 is rest; but the rest have no point, and appear to have been composed without care, for No. 6 has no White pieces!

LIEBERT: H. H. B., Wambrook.—The old fault, much too easy.

OUT-AB-OUT, &c.—You appear to be right. Q to K R 3rd would have been much better, though not quite decisive; as Black, in reply to Q to B 2nd, might move Q to K 7th. The game was played all through evidently in great haste.

VON H. d. L.—An answer was forwarded a few days since.

ARGENTUS.—They are published indiscriminately. We have not sufficient space to make the distinction you propose.

79. Hinton.—Yes, it forms a neat Problem; but is hardly worth repeating, now everybody knows the Solution.

A. L. Melbourne.—Thanks for the news and the Problems. The latter are already in the examiner's hands. Your former inclosure per "Blackwall" was forwarded immediately to its destination.

D. W. O. C. W. C. WEIGHROTH.—The second Solution of No. 699 which you have discovered is the same suggested by our Bengal correspondents.

A. C. N.—Desirable, but unfortunately impracticable.

W. Mexico.—A communication was dispatched three months back, and a reply particularly solicited. We should be glad to hear it has not miscarried.

DELTA, Dublin.—1. The 721 problems on diagrams published in this paper are procurable only by purchasing the numbers in which they have appeared. 2. There is no difference whatever except in name.

E. W. D., Bishops Stortford.—We cannot undertake to receive and transmit letters in answer to an advertisement.

M. A. KYRSTON.—When a player advances a Pawn to the final square, he must exchange it for a piece of some kind—Queen, Knight, or Bishop—at his choice.

P. B. H. Honey.—Blank diagrams of all sizes and prices, we have before mentioned, may be got of Messrs. Ashbee and Danglefield, 23, Bedford-street, Covent-garden.

W. C. Manchester.—A copy of "The Philosophy of Chess" has just reached us.

J. A. N.—According to our present law code, we apprehend, such a breach of fair play entails no penalty; but in the new Rules this, and many other similar irregularities, it is to be hoped, will be guarded against.

A. S. and J. O. A., Manchester.—Your end game shall be reported on next week.

SWAN.—Quite correct.

PROFESSOR A., Philadelphia.—We have much pleasure in acknowledging the safe arrival of your interesting report on the new code of Chess-laws.

F. Hesley, Walker, Cambridge, Kling, Professor F., Adolphus, R. B. C., Hoboken, A. Lutman, J. D. A. de R. of Paris, Delta, Vox, Manchester, T. Leamington, J. C., received with thanks.

J. B. Oxford.—At the moment we have not room to prolong the discussion, but your letter shall have attention.

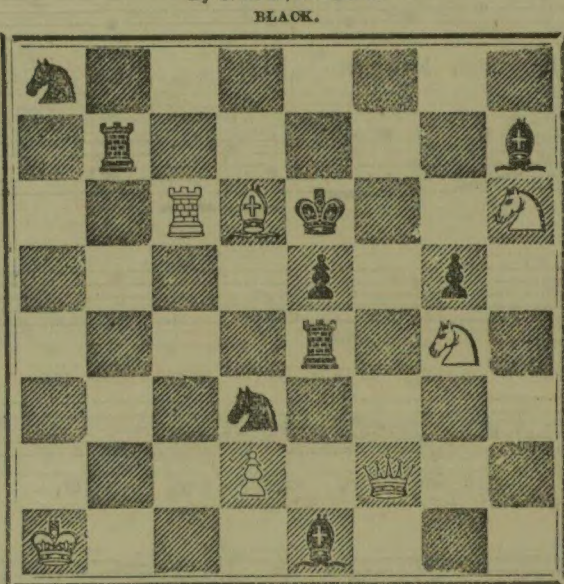
JOHN J., Edinburgh.—Too easy even for players of a week's standing. You have evidently no conception of the skill and labour which the construction of a fine Chess Problem demands. It is the work, not of hours, but sometimes of weeks.

H. H. G. of Warrbrook.—Many thanks; but the principle is too well known to occasion any difficulty, unless to the mere tyro.

E. B. L.—The most elegant collection is that of D'Oroville, published at Nuremberg, 1842, which you can obtain through any foreign bookseller. Unfortunately, it contains no diagrams.

JESSIE.—It appears to be a drawn game, play as White may.

PROBLEM No. 722.  
By C. M. B., of Dundee.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in four moves.

CHESS-NUTS FOR CHRISTMAS.

No. 1.—By M. G. BAYER, of Vienna.  
White: K at K's 3rd, R at K Kt 2nd, Bs at K Kt 6th and Ks sq, Ps at K B 4th and Ks 5th.  
Black: K at K R 3rd, Ps at K Kt 2nd, K Bs 4th, Ks 3rd and 7th, and Qs 4th.  
White to play, and mate in five moves.

No. 2.—By S. LOYD, of New York.  
White: K at his sq, Q at Q B sq, Kt at Q B 4th, P at Q 5th.  
Black: K at K Kt 6th, Ps at K Kt 5th, 6th, and 7th.  
White to play, and mate in four moves.

No. 3.—"Napoleon's Retreat from Russia," by Herr CAPREZ.  
White: K at K R 2nd, Q at K R sq, B at K Kt 6th, Kts at K B sq and K 2nd, Ps at Q 4th and Q B 2nd and 5th.  
Black: K at Q Kt 8th, Rs at K B 3rd and 5th, B at K 6th, Kts at Q sq and Q R 4th, Ps at K Kt 2nd and 5th, K B 7th, K 3rd, Q B 2nd and 5th, Q Kt 7th, and Q R 5th.  
White to play, and mate in fourteen moves.

No. 4.—By the same Author.  
White: K at his sq, Q at Q 5th, Rs at K 6th and Q B sq, Bs at K Kt 3rd and Q B 2nd, Kt at Q B 4th, P at K Kt 2nd.  
Black: K at Q 2nd, Q at K R sq, Rs at K B 2nd and Q sq, Bs at K B 5th and Q R 5th, Kt at Q R 2nd, Ps at K B 3rd, K 4th, Q 3rd, Q B 2nd, and Q Kt 2nd.  
White, playing first, mates in six moves.

MATCH OF CHESS IN NEW YORK.—A contest we hear has been arranged between Mr. Paul Morphy, the conqueror in the late tournament, and Mr. C. H. Stanley, the terms of which are calculated to startle the players of this country who have been accustomed for many years to consider Mr. Stanley's supremacy over every antagonist in the States as a fact settled and immutable. The match, which is for a considerable stake, is to consist of the best thirteen games; that is to say, whoever first scores seven games has won the battle, and the young and hitherto unheard-of amateur undertakes to give the former champion of American Chess the Pawn and move each game!

PRESERVING HEALTH IN INDIA.—A collection of rules for preserving health in tropical, and indeed in all, climates has been drawn up for the use of the East India Company's service, by Dr. James Harrison, and issued to the troops by Sir Colin Campbell. The chief points insisted on are the necessity of keeping the head lightly covered from the rays of the sun and the fall of the dew, and the advantage of ventilation, dry clothes and bedding, and of frequent bathing. Animal food is not so necessary in hot climates as in cold, and the use of vegetables and fruit indispensable to the preservation of health—moderate exercise and a due amount of repose, and not dram-drinking, are the proper remedies for the debility induced by a warm climate. These simple rules are applied to the peculiar circumstances in which the troops in India are placed.

WILLS.—The will of the late Earl Fitzhardinge was proved in London under £300,000 personality; the Hon. Edmund Phipps, £60,000; Archibald Hastie, Esq., M.P., £70,000, within the province of Canterbury; Chaloner Blake Ogle, Esq., Wimpole-street, £30,000; George Farewell Jarman, Esq., Upper Berkeley-street, £30,000; John Mercer, Esq., banker, Maidstone, £40,000; the Rev. William Gordon, of Leitchfield, £20,000.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The committee appointed by the Crystal Palace Company to consider plans for the amelioration of their financial position have recommended that life admissions be offered to the public at £50 each, purchasable also by the surrender of ten shares; also life admissions on any but 5s. days for £20, or surrender of four shares; life tickets for 1s. days only at £10, or two shares; and yearly tickets for the surrender of one share, or the payment of £5. They also recommend a scheme of Mr. Fuller for a "Crystal Palace Art-Union."

It is very generally proposed to suspend business on the Saturday after Christmas-day, thus enabling tradesmen and their assistants to enjoy three holidays.

A POPULAR REJOICING is held annually on the 11th of December at Genoa to commemorate the chasing of the Austrians out of that Republic. This year the celebration has been prohibited by the Sardinian Government.

MUSIC.

THE Christmas performances of "The Messiah," given by the Sacred Harmonic Society and Mr. Hullah, are the most remarkable musical occurrences at this time. Handel's sublime masterpiece is magnificently performed, both at Exeter Hall and St. Martin's Hall—at the former place with the greater numerical strength; but Hullah's chorus and orchestra are not deficient either in power or quality; and in respect to solo singers the two performances are nearly upon a par. At Exeter Hall there is no novelty, all the singers being well known to the public. They are Madame Rudersdorf, Mr. and Mrs. Lockey, and Mr. Weiss.

AT ST. MARTIN'S HALL great interest has been excited by the debut of Miss Kemble (the granddaughter of Charles Kemble), who sang in public for the first time on Wednesday evening. She is very young, and had to contend with the disadvantages of inexperience and extreme timidity. But she showed, nevertheless, that she possesses the gifts and attainments of a true artist, which require only to be matured by time and further study. She has a fine soprano voice, sings perfectly in tune, has a good method, shows much intelligence and feeling, and, above all, "speaks" beautifully—a thing to be expected from a Kemble. She sang the two great airs, "Rejoice greatly" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and in both was received with enthusiastic applause. The other soprano airs were sung by Miss Messent, a performer of established reputation, who acquitted herself admirably. Mr. Montem Smith was the tenor, and Mr. Thomas the bass. This oratorio is to be repeated, both at Exeter Hall and St. Martin's Hall, in Christmas week.

THE LYCEUM closes this evening. Mr. Harrison had his benefit on Monday, when the opera was Balfe's "Bohemian Girl;" and last night Miss Louisa Pyne appeared, for her benefit, in the "Sonnambula," the piece in which she first displayed her great talents as a dramatic singer. The success of this undertaking has exceeded all expectation. It has shown Miss Pyne and Mr. Harrison that they may rely on public support so long as they continue to deserve it; for the support they have received has been given with discrimination. When they attempted operas unsuitable to them and beyond their means, the result has always been a failure and loss—a lesson, we trust, which will not be thrown away upon them. The company is now about to commence an extensive tour in the provinces.

AT the concert of the AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY, on Monday evening, the young lady who is known in our musical circles by the name of "Angelina," and who has achieved a reputation as a composer and a pianist which has been exceeded by few professional artists, performed Mendelssohn's adagio and rondo, one of the finest of his pianoforte works, in a manner which astonished and delighted the crowded and fashionable audience. The concert was altogether very good. Mozart's beautiful symphony in E flat and several other pieces of classical music were executed so well as to show that the orchestra could play them still better if they would subject themselves to greater severity of discipline. But it is difficult to induce amateurs to submit to the drilling of regulars; and all the talent and zeal of the commander will go for little without the hearty co-operation of his troops.

We learn with regret that Miss Dolby has been prevented by the severe illness of a near relative from fulfilling her intention of going to Germany, where she was engaged to sing at Leipzig and several other places.

THE THEATRES, &c.

HER MAJESTY'S.—Our favourite, Giuglini, returns to us on Tuesday, 29th December, in the "Trovatore," one of his favourite characters. The verdict of the London public, which has been so amply confirmed by the critical Germans, will be again appealed to. Report says his voice and style are more beautiful than ever.

SADLER'S WELLS.—On Wednesday the comedy of "The Honey-moon" was revived, and performed to a large audience. This latter circumstance was due to the fact of Mr. Phelps being announced as the representative of the Duke Aranza, the character in which Mr. Elliston won so high a reputation. Mr. Phelps never attempts a part of this exceptional sort without winning an extra laurel. The exquisite language of the poet is precisely adapted for his style of declamation, which brought out the melody of the verses to perfection. This comedy offers the finest opportunities for comic acting; and Lewis Ball as Jacques, the mock duke, effectually showed how sport could be produced from the situations without too much exaggeration. Mrs. Marston, as the Hostess, was equally excellent. We must not close without mention of Mrs. C. Young's Juliana. It is certainly not her best performance. It wants more individualisation, and the comic element altogether. Marks of intelligence there were, undoubtedly, in some portions, but for the most part the representation was merely tentative, and the whole deficient in its usual effect. Mr. Robinson, in Rolando, was perfectly at home, well practised, and attentive to every point. Altogether the comedy was successful.

OLYMPIC.—Every thing now done by Mr. Robson before a metropolitan audience is regarded as important. The character of Boots at the Swan, in the rattling farce of that name, has always been a favourite with low comedians, and presents ample occasion for variety of effect. Mr. Robson has, of course, frequently performed it in the country, but appears now for the first time in it, we believe, in London. It is intended, probably, to eke out the requirements of the Christmas weeks, and therefore must be treated as an exceptional assumption. Be this as it may, it is certainly a most remarkable performance. The character, eccentric enough in itself, is made more eccentric by the actor, both in his make-up and manner. The former may as much indicate the artist as the latter. It is not every performer who knows how to dress a part. The stunted figure, broadened in the lower limbs, and surmounted by a head and face in which the appearance of deafness is mingled with the expression of cunning, presents at once an individuality that secures attention and provokes general merriment. The same principle of caricature is carried into the subsequent scenes; and, whether as the policeman or the drunkard, we have the mock importance and the different stages of inebriety, not merely assumed but exaggerated to the most ludicrous point. In a less extravagant piece, or on another occasion, severe taste might rebuke the artist for excess; but in such a drama, and at such a period of the year, we permit a license which enables us to enjoy a hearty laugh.

STANDARD.—The gorgeous spectacle of "Azeel, or the Prodigal Son," originally produced at Drury Lane, under Mr. Anderson's management, has been got up with very great splendour at the East-end great national theatre, and is likely to bring the engagement of that actor to a prosperous conclusion. An experiment of a peculiar kind is, we understand, about to be made on Tuesday on these boards. A foreigner is engaged to perform Othello—a difficult task, although the gentleman has already acquired great credit in Germany, and particularly with the Prussian Court, by his Shakspearean readings. Herr Nedden has done a bold, but not an unwise, thing to select the East-end for the scene of his extraordinary debut. The Standard Theatre has won for itself a classic name, and in regard to dimensions and magnificence is equal to any house in the metropolis. The audience have shown that they can appreciate histrionic merit, and take pleasure in dramatic poetry. Why should it be left for Fashion alone to take the initiative in awarding the laurel? Surely the industrial mind of the country, educated as it now is, may claim a share in the privilege, particularly since it has proved itself fully equal to the task.

M. JULLIEN, encouraged by the success of his last Bal Masqué, has determined on giving another next Monday. This will be the twentieth Bal that M. Julien has given in England. He promises that it shall eclipse all its predecessors in magnificence.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY for this year, the "Adelphi" of Terence, was performed on Tuesday night before a numerous audience. The piece was put upon the stage in a highly-effective manner, and the scholars sustained their various parts with tact and judgment. A beautifully-painted scene of Athens, in all the glory of her temples, palaces, and statues, seen in strong sunlight, and some good music between the acts, contributed to make the performance of the Westminster Play a thing not to be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it.

LIFE-SIZE PHOTOGRAPH OF LORD PALMERSTON.—At the first conversazione (this season) of the London Institution, held on Wednesday evening last, Mr. Mayall exhibited a life-size photograph of Lord Palmerston which created considerable interest on account of its remarkable fidelity and masterly finish.

Colonel Sykes, M.P., the Rev. Dr. Booth, F.R.S., and J. Glaisher, Esq., F.R.S., of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, have resigned their seats in the Council of the Society of Arts.



**DEATHS.**

At Limerick, on Thursday, the 28th inst., aged 42 years, Captain James M. O'Connell, of the 10th Regt. of Foot.

At Dublin, on the 11th inst., aged 32 years, Henry M. E. Arabin, Esq., only son of the late Colonel Arabin, J. A.

At Mill Quay, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the 7th inst., aged 25 years, Edward Irving, third son of Mr. J. Irving, shipbuilder, of that place, deeply regretted.

On the 11th inst., at 8, Ben-lick-terrace, Regent's-park, in the 73th year of her age, Mary Ann, last surviving daughter of the late Robert Kilby Cox, Esq.



# "CHRISTMAS TIME."—PAINTED BY W. HEMSLEY.

"CHRISTMAS TIME!" How many pleasant hearty recollections do those words awaken, and how many affectionate and joyful anticipations! The subject of our Engraving, however, although he is engaged in procuring one of the most cherished emblems of the season, the bright and shiny holly, appears to be entirely unaffected by any such sentimental illusion. He volunteered, no doubt, with boyish bravado, to face the weather and steal—for nearly all the holly used at Christmas is stolen—the basketful of holly on his arm; and with his "comforter" over his mouth, and his trousers turned up to trudge through the snow, he started, feeling himself far too great a hero to be intimidated by that fabulous personage "Jack Frost." And the excitement of his predatory expedition rendered him insensible to the cold till he had accomplished the object of his furtive mission; and, like the knight of old who decorated his casque with laurels, our successful young champion also had, by way of trophy, stuck that twig of holly in his "wide-awake." Now, however, commences the unromantic return home. Now he begins to feel the insidious attacks of his invisible enemy at his extremities, and he longs in vain for a slide or a playmate to snowball in order to quicken his circulation. But he is doomed to disappointment. At length his spirits flag, and, instead of quickening his pace, we find him at last reduced to a halt, with the ruefully droll expression which Mr. Hemsley has so successfully caught. His naturally audacity is confessedly subdued in his pitifully knit brows, and he puffs, and blows, and inflates his cheeks to keep himself warm—upon some such principle, we suppose, and with as much reason, as an oster does the same thing to keep himself cool. We cannot, of course, reproduce all the merit of Mr. Hemsley's little picture, but, our Engraving being the same size as the original, we have had the better opportunity to do justice to the great point of the picture—the extremely humorous expression of the boy's face.

## ACQUISITIONS AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

BESIDES the great work by Paul Veronese, which we shall shortly engrave and describe, there are several newly-purchased pictures hung at the National Gallery, some of which are large and important. The majority illustrate the progress of Italian art during that interesting period from the middle to the latter part of the fifteenth century, or *quattrocento*, as the Italians call it. Of these the most important is No. 292, "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian"—a large altarpiece, with full length figures, nearly the size of life, by Antonio Pollajuolo (born about 1427; died 1498). This Tuscan master, like his contemporary, Andrea Verocchio, was even more distinguished in sculpture than in painting; and thus the study of the naked form was advanced about this period by much of the anatomical knowledge indispensable in sculpture being transferred to painting. This is here observable; and the fact of the artist being also a sculptor will likewise partly explain the excellence of some of the foreshortening; for, to overcome this great difficulty of all representation on a flat surface, it is well known that many of the early masters constructed models in wax and clay for the facility they afforded in studying these effects of foreshortening. The occasional imitation of the antique to be remarked among the Florentines of the fifteenth century may have been merely accidental; but the strictly Pagan taste for the display of the nude may with perhaps greater probability be ascribed to the direct influence of the Paduan school. Squarcione, the founder of that school, travelled in Italy and Greece, collecting as many remains of ancient art as he could—statues, torsos, reliefs, vases, &c., and made drawings from such specimens besides. On his return to Padua, before even the enlightened Dukes of Urbino or the Medici of Florence had thought of doing so in their respective cities, he had formed and thrown open his collection of ancient art. It soon attracted a great number of students from all parts of Italy, who spread the knowledge there acquired throughout a great portion of the country. The subject of this picture, St. Sebastian, as a youthful Apollo-like figure, unclothed and transfixed with arrows, soon became a favourite medium for the display of this knowledge, admitting as it did the combination of Greek form with Christian sentiment. This picture also affords another evidence of the already revived taste for the remains of ancient art in the ruin on the left, which very much resembles the Arch of Titus at Rome. We are not aware, however, that Pollajuolo visited Rome till some years after the execution of this picture, when he was invited by Pope Innocent VIII. St. Sebastian is bound to a tree in the centre of the picture, and is already pierced with arrows. In the foreground are four executioners, two in the act of shooting with long-bows, and the others charging their cross-bows. Behind the Saint are two other bowmen similarly engaged, and an extensive landscape, with buildings, horsemen, and foot soldiers. The variety and appropriateness of the attitudes of the figures, the power of expression in the heads, the masterly drawing and force of colour displayed in them, and the beauties of the landscape, are very remarkable. This picture is stated by Vassari to have been painted in 1475, and was considered by him the chef-d'œuvre of the master; and is, therefore, of very considerable importance in the history of art, and it is still further enhanced in value by being in a very fair condition. It was painted for Antonio Pucci, and has never been out of the possession of his descendants, it having been purchased of the present Marchese Pucci, of Florence, for £3155 4s. 6d. In tempera on wood.

A circular picture (No. 226) is by another Florentine artist, Sandro Botticelli (1447—1516), the painter of the very curious "Adoration of the Kings," lately at Manchester, and formerly in the Ottley Collection. This picture, for which a higher price was paid than for the similar work by this painter purchased last year, is far warmer in colour and more powerful in modelling. The Madonna is seated with the Child in a garden, a thicket of roses being behind her. A finely-painted figure, rich in colour, of St. John, kneels by her side adoring the Divine Infant, and two angels are holding a crown over the head of the Virgin. It is painted in tempera on wood

like nearly all the works by Botticelli, excepting his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

A second large altarpiece (No. 293) is by Filippino Lippi (1460—1505). Filippino was so named to distinguish him from his father, Fra Filippo Lippi, but he was a pupil of the painter of the last picture we have described. This altarpiece has its *predella* complete. The *predella* was the name given to a small step on the top of the altar supporting the altarpiece, and forming its base, and on which were depicted in miniature, on panels or otherwise, different events of the life of the saint or holy personage represented in the picture above forming the altarpiece. The principal picture here represents the Virgin and Child in a landscape, and St. Jerome with his lion and St. Dominic with his book and lilies kneeling in adoration. These are probably portraits, and are highly expressive. The landscape is very animated, and the foliage carefully "made out," telling almost black against the evening sky. Some of the gradations in the flesh are very delicately expressed, and there is great knowledge in the modelling. On the *predella* are represented the dead Christ, supported by Joseph of Arimathea and half-length figures of St. Francis and the Magdalen. The arms of the Rucellai family are at the ends, and the picture was purchased of a living representative of the family for £627 8s. It is painted in tempera on wood, and is mentioned by Vasari.

In No. 227 we have yet another example of an early Tuscan master, namely, Cosimo Rosselli (1439, still living 1506). It is a large altarpiece (as we learn from the Catalogue, in the original frame) with painted frieze, and four *predella* pictures. The central compartment



"CHRISTMAS TIME."—PAINTED BY W. HEMSLEY.

of the frame contains St. Jerome at his devotions before a crucifix; in the compartment on the left of the spectator Saints Damascus and Eusebius; on the right, St. Paolo and his daughter Eustachia, angels hovering over each group; and below two figures, much smaller, of the donor, Girolamo Rucellai, and his son, kneeling and looking up to the crucifix. The *predella* pictures represent scenes in the lives of the saints above, and the arms of the Rucellai at each end. This is a comparatively poor work.

Besides these there are two most interesting portraits—one by the Flemish master John Van Eyck, and the other by the German master Lucas Cranach, the latter additionally valuable from being the only specimen we have of the master.

**THE FRENCHWOMAN AND THE ENGLISHWOMAN.**—The *New York Crayon* has the following:—"We find the Englishwoman ever bodily grappling with realities, but the Frenchwoman ever striving to coquet with idealities—the one sternly faces the facts of life with clumsy pluck, the other gracefully endeavours to mystify them with a *jeu d'esprit*; the one becomes actually unlovable by a grim subservience to facts, while the other is decidedly unreliable through a fanciful admiration of ideas. The Englishwoman grows excessively selfish out of pure consciousness; the Frenchwoman becomes self-forgetful out of pure vanity. The conscience of the one, however, is prompted by matter-of-fact considerations, and the vanity of the other by allurements of fancy; the selfishness of the Englishwoman is, to some extent, atoned for by her loyalty to principle, while the vanity of the French is made palatable by her attempt to please others."

**CASTE IN INDIA EXEMPLIFIED.**—I was much amused at a story Mrs. C. related to me of one of her uncles, a civilian, who was extremely particular about high-caste servants, and who treated them magnificently, dressed them in English broadcloth, &c. This pearl of masters once gave a dinner, and the dinner being delayed long after the guests were assembled, proceeded at once to the kitchen to discover the reason. There he found his servants all standing in a row, each man proving his orthodoxy by solemnly spitting on a fine ham which was about to be served up to the company.—*Mackenzie's Six Years in India.*

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Comz forth, ye wondering children  
all,  
Come forth from wood and wild,  
And let us sing the days of Christ  
When he was but a child.

When he was but a little child,  
As tender as might be,  
That blessed night pale Mary came  
From distant Galilee.

That night when 'mid the cattle herd,  
Pure as the snow that falls,  
The voice that breathed our Father's  
love

Was hushed among the stalls.  
It was the dreary winter-tide,  
And dark the hour he came;  
But such a brightness round him  
burned

The East was all a-flame.  
He made a wonder where he lay;  
Quickened with love and fear,

The barren straw did swell with  
grain  
Ripe in the fruitful ear.

All round the shed the frozen bees  
Went singing, singing sweet;  
The lowly herd, bowed down with  
fear,  
Fell kneeling at his feet.

And Mary on her sleeping son  
In solemn gladness smiled:  
Remember! 'twas the sacred time  
When Christ was but a child.

He came to show the waters pure  
Where thirsting souls might sip;  
The bread of life was on his tongue,  
The wine upon his lip.

The sages cast before his feet  
The jewels, costly rare,  
Those feet which late had trod the  
skies  
Where all his riches were.

They held a crown above his head  
With gems all bristled o'er;  
It might have been a crown of thorns  
That pressed and pierced him sore.

It stirred him from his slumbers  
calm;  
A change passed o'er his sleep;  
Though yet no healing word h  
spoke,  
His sighs came long and deep.

And ever on his heaving breast,  
By troubled visions tossed,  
Still folded in a mystic sign  
His tender arms he crossed.

Though Mary-Mother undid the  
clasp,  
Her care it was but loss,  
For still the silent sleeper's arms  
Would form that mystic cross.

It might not be a thing of chance,  
Nor empty vision wild:  
Remember! 'twas the wond'rous  
time  
When Christ was but a child.

The daylight dawned, and Jesus  
woke,  
And looked upon his mother:  
Then, searching wide with anxious  
eyes,  
He seemed to seek Another.

He might not weep as children weep,  
But, on her bosom leaning,  
With speaking looks he clung to  
her,—  
With looks of awful meaning.

His lips, at her half-utter'd prayer,  
Were moved, but made no moan;  
Her holy eyes, upturn'd to heaven,  
He followed with his own.

And steps came in, and steps went  
out,  
That pass'd not by the door:  
And a dreary shadow stole along,  
And fell upon the floor.

And a voice like that on Calvary  
Rang through the frozen air  
In the anguish of the crucified,  
The passion and the prayer.

Then slow the wintry winds died  
down,  
Hushed was the herd's low bleat-  
ing;  
No sound was heard in that lone  
shed,  
Only their two hearts beating.

So found he safety on the breast  
Of Mary-Mother mild:  
Remember! 'twas the hallowed time  
When Christ was but a child.

E. L. HERVEY.

**THE CHRISTMAS CATTLE MARKET.**—On Monday the Metropolitan Cattle Market was thronged with visitors from most parts of the United Kingdom, as well as from the Continent, to inspect and admire, perhaps, the finest collection of animals ever shown in this or any other market in the world. The show of beasts was of the highest order of merit; fully nine-tenths of them were considerably above average weight, and otherwise in unusually fine condition. The collection of Herefords has seldom or never been equalled. The increase, be it understood, was not so much in the quantity of fat carried by the collective breeds, as in their general symmetry. As regards the sheep there were some very fine and very large animals on offer, but the bulk of the show was of a second-rate character.

**CHARLES MACKAY IN AMERICA.**—A New York paper, Nov. 28, says:—"Mr. Mackay will deliver a course of lectures on the songs and song-writers of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in Brooklyn and New York, commencing next week. The New York course will be before the Association of Merchants and Clerks. A Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, having heard Mr. Mackay in Boston, thus writes of his lectures:—"In style and delivery they were unpretending, but they were full of meat as an egg is, and were most unequivocally the productions of a man who knew what he was talking about—what, perhaps, it is no treason to say, is not invariably the case with our professional lecturers. They were received with great favour by as good an audience as could have been deserved, and by as numerous a one as perhaps could have been expected in the present times. The Meionan, or lesser Temple, was not crowded, but reasonably well frequented, on each evening—the audience growing rather than diminishing. I commend him to the attention of your lecture-going, and especially your song-loving, population, and trust you will give him a rousing audience. If it be true that he that makes the songs of a nation is more mighty than he that makes its laws, Charles Mackay is a greater man than Lord Palmerston. And if the change of times, and of men with them, have somewhat taken from the political power of the song-writer since Sir Philip Sidney, or whoever it was, uttered that saying, at any rate one who, like Mr. Mackay, has breathed into the minds of the labouring classes the spirit of industry, patience, hope, and faith which informs his songs, has done good and good only, and that continually, which is more than can be said of most legislators or lawgivers."

**DR. LIVINGSTONE** sailed for Lisbon last week, in order to make arrangements with the Portuguese Government relative to the navigation of the Zambesi River, and commercial intercourse with those regions of the interior where the coast is under the Crown of Portugal. Dr. Livingstone intends to return to this country for a short time before finally starting for the scene of his scientific and missionary labours.



**BANKRUPTS' STOCK!!!**

**OF SEWED MUSLINS.**  
Having purchased by public tender the entire Stock of Messrs. Sanders and Son, of Mucklersbury, amounting to £696 7s. 6d., at a discount of 76½ per cent off the cost prices, we are now selling the

all at our unrepentedly low prices.

Slaves and Bonnets, Collars, 1s. 2s. 3s. each: Piccadilly Seta, Slaves and Collars, complete, 1s. 1ld. were 6s 8d.; Guipure Collars, 1s. 6d.; Irish Lace Sleeves, 2s. 9d.; Irish Collars, 1s. 1s. 6d.; 2s.; Honiton Point Habit Shirts, with collars, 10s. 6d. were two guineas; Crape Collars, from 1s.; Children's Randed Collars, 10s. 6d.; dozens worth of Petticoats, 3s. 1ld.; Cambric Seta, 2s. 6d.; Sleeves, 1s. 6d. pair were 1s. 6d.; Honiton and Mattese Collars, Lace and Shetland Flairs, worked Edgings and Insertions, from 3d. yard, worth 10s.4d. Flouncings from 8d. to 6s. yard, from three to twenty-four inches wide.

BAKER and CRISP, 221, Regent-street, London.

**A** M E R I C A N P A N I C !!!  
 1700 Dozen French Cambrie Handkerchiefs,  
 seized on board the ship "Stately,"  
 will be sold by BAKER and CRISP, at unheard-of prices.  
 Goods that were 15s., 21s., and 25s. the dozen,  
 will be sold at 4s. 6d., 8s. 6d., and 12s. 6d. the dozen.  
 1600 odd hemmed, stitched (collet), et. ls. 6d. and ls. 5d. each.

**C**HRISTMAS PRESENTS!!!  
Clear India Maple Cloth Handkerchiefs,  
4s. 6d. post-free.  
beautifully ornamented with needlework in each corner  
and round the borders.  
BAKER and CRISP, 221, Regent-street.

**B**EST ALPINE KID GLOVES, 1s. 6d. !!!  
Black, White,  
and Coloured.  
The Best Paris 2s. 7½d., or  
15s. 6d. half-dozen.  
A Sample Pair sent by post for two extra stamps  
BAKER and CRISP, 221, Regent-street. London.

**C**HRESTENING ROBES, for PRESENTS,  
2½ Guineas.  
Babies' Cloaks, 1 Guinea.  
53, Baker-street (near Madame Tussaud's Exhibition).  
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR (late Halliday).

**B**ABIES' BERCEAUNETTES  
2½ Guineas.  
Baskets to match. One Guinea.  
53, Baker-street.  
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR (late Halliday).

**MARRIAGE OUTFITS, Complete.**  
Cotton Hosiery, 2s. 6d.  
White Dressing Gowns, One Guinea.  
Real Balbriggan Hosiery.  
53, Baker-street.  
Mrs. W. G. TAYLOR (late Halliday).

---

**LADIES' RIDING TROUSERS.**  
Chamois Leather, with black feet.  
53, Baker-street (near Madame Tussaud's Exhibition).  
W. G. TAYLOR (late Halliday).

---

**LINSEY-TWOLEXY RIDING HABITS**  
For Little Girls, 2s. Guinea.  
Ladies' Riding Habits, 5s. to 8 Guinea.  
53, Baker-street.  
W. G. TAYLOR (late Halliday).

**SILKS at REDUCED PRICES.—SEWELL**  
and CO. beg to announce that in consequence of great failures  
caused by the monetary panic they are now offering a magnificent  
assortment of new FLOUNCED SILK DRESSES of the richest  
description at a discount of 33 per cent from the usual prices.  
COMPTON HOUSE, Frith-street, Soho.

Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children, continues to supersede all others in texture, wear, and comfort; every size, colour, and quality in Socks, Stockings, Drawers, and Under Waistcoats, with long- and half-sleeves, to be obtained only at Wm. Churton and Sons' old-established Family Hosiery. Shirt, Collar, Glove, Ladies' Ready-made Linen, India and Wedding Outfitting Warehouse.

The GOLDEN FLEECE, 81 and 82, Oldbath-street London

N.B. Welsh, Saxony, and Printed Flannels in great variety.

**I**MPORTANT to LADIES.—French Black  
or White Satin shoes, 3s. 6d.; Bronze ditto, 7s. 9d. at HEATH'S  
(late foreman to Marshalls), 26, High-street, Marylebone, W. (opposite  
door south of Weymouth street) N.B. All articles equally moderate.

**S**ILKS, Rich, Plain, Striped, and Checked  
Glaze, at 22s. 6d. per dress of twelve yards—well worth the  
attention of families. Patterns sent free by post. JOHN HARVEY

**COMFORT-LOVING ENGLAND.**—  
 "—Your Corsaletto fits beautifully, and is a perfect treasure  
 for comfort, fully deserving all the high eulogiums it has gained."

"— is much pleased with the Resilient Bodice, which came safely by post. She never wore anything so comfortable and considers it a great advantage that ladies residing at a distance can obtain so superior an article with so little trouble."

Volumes of notes of approval are open to inspection of visitors, all similarly expressive of satisfaction which confessedly attains "the superlative of eulogy."—Enlarged Illustrated Prospectus, Price-Lists Self-Measurement Papers, &c., post-free. All country orders sent carriage-paid or post-free.—Messrs MARION and MAILLARD Patentees, 238, Oxford-street (opposite the Marble Arch).

**VALENCIENNES LACE.**—The latest imitation, made with genuine linen thread, scarcely to be distinguished from the real French, will wash and wear equal to well, and can be sold at one-tenth of the price. Samples post free.—BAKER and DOWDEN, 17 and 18, Upper Eaton-street, Eaton-square, S.W.

**S**PORTING SHIRTS.—100 Patterns to select from, post-free for two stamps, together with a book of 80 illustrations. Every gentleman ordering Shirts should not fail to send for the above useful book and patterns.—RUDGERS and BOURNE, Improved Corazza Shirtmakers and Outfitters, 59, Saint Martin's lane, Charing-cross, W.C. Established 60 years.

**S H I R T S . - R O D G E R S ' S . I M P R O V E D**  
CORAZZA SHIRTS, 3ls. 6d and 12s. the half dozen The best  
fitting Shirts extant. Book with 80 Illustrations and directions for  
measurement put free. - RODGERS and BOURNE, Shirtmakers, 59,  
Saint Martin's-lane, Charing-cross, W.C. Established 60 years.

**THE NEW REFORM BILL.**  
Edward Doudney and Sons' New Double-fronted Raglan  
Capes, 42s.; York Tweed Cloaks, 21s. Water-not-Air-proof for  
Ladies and Gentlemen. Footman's suits, "gaiters," &c. A. D.  
DOUDNEY and SONS, Tailors to the Royal Family, 17 Old Bond-  
street; 25, Burlington Arcade; 49, Lombard-street. Established 1781.

**WHAT'S IN A NAME?**—This query can be answered by SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill, the inventors of the SYDENHAM TROUSERS, 17s. 6d.; for, in the fashionable world, there is associated with the Sydenham Trousers

perfect idea, synonymous with a graceful, easy, and well-fitting garment.

---

**THE SYDENHAM TOP-COAT** is made from the best material, by workmen of taste, at Two Guinea

The appreciation of the fashionable world of genuine and perfect articles of dress renders the success of the SYDENHAM TOP-COAT a certainty. — SAMUEL BROTHERS, 29, Ludgate-hill

---

**FISHER'S**      **DRESSING-CASES,**  
183, Strand.  
Catalogues post-free.

**FISHER'S NEW DRESSING-BAG,**  
the best portable Dressing-case ever invented,  
188, Strand.  
Catalogues post-free.

**CHARLES PACKER (late Antoni Forrer),**  
Artist in Hair to the QUEEN, by Appointment  
Hair Jewellery Department, 136, Regent-street  
Foreign and Fancy ditto, 73, Regent-street.  
Jet and Mourning ditto, 76, Regent-street

**MARKING LINEN MADE EASY.**—The best and most permanent method of Marking Linen. Silk, Coarse Towels, &c., is with CULLETON'S PATENT ELECTRO-SILVER PLATES. Any person can use them. Initial Plate, 1s.; Name, 2s.; Set of Monogram Numbers, 3s.; Great Family Album, 10s.

For use. Sent post-free for Stamps. T. Cullenot, Patentes, 3, Lou-  
macre. Observe—One door from St. Martin's-lane. No travellers  
employed

---

**BENZINE COLLAS**  
CLEANS AND REMOVES GREASE from  
Gloves, | Cloth.  
Silks, | Carpets, &c., &c.  
In Bottles, 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Perfumers; and at the Dépôt  
114, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

---

**WOOD VIOLET SCENT.—H. BREIDEN-**  
BACH recommends his Wood Violet as the finest natural  
Perfume distilled. A single 2s. 6d. Bottle will verify the fact. Ask  
for H. Breidenbach's Wood Violet.—157A, New Bond-street, W.



**CAUTION.—RAWORTH'S SEWING**  
**THREAD.**—Ladies purchasing Raworth's Nine-cord, Raworth's  
 Golden Flax, or Raworth's Glacé Thread, must observe the name  
 upon the spool—none other are genuine.—The "Times," June 23rd.  
 Leicester, 1857.



Available to LEIGHTON, 89N, and HODGE, 13, Shoe-lane, London.  
The only Binders authorised by the Proprietors.

---

**DE LA RUE AND CO.'S ROYAL**  
VICTORIA PLAYING CARDS.—These Cards are thinner  
and smaller than the ordinary Playing Cards, and have been manu-  
factured to meet the wishes of persons accustomed to the use of  
Continental Cards. They may be had either double or single bonds,  
and with gold or fancy backs, of all Stationers









## CHRISTMAS SUPPLEMENT

### CHRISTMAS FOR EVER!

We have seen good old customs abolished.  
To our anger, vexation, and grief:  
May we ne'er grow so dainty and polished  
As at Christmas to fall from roast beef.  
Nor be driven, by dandified sneering,  
Unessential plum-pudding to deem,  
And to look on its smoke disappearing  
From the board, as improvement in steam.

From adorning our houses with holly  
Let us never be scared by the goose  
Who says 'tis an old-fashioned folly,  
And wants to know what is its use?  
Let the mistletoe, too, be suspended  
Over lasses and lads as of yore.  
And with blind-man's-buff Christmas attended  
Whoever may vote it a bore.

Let a log be consumed in all houses.  
Notwithstanding there's plenty of coal;  
And 'twere jolly, at Christmas carouses,  
If roast crabs still could hiss in the bowl.



But men brew the right liquor no longer  
That was wont to make wassailers glad;  
And—an obstacle even yet stronger—  
There are scarce any crabs to be had.

Of your ancient ways never get weary,  
Never say such traditions are stale,  
Nor the pastimes of Christmas call dreary  
May they ever in England prevail!

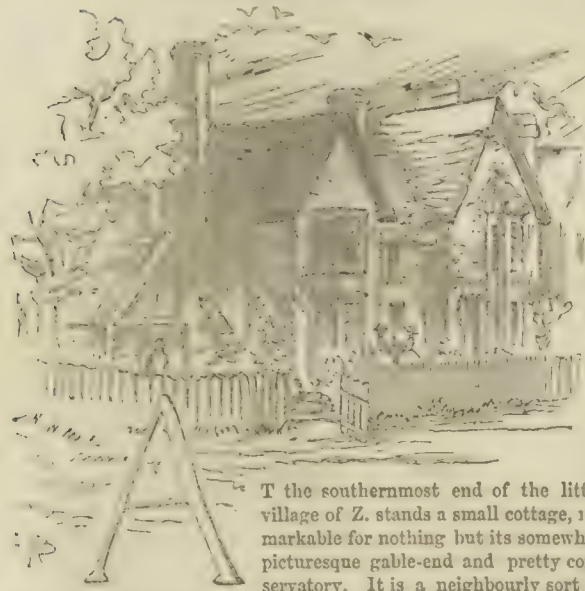
Our forefathers used to enjoy them;  
Their memory is hallowed and blest;  
May our children's caprice ne'er destroy them,  
When ourselves with our sires are at rest!

Merry Christmas amongst us for ever,  
Merry Christmas we trust will abide,  
So that each man will duly endeavour  
To be joyful on that happy tide.

Our birthdays, when merrily keeping,  
We may think of years rolling away;  
But the dread of Time over us creeping  
Is dispelled whilst we keep Christmas-day. P. L.

## THE CHRISTMAS ERRAND: FANNY'S STORY.

(See Coloured Illustration.)



T the southernmost end of the little village of Z. stands a small cottage, remarkable for nothing but its somewhat picturesque gable-end and pretty conservatory. It is a neighbourly sort of cottage, attaching itself to a row of smaller houses, and scarcely shutting itself away, by low wooden railings, from its opposite neighbour—a most industrious wheelwright's shop, where saw and adze or hammer are going from morning till night, making pleasant sounds of labour, and keeping the south end of the village wide awake. Not that Z. is a drowsy village. Oh no! There is the blacksmith's lower down that tells you when it is daybreak by the hard breathing of its bellows and the clink, clink of its anvil; and, when it is meal-times, by the silence of its iron tongue. And then, midway, there is the once famous posting-house, that could not contain itself in the days of its glory, but stepped out on to the village green and built a sort of house of ease to the mother hotel, to which it is connected only by a long beam, supporting the sign of the Blue Dragon, which hangs lazily in summer, and swings and screeches on winter nights. True, "First pair out!" is now rarely heard, but there are thirsty souls enough in Z. to keep the centre of the village from stagnating. There are shops, too, on the other side of the way, where men and maids can deck themselves out in all kinds of rustic finery. Such waistcoats! putting to shame the gayest of Turkey carpets, and studded all over with emerald and ruby and opal knobs as large as marrowfat peas, and worth at least a shilling a dozen. Such corduroys! Take them from the beam to which they are suspended outside the door, and they would stand on end of themselves, the cords are so stout and broad and gummy. Such coats!—Broad-shouldered, wide-waisted coverings that look as though they could carry sacks of corn, or mow or reap, or do any kind of hard work, and have such a profusion of large mother-o'-pearl buttons that you almost exclaim, "Please to remember the grotto!" Leather leggings, too, rather small in the calf, but very liberal at the ankle, wave about, and remind one of the larder of Giant Blunderbore, as described in that voracious history "Jack the Giant-killer." Such caps and flowery "whiskers" in the windows! The flowers ought to be gay and full blown to stand a chance against the rosy faces and white teeth and bright eyes of the lasses about Z. Then there's the barber—or, as he delighteth to style himself, hairdresser—whose bow-windowed shop (part of an old inn that afforded "good entertainment to man and horse" in the days of Queen Bess) is full of lures for fish, stuffed birds, and toys for children, plainly indicating that the barber has more sympathy with the sports and pastimes of his neighbours than with cutting, and curling, and shaving for a penny. There are always gossips to be found at his threshold. Over the way, at the corner of a by-road, is a perfect pantechicon: tea, sugar, tuppenny nails, candles, bacon, crockery, bread, ironware, butter, gunpowder, mops, Epsom salts—in short, everything that is required by a civilised Englishman—in a small way. As for the sweetmeats made upon the premises, mind you, they defy competition. Not that I profess at my time of life to be a judge, but my thirteenth daughter, who has cut nothing but sweet teeth all her life, declares the confections to be perfection.

If you walk on you will see there is a dear old English village green, with three venerable geese, and (at the proper season) a hopeful family of goslings, eating their commons. Those geese, I believe, are (like the Guildhall pigeons) the property of themselves, and live in the old hollow elm at the north end of the green. That old tree was once a great-headed giant, and stood boldly alone in the centre of the green; but time and the winds have robbed it of its branches, and what remains of it has been preserved by the piety of the good doctor of the village, who has fenced it round with turf, marigolds, stocks, and sunflowers, which even the three grey geese respect and spare. We have passed the post-office: I question if St. Martin's-le-Grand can hold its head higher in a proper way, or show more business and bustle. Paused to say a word to our excellent friend the shoemaker, whose lapstone "makes music all day long." We have taken a peep at the rectory, lying back snug among its plashed hedges and trellised walks, and now stand at the doctor's wicket. You need not do so if you are sick, weary, or sad; the door is always open for such to enter, and find relief and solace,

and those bright sweet faces clustered at the window are lighted up by hearts both warm and good. God bless bright faces!

You can't be dull at the north end of the village, for the kennel of the P— hounds is here, and

Dido and Bendigo,  
Merry Lass and Towler,

keep up an almost continual chorus from their tuneful throats, occasionally varied by the rattle of Mr. Bowker, the huntsman. A few steps further and we come to the barbian (or turnpike-gate) and its faithful guardians, the gatekeeper and his missus; and, having bid them "God-den," let us return to the cottage at the south end. It has, as you may see, a hedge-row of roses running along the side, with a background of yew, thick and tall enough to have a bower cut in the midst of it. Here is another hedge of honeysuckle and roses mingled together with a dwarf jessamine-tree almost as white as a twelfthcake with blossoms. This little cottage has the impudence to call itself "furnished," and lets itself out during the warm months of the year. It is made up inside of all sorts of odd nooks and corners, and filled with equally odd waifs and strays of furniture. The drawing-room is about as large as an omnibus, and the dining-hall had been once upon a time a kitchen until it choked up its ingle with bricks, and sported a register-stove. Ah! I have spent many a pleasant hour in that same ingle, chatting with one I love very dearly—my sister Judith. Her husband died some five years ago. He had been a curate, and left her with little more than an annuity of £100, which she inherited from my father, and had taken up her abode at Z. the year after his death, her only companion being her daughter Fanny. Fanny was about thirteen when this great loss came upon them; and, although her mother struggled bravely to master her grief, there was enough of sorrow always about their daily life to subdue the spirits of Fanny, and make her pensive and sensitive. The inhabitants of Z. are, peculiarly, a kind, neighbourly people, and sought, as is their wont, by a thousand small courtesies, to gain the acquaintance, if not the confidence, of my sister and her daughter; but, although their friendly offices were not rejected, they were received with so much reserve that even the good folk of Z. gave up the attempt in despair. Fanny was a gentle, affectionate creature, so much so that I looked with some apprehension to her future life, knowing as I did that it was necessary for her to go out into the world and earn her bread. Arrangements had been made already to place her in a milliner's establishment at the west end of London, and she was only detained by her mother as a companion during the first months of her widowhood. At length the time arrived for her departure, and, with her little box of clothes and a pet linnet in a cage, we—for I was to be her guardian on the journey—took our places in a second-class carriage for London. When the train arrived at Z. I had observed a young man of some one or two and twenty gazing listlessly out of the window of an adjoining carriage—why he should have attracted my attention I know not, but he had done so sufficiently to make me recognise him when, on the train stopping at the next station, he entered the compartment in which Fanny and I were seated. For a moment I felt something like displeasure at what I thought an intrusion; but, as he appeared to take no notice of either of us, I soon got the better of my annoyance, and proceeded to read a book I had with me. Fanny did the same, but whenever I looked up from the page I was reading I found the young man looking fixedly at Fanny. I was half inclined to remonstrate, but as she appeared unconscious of his impertinence, and as our journey was a short one, I contented myself by throwing all the uncle I could into my face, and looking him down.

Three years passed away, and Fanny had, by the aid of some friends of her father, commenced business in the smallest way upon her own account. A little shop in one of the little streets running out of Mayfair had the plainest and neatest of muslin curtains drawn across the window, inside of which was exhibited a very neatly-written label, "Ladies' own materials made up." At the back of the shop was a very small parlour, looking out into a neighbouring garden (for it was not sufficiently well off to have one of its own), and there used Fanny to sit at work listening to her mother reading, or to the cheerful song of her favourite little linnet.

Fanny was getting on famously through the patronage of a kind lady in — street, Mayfair, and who had recommended her, amongst other employers, to the notice of Mrs. Colonel Graytown. Mrs. Graytown was a widow when she married the Colonel, who proved a brutal and debauched fellow, and treated her with great indignity, because she refused to sacrifice her private fortune to satisfy his disreputable waste.

Matters were in this state when a change was observed by me and my sister to take place in Fanny. She either was physically ill or she had some secret that was preying upon her mind. I thought she was consumptive. Her mother thought she was in love, and her mother was right. But who was the object? That was the question. She never visited anywhere, never received any one at home? Whenever I joked her about a sweetheart she turned red, and sometimes became angry. When her mother hinted at the same thing her eyes would fill with tears (though she thought we did not see them), and then she would laugh aloud; but there was no mirth in the sound: it was a hollow counterfeit.

I will never tell—no, though the Lord Chancellor should consider it contempt of the High Court of Chancery, and send me to the Queen's Bench—I never will tell how we found out her secret. Perhaps I discovered it; perhaps it was her mother. It only concerns you to know what it was. Listen. Judith's brother-in-law was much older than her late husband, and living, as she did, at the West-end, and the brother-in-law at Islington, they never would have seen each other had my sister stood upon ceremony, and waited for him to call upon her. Mr. Joslin—that was his name—had been very kind to Judith, and it was he who had been the cause of Fanny setting up for herself. So twice a month Judith paid the old man a visit, and it was upon one of the days set apart for this purpose that we found out the truth.

It was the 22nd of last December that Fanny was sitting alone in her little back parlour, a widow's cap (Mrs. Colonel Graytown's, by-the-by) lying before her on the table, partly "made up"—her needle and fingers were idle, and her linnet chirped and chirped in vain to attract the attention of its mistress. No; Fanny was in dream-land. She was not happy either, for she moved her head up and down and pressed her lips together, and then raised her eyes to heaven as though she prayed for strength to resist some evil. A sharp tap upon the shop window made her start up. In a moment she was at the door. In another moment she returned to the little room, followed by a young man—a gentleman evidently by his dress and manners. It was the same who had intruded himself into the railway-carriage when we left Z. Had they been acquainted so long? Had they met clandestinely for three years? I was not wrong when I feared for her future. Their greeting was that of lovers. No one could mistake it; but in a few minutes Fanny burst into tears as though she could find no other utterance for her thoughts.

It was December, as I have said, and the snow lay upon the roofs of the houses and on the tops of the walls and outbuildings. Yet Fanny threw up the window, as though oppressed by the heat of the little room. At length she spoke.

"Henry Moore, what is the meaning of this letter?" and she took from her bosom a folded sheet of paper.

"Can you misunderstand it?" answered the young man. "Can you not believe what I have told you there—that I love you more than life? that without you I have neither hope nor desire?"

"And yet you ask me to deceive my mother—my poor, trusting mother?" said Fanny, her tears almost choking her.

"But for a while—a very little while," urged her lover. "When she knows how much I love you—how impossible it is for me to openly avow it—she will forgive us both."

"Why impossible to avow it?" asked Fanny.

"Because to do so would ruin me with my uncle. In a few years, with a strong will and the opportunities offered me by my position, I shall be able to defy the opinions and the dictation of friends. Ah, Fanny," he continued, "did you love me as I love you—believe in me as I do in you—you would not at this moment kill me with hesitation."

Poor Fanny! She buried her face in her hands and wept aloud.

"I have not told you all," said Henry. "Can you bear to hear what you must know in a day or two?" Fanny looked at him affrighted.

"In a week, Fanny, I leave England for some years."

"Oh, Henry!" and the poor girl trembled from head to foot.

"Yes, for years, Fanny; my uncle has decided upon my future. I am to represent his house of business in Hamburg. Am I to go alone?"

Her answer was not made in words. She pressed Henry's hand to her lips, whilst he spoke more and more passionately of his love for her, and of the bright future in store for both.

The linnet was still unheeded; the constant companion of her toil and leisure was quite unregarded. The door of the cage, too, was unfastened.

As yet Fanny had made no promise. There was silence for a few minutes, broken at last by Fanny.

"Henry!" she paused and blushed deeply; "Henry, do you forget you have told me nothing of your family? We have always spoken of other things, never of your family."

"My family!" replied Henry. "A foolish, fond mother; a brutal stepfather, who treated me like a slave, though that is ended; a sordid uncle, who believes in nothing but the balance at his banker's—those are my family. Why should I speak of them? Once away from England, and you shall know all."

The linnet flew to the window-sill, paused there for a moment, and then was gone! Still it was unheeded.

Before Judith returned, her time being usually five o'clock, the lovers parted, and Fanny, returning to her little parlour, closed the window, and for the first time observed the absence of her linnet. She could hardly believe it had deserted her. When she had convinced herself that it had flown, she felt, oppressed as she was with a consciousness of having done wrong, as though its flight was an omen of evil.

How gladly she sought her room when the hour for rest arrived! She read and reread Henry's letter, and each time a terrible fear possessed her, each time stronger than the other. This one passage was the cause: "If you will trust yourself to my honour nothing shall divide us." What could divide them if she were his wife? "Trust to his honour!" Honour! He would have sworn at God's altar never to desert her. She read it no more, but, putting out the light, threw herself upon the bed dressed as she was. O what a night she passed! now believing him guilty of the basest treachery, then reproaching herself for mistrusting one so loving, so constant, as he had been. Speculating upon what her life would be, did he abandon her for her suspicion? Did she send him away with scorn for his perfidy? I was right to fear for the future of such a loving, gentle nature.

The morrow came at last. She was up before it was light, and set to work to complete her task for Mrs. Graytown. Her desire to keep faith with her new patroness was a good excuse for rapid work and silence. When it was finished she put on her bonnet and cloak scarcely speaking a word all the time, and went out into the street. More snow had fallen during the day; and the streets, little traversed in her neighbourhood, were ankle deep. Fanny was unconscious or indifferent to the state of the pavement, and, as the street in which Mrs. Graytown lived was at the back of Fanny's home, a few minutes brought her to the door. She paused before she knocked, her mind still occupied with the same thoughts that had perplexed her during the night. She had almost resolved to brave anything rather than the loss of him who sought to deceive her, when, casting her eyes down upon the ground, she saw her truant linnet.

The bird evidently recognised her, and allowed her to catch it readily. Fanny wrapped her handkerchief round the wings of the linnet and placed it in her bosom. The action carried her thoughts back to her mother and the little room, and a hundred memories of maternal love. The battle was over!

The victory was with her!

Fanny was shown into the dressing-room of Mrs. Graytown, who always treated her with great kindness, and now perceived that Fanny was ill and distressed.

"Why, child, what is the matter with you? Your hands are as cold as ice, and your lips perfectly colourless," said that kind lady. And as she spoke Fanny's eye fell upon a miniature-case which lay open upon the table.

"Could she be deceived? Did her imagination conjure up his features, look at what she might?"

"A miniature of my son," said Mrs. Graytown; "my son by my first marriage—Henry Moore. Poor boy, he leaves England for Hamburg to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Fanny, in a voice scarcely audible. At that moment Henry Moore entered the room, and Fanny, swooning, sank down at the feet of his mother.

Fanny had passed three days in the delirium of fever. She was in the house of Mrs. Graytown, in her bed, watched by her and her own mother. The linnet, in a cage, was placed on a table near the window, and Fanny's return to semi-consciousness was a confused recognition of the bird, which seemed to her like the Holy Dove in the painted window of the church at Z., and she murmured faintly the name of her favourite.

The watchers looked at each other, and a smile of thankfulness stole over their faces, and a silent prayer passed upwards from their lips.

Why linger in the telling of my simple story? The scenes which had occurred had recalled to Mrs. Graytown the remembrance of her own early love for another Henry Moore, when she, too, had suffered that sickness of the heart which springs from deferred hope and thwarted affection. Mrs. Graytown, too, had been chastened in the school of sorrow, and had learned by bitter contrast to know how much the happiness of wedded life is due to love, how little to position. Our family was on an equality with her own; her father had been a banker—our father a banker's clerk, and Fanny's father a curate; therefore on that score there could not be a *méalliance*, and, as though to add a spice of romance to our



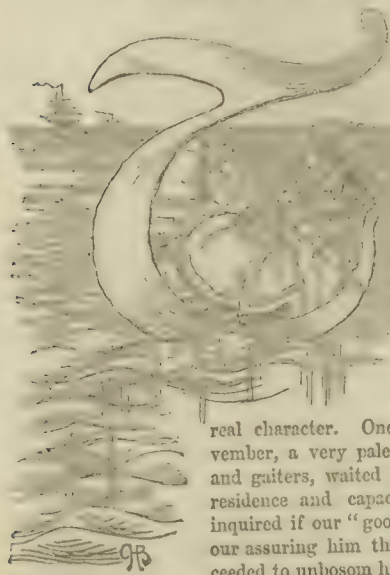
little story, Henry's City uncle, Mr. Golder, proved to have been an old admirer of my sister Judith; so, when Henry confessed his penitence and his love, there were no obstacles but those which time could remove; and, before he left London for Hamburg, a family council decided that Fanny's twentieth birthday should be her wedding-day also. Absence seems to have increased her lover's affection, if one may judge by stray passages from his letters which Fanny confides to her mother, who, of course, confides them to me.

A windfall from my dear old aunt Bosberry to Judith and myself enabled my sister to leave the little shop and allowed me to give up my situation in the Bank; and now, on a bright summer's day, I am seated in the music-room (so called from containing a hand-organ too asthmatic to play a single tune) in the little cottage at Z., writing this veritable history; and—

Sister Judith has just been in the room, and so disturbed my spirits by a revelation which she has made that I can write no more. Mr. Golder, Henry's uncle, has been pruning his old love: it has sprouted again, and he has made Judith an offer of marriage. I don't profess to be a prophet, but I venture to predict that she will accept it—after Fanny is married.

MARK LEMON.

## CONNUBIAL EMIGRATION SOCIETY.



THE name of this association is a delusion and a snare. Men of mercurial minds, who run away with the idea of an heiress and an elopement, will be misled. Gentle eyes must look upon it with caution, and beware that they are not dazzled—as too frequently happens—by a title.

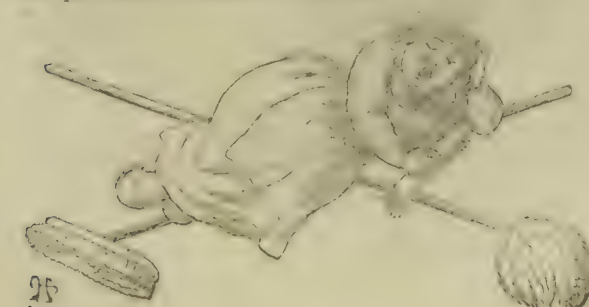
It was under circumstances of great mystery that we became acquainted with its real character. One foggy evening, last November, a very pale man, with black gloves and gaiters, waited upon us in our private residence and capacity, and, having softly inquired if our "good lady" was at home, on our assuring him that she was not, he proceeded to unbosom himself.

Taking from his pocket an Australian newspaper, he directed our attention to one or two passages which threw considerable light upon his mission. From these it appeared that the colonists were groaning for want of administrative reform in their home department. Their "house affairs" the *Desdemonas* of Tasmania did not "with haste dispatch." Servants were, in fact, of little service, and menials demeaned themselves shamefully. A large number, of Hibernian origin, would neither mind their p's nor q's, nor pay any attention to their hose; while, as to the cognate mystery of darning, they were deficient in to-to. Many confounded—as is sometimes done in this favoured land—ironing with mangling; and the views of the majority in reference to clear-starching were singularly obscure. Ladies complained that their muslins had lost their cultivated delicacy, and, by a perfect boiling, had become like wild Indians—copper-coloured. Master's boots reflected nothing but discredit on those who sometimes boasted of their polished—understandings. Hemming seemed to be a lost art. Pocket-handkerchiefs and such like articles were all anonymous. Pillow-cases were dreadfully illiterate. Robust maidens—descendants of the Cymri—who seemed bold enough to wield a harpoon instead of a needle, were nervous in tackling letters of mark. Many had an attachment to alcohol, and appeared to pride themselves on having a spirit above buttons. Beds were never properly made, but owed their existence, such as it was, to a process of self-generation. Grates were looked upon as trifles, and whipped up rather than rubbed; while silver spoons were constantly missing, and were seldom found until long after their kindred bones had mingled with the dust. Chiffoniers were not suited for the support of decanters, but of mustard and cress. Door-plates with good letters of recommendation lost their confidence, and seemed to shrink from public gaze, showing as little of the brass as possible. The writing on the wall by exasperated fingers was awful, as also were the occasional inscriptions on the wainscot; chimneys and their ornaments were colourable tenants in common. The broom—like the harp that once in Tara's hall—was hung up; while spiders carried on their upholstery business without molestation, and disgusted all decent people with their hangings.

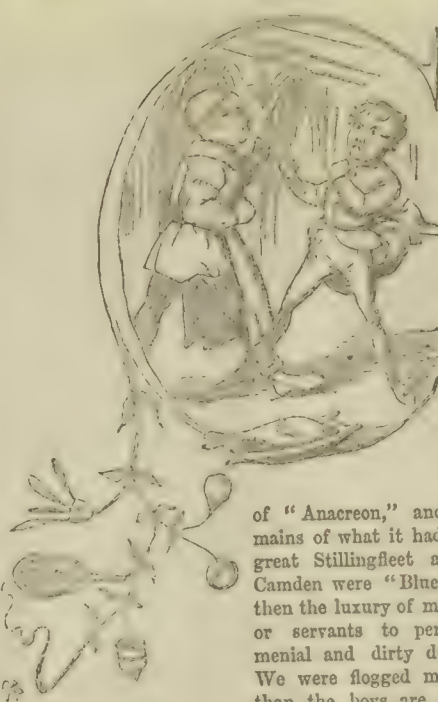
Moved by this pathetic scene, and anxious to contribute something to the relief of the sufferers, an association had been formed, our mysterious visitor informed us, by certain tender-hearted young married people, at Peckham-rye—their humane object being to send out a commission consisting of the mothers-in-law, now in a state of widowed blessedness. Our exiled brethren, it was fancied, would receive them with open arms, and their administrative and financial capabilities would find ample scope for employment—power of course being reserved to add to their number.

Having stated his case, and supported it with divers elaborate arguments, the learned gentleman demanded our opinion of this philanthropic scheme.

The Court now delivered judgment. Looking at what England had done for the colonial empire, by her bachelor's kettle and such like picnic conveniences, we felt assured that if Soyer declined the expedition she was ready to dispatch another Cook on a voyage round the globe. Again—was the mother country called upon to establish a silver-fork school for her children abroad? She would do it, and reward merit with napkins and rose-water. Finally—on the subject of house-to-house visitation—we were quite prepared to carry out our legal and maternal relations to our colonies, so that the glorious cause of domestic economy might be advanced in regions where sauces had never penetrated and salads were unknown.



## CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AND CHRISTMAS EVE.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL, when I was a boy there, now thirty years since and more, was a very different school from the Christ's Hospital of the present day. It was more like the school of Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, of the author of "Clarissa" and the editor

of "Anacreon," and had some remains of what it had been when the great Stillingfleet and the greater Camden were "Blues." We had not then the luxury of milk for breakfast, or servants to perform the many menial and dirty duties of a ward. We were flogged more lustily then than the boys are now. We then

kept saints' days, and knew the fasts and festivals of the Church as accurately as Robert Nelson himself. We did not in those days possess the luxury of corduroys. Our unmentionables were then of the thinnest gear, as thin as our thin pottage floating with marigolds. Our nurses were not then, as now, women of fair birth and fairer education. Our "friendless lists" were larger then than now. The Mansion House shilling of the present day was a sixpence then. We were then told harshly to "go to the stone," a kind of Star Chamber or pillory, or both, of which the "Blues" of the present day know little or nothing. We had then a Hall redolent of monastic life and Whittington himself; with cloisters in which it was easy to call up friars of orders grey, telling their beads, or walking hungry to, or full fed from, chapter or refectory. The ditch in which we played was a ditch then, speaking visibly of the walls of London, when London was a mediæval Sebastopol or Delhi. We made no pretence then to learn French and German (now so properly taught there), but played at French and English, and invariably licked the French. Our school was then a thoroughfare for butchers from the shambles of Newgate Market to Aldersgate-street and Little Britain—and many a stubborn fight has a Bluecoat Boy had in those cloisters with a butcher's boy—yes, and butchers' men too—who went with an unnecessary swagger through the precincts of King Edward's Hospital. Frank-hearted and manly Frank D. (dead too soon—he was of our ward, No. 4) has fought many a Newgate Wolsey under the fifteens, or as you turned into No. 4. A close look-out for beadles—and, above all, of the steward—was held with a military and a police precision while the fight was on. Frank D. was seldom licked. Whoever licked Frank D. was conducted with a kind of triumph to the gates of the Hospital, and considered free of the cloisters for at least a year, or while—*quandiu*—he behaved himself properly.

I have said that our ward was No. 4, and very proud we were of our ward. We were not a learned ward; we could not have nurtured a Coleridge, a Lamb, or a Leigh Hunt. We did not affect scholarship. We never produced a "Grecian" in the school. Our highest efforts in scholarship ended in a few Deputy Grecians and a host of King's Scholars, of the true maritime and mathematical breed. It was our boast that we did not lodge a Grecian. We had no "study" in our ward for any of the four Muftis or Grecians—for to that number were the Grecians limited when we were Blues. We had Greeks for war, and the tug of war. We were great, too (I should say not to be surpassed), in the manly employment of lashing a top round the four cloisters in a dozen lashes at the most, that echoed from wall to wall, that must have stirred our three Queens and "gentle Mortimer" himself in their graves. There was A—h of our ward, who was an adept in that art. When we last visited the school in top-time we saw no player to remind us of A—h of dear old No. 4.

But, if we did not produce Grecians, we grounded one or two lads (in our time) who have since proved rare and ripe scholars. C., of the Bengal Engineers, who has been even to Ladakh, and who fought at Chillianwallah, is the best Sanscrit scholar in India—the best versed in Bactrian coins, such as Professor Wilson and Mr. Vaux understand here at home—and who is to give us a book before long—a work about Alexander the Great and his successors in India, which would have gladdened the heart of his old master, Mr. Rice, had he happily lived to have rejoiced in the fame of one of his own boys.

I have said that our pride was of a different kind; and it was our boast that the steward of the school, Huggins, with the eagle look, and Fuller, the best beadle and gatekeeper of our time, were No. 4 boys.

I do not shame to say the Hospital Of London was my chiefest fostering-place.

Nor was our steward ashamed. When the new Hall was publicly opened, No. 4 ward marched first into the Hall, old Huggins and older Fuller looking smiling on their younger representatives. When Fuller and Huggins were in the school, Fuller was monitor over Huggins; in their old age Huggins was steward over Fuller. Yet they liked each other, and gossiped about ward times with due and well-sustained respect. The school was all-in-all to them both. It was what Boyer insisted on its being to Coleridge when a boy and in tears—it was their father, mother, brother, sister, first cousin, second cousin, and all the rest of the relations.

But the excellency of our ward was not confined to acts that would have shone at Figg's, or Broughton's, or Tom Cribb's, or Ben Caunt's. We always had some of the very handsomest boys in the school in No. 4. We made a figure in all the suppers in public. Never did human head salute a Lord Mayor or a President with greater grace than F. did when, as crag-boy, he passed the chair with his crag or bread-basket on his shoulder. We were generally first with our candle-boys, always the smallest in the ward, and gracefully did the fours bow when Curtis was Mayor with their long, well-ornamented suits to the father of the City. We shone "cashty" and conspicuous on Easter Monday, at the Royal Exchange, among the piemen, and bold and erect before the City Marshals and Birch's buns on Easter

Tuesday. We did not care to be seen on speech days, as the Grecians were never, as we have said, of our un-Arcadian ward. But we were great at the Peerless Pool, producing first-rate summer-setters, floaters, divers, swimmers, and boys that would spend a whole holiday in the water. Somehow, too, we were great favourites at the Tower with the Beefeaters, and Martin the bear, and the pelicans, feeding the hungry animals when we were, not unoften, hungrier than the animals themselves.

It was our boast to produce a boy who (in our time) was expelled the school—expelled, not for any mean or unmanly act—of that he was by nature (for we knew him well) immeasurably above—but for playing with gunpowder when in bed, burning his clothes with sulphur and lucifer-matches, firing pistols in the cloisters in the night to the infinite alarm of Mrs. Green, the matron, for being out after bedtime, for never uttering a sigh or syllable when flogged (he could have spat his tongue out sooner), for framing and setting fire to a Guy Fawkes, for cutting up his school dress into town clothes, for running away and living on a shilling and hips and haws in Enfield Chase, and for other misdemeanours out of school hours (he was a clever lad in school), that brought him under the eagle eye of the steward and his myrmidons—the beadles and gateboys. His name was W—ll: he was made to lead a forlorn hope—"to do or die"—to attack the Little or the Great Redan, to carry an Indian stockade, to fire a mine, to be a Gillespie or a Windham. His was a cool, determined head, with a fine and, for those he liked, an affectionate heart. His detection was remarkable. He had left, after three days and nights of hunger, Enfield Forest and Enfield Chase for a baker's shop at Chigwell. His dress and appearance (he had made his clothing himself at night when other boys were asleep) attracted at Chigwell the attention of a tailor who had once been a Blue. W—ll had left one portion of his coat—the wings or indications of epaulets on each shoulder—untouched. The tailor, as he recognised the hospital-make, courted and fed the boy, and betrayed him (perhaps not unkindly) to the steward of the school. A beadle went at once to Chigwell, and brought the truant by the Chigwell coach to London. But W—ll was not so easily secured: at Aldgate he made a leap from the coach, and escaped, but only for another day. He was again captured, flogged publicly before the whole of the boys in the great hall, and then, dressed in a prison dress, led to the gates, and expelled the school. Whither this fine, fiery soul (made for great occasions) went I know not, though I have often inquired. Did he perish in the heart-rending retreat of the Affghan war? Did he die with Denney before Jellalabad? Was he slain by the Sikhs (like a second Shaw, after killing his share) at Sobraon, Aliwal, or Moodkee? Was he killed at Chillianwallah? or at the Alma? or Balaclava? or at Inkerman? or in the Little or Great Redan? or was he carried off by some less violent means, dying in an hospital with a Miss Nightingale to close his once flashing and expressive eyes?

I had a book when a schoolboy which delighted W—ll, and which, had it been mine, I should have been delighted to have given him. It was a popular account of the sieges in Spain during what is called the Peninsular War. Never was human being more won over by a book than W—ll was by this. His means (even less than mine) were small, and did not allow him to buy the book; but he bought writing-paper, and paid boys for copying out the principal sieges with bread and cheese and butter, of which he had robbed an excellent stomach, for the pleasure of possessing heroic deeds in the very words of the book he loved. Many a narrow meal was lessened by this thirst for a favourite book; and, when he was expelled, the MS. copy, thus paid for, was in the pocket of his prison dress.

We had a wag in our ward who was guilty of a joke, and something more, on a grave occasion, that would have certainly secured him a good flogging had his judge been any other person than old Mr. Reynolds, then the head writing-master of the school. It was then the custom, and may be so still, for one of the masters of St. Paul's School to examine, yearly or half-yearly, the boys in the writing school in arithmetic. A No. 4 was examined by old R. of St. Paul's, first in his Multiplication Table, as a beginning of his trial. Now, it so happened that R. was thick and also quick of utterance. Questions were put and answered correctly—some with a smile at the manner of putting them, others without. But the smile and something more were irresistible when the boy (now a grave merchant, with a seat at the board of more than one well-to-do office) was met with "Sicem sic" (or Six times six), which the boy so little construed into an arithmetical question that he rushed forward with the question, "Shall I fetch a basin, sir?" There was a titter through the room, and L. was led away in disgrace. Flogged most assuredly he would have been, had his judge been other than old Mr. Reynolds, the father of John Hamilton Reynolds (a fellow of infinite wit), and the father-in-law of Tom Hood. Reynolds dismissed him with a smile and a pinch of the ear—"Bad boy, bad boy!" "Jolly old Spungey" was L.'s under-voiced rejoinder, which to those who remember kind-hearted, racy Reynolds (as thousands must do) will need no explanation.

We had our troubles, too, in my time, in No. 4, in the shape of monitors or head boys, who were petty tyrants, or, as they were called in the language of Christ's, "cuds." These, I observed, were either very big brutal boys, who delighted in cruelty—Bainbridges in their way—fit to farm the Fleet Prison when the Fleet was farmed—lads who took decision and discipline into their own hands; or lads of a feeble constitution, who carried out the letter of their instructions, and delighted constantly in sending boys "to the stone," and in their own way telling and colouring cases of complaint to the steward, by whom they were decided; and who, though naturally a kind-hearted man, and a shrewd-seer one, was anxious to support the discipline of the school, even, if necessary, in a Spartan way. The bigger "cuds" felt unalloyed delight in forcing supposed refractory boys to eat candles and yellow soap covered with the thinnest concrement of moist sugar—for lump was a luxury unknown in our school. The lesser "cuds" delighted in stopping the next leave of a boy whom they could discover had made any particular arrangement for some little enjoyment on that day. The larger "cuds" took pleasure in flanking the boys with their leather girdles, bottling their noses till they nearly bled, with other cruelties into which invention was carried with a marvellous degree of subtlety and refinement. The smaller "cuds" delighted in a like manner in turning little boys, in the snows of January, not only away from the ward fire (there was only one), but out of the ward into the open cloisters, not for an hour, but for a whole afternoon, and of summoning boys from their warm beds (made warm only by their yellows and blues) to carry the rugs of their beds to the monitors' beds: in fact, to my recollection, the bigger "cuds" were preferable to the "lesser" ones. One could endure a licking or a bottling better than the Grey Friars Cloisters, with the thermometer at a North Pole height, or a bed without a covering for seven or eight hours in the depth of an English winter.

Yet we had some fine-hearted monitors in my time in No. 4—lads who were liked not only in the ward but by the school generally. Tea





CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AND CHRISTMAS EVE.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.





THE KING OF THE BEAN.—DRAWN BY EDMOND MORIN



as a meal, was unknown: tea was at Christ's on sufferance. What the Grecians drank, and what the monitors drank, was paid for out of their own too often slender resources. The tea-shines of the monitors, when George IV. was King, were real tea-parties. Tea was tea then, though birch-broomed from B—r's or E—n's. We care not for tea now, now that we can get it of the best quality, and without feeling the cost, from Antrobus or Twining. But in our school-days we loved tea and piles of buttered toast; or tea with a boiled loaf—no common dish, and not to be despised by Sir Epicure himself. At times even the little luxuries of tea and toast were denied us by the poverty of our pockets. Then it was that popular monitors were tested out of their own wards, in which they reigned supreme. When M. and N. were monitors this cry was not unfrequently heard from ward to ward, up the fifteens over to No. 1, and then, if necessary, to distant No. 6:—"Our ward monitors' compliments to your ward monitors, and our ward monitors will be obliged to your ward monitors if your ward monitors will lend our ward monitors a little tea or sugar." J—n, who was the cleverest monitor-boy of our time, would deliver this with a voice that would extract, where it existed, half-a-cupful of tea, or half a pound of sugar, from the most careful of monitors. We were liberal, too, in our ward, and responded, when we had it, to like calls for milk, butter, and even bread. What delicious repasts were those prompted out of gifts from different and distant wards! We remember a glorious tea got up by J—n for his monitors and masters, in which everything was gift obtained by his carrying our ward monitors' compliments to the different monitors in the different wards of dear old Christ's.

And here I may perhaps be pardoned for a little digression about men dear to those who were educated in the hospital of the boy-king. I knew Charles Lamb—have shaken hands with him many times; been hailed by him as a brother Deputy Grecian; and received words of encouragement from him which still fondly linger in the innermost recesses of my memory. I knew several of his friends mentioned in his two delightful papers about our school. I remember old Dr. Trollope, the head master; and fine frank-hearted Franklin; and B. F.—or Barron Field. I was intimate with B. F. He had been Judge in New South Wales; and was, moreover, the first person who published a volume of poems in that now flourishing colony. The motto to his volume was remarkable:—

I first adventure; follow me who list;  
And be the second Austral harmonist.

Written in imitation of Bishop Hall. To this, in the second publication of the colony, was a motto, by way of reply:—

I, the second, take the Field;  
The next may something better yield.

This was by a private soldier; and was not altogether liked by good, kind-hearted B. F.

I remember, when at Christ's, receiving an invitation to breakfast, which, from the delight it gave me, has never been equalled, nor will it. I felt not the like when I was taken to breakfast with Walter Scott, or invited first to breakfast with Samuel Rogers. This was an invitation I received to breakfast on Sunday morning with D. L., the handsome Grecian, whose study was in ward 3. L. was the friend of Basil and Mrs. Montagu; and, as a Grecian, had conversed at Basil's with Coleridge, the great Grecian of Christ's. My father had met him at Montagu's, and L. undertook, and kept his word, to be kind to little C. in Nurse Nichol's ward. What a good breakfast!—and yet we remember nothing there. What glorious conversation!—and yet I do not remember what was said. With what pride and fear did I ascend the steps that led to his little study! with what pride did I descend! and with what envy was I looked upon by other boys! "C. is a friend of L.; he is all right, lucky rascal!" was a remark that reached my ears more than once.

There were two periods in each boy's life in the school of that "goodly and Royal child," King Edward VI., which every man of any standing there will recollect with peculiar pleasure—the approach of August and the arrival of Christmas-day. August was the holiday month of the school; and those boys whose parents or friends could take them beyond the environs of London were allowed to do so. What expectations did August raise! What chalkings on the walls of the near approach of the month dedicated to holidays! We remember a large, well-printed inscription on a wall near the treasurer's house (shame to say), "Only one hundred and twenty days to August." How those one hundred and twenty days must have hung on the hands and mind of the expectant schoolboy! What visions he must have had (we knew him well) of his Yorkshire home and his Yorkshire trout-streams! He was a Mathematical boy; and, by years and fudging, had become, in the last year of his residence, a King's boy. He was often caned; but he was none of Lamb's *ululantes*; for it was the pride of the King's boys never to allow that they were caned, as it was the delight of the rest of the school to detect (as they occasionally did) the dark-blooded marks produced on palms and thumbs by the wax-ended canes of the Mathematical master. As August neared—when August was within fifty days—then it was his delight, as it was that of hundreds more, to turn over the days by turning over the boy whose bed was marked with the number of the days that August was distant by the Almanack. No. 50 had no rest when August was only fifty days off, and so each boy was served (and not unwillingly) till August was only three days off, and then the turning over was indiscriminate, and at times, with kind-hearted monitors, universal.

But the approach of Christmas! Who has forgotten those nights when the boys with the best and the gruffest voices were permitted to sit up and sing Christmas carols round the ward fire? How we have tuned our throats on these occasions! We were not musical—but we could be gruff. We were envied for our gruffness. Glen, the school music-master, could make neither choir nor chorus of our voices. We were delighted; but Glen was angry. He wished to serve us; and at last did a real kindness to us by attaching us to his staff as organ or bellows boy. This staff appointment (as it at times extended to the church) saved us from the long kneeling through the Litany and the prayers of the house.

When I was at Christ's there were about seven hundred boys in the school; of these, one hundred at least were on the "friendless list"—boys without parents or friends, who never passed without the Hospital precinct unless invited by the parents or friends of other boys. To these Christmas brought no turkeys from Norfolk or plum-puddings from Wilts or Somerset. The six hundred had friends, and well they plied them, and well were they responded to when Christmas came. The boys, too, saved their money up to smuggle wine (unpermitted xeres or port of a good vintage) within the Hospital.

The scene on Christmas-eve would supply a fitting subject for the painter's pencil. The point of time should be about five in the evening, when was seen a streaming in of boys returning heavily laden, and accompanied by their friends, old and young, laden like themselves, groaning with good things, such as Snyder's knew (no one better) how to group and paint. The point of view should be in the narrow passage

called Christchurch-passage, commanding the red-brick entrance into the Hospital, with Sir Christopher Wren's church, Christ Church, on the right. There should not be too much light. Snow should be on the ground, and it should be snowing. We would have Hospital beades employed in trying to stop the admission of strong drinks, and the elusive care of boys and friends to escape detection. We would have (in the middle ground, perhaps)—what we have often seen—mail-coach men and guards (with whom Bluecoat boys were always favourites) lugging from Lad-lane, and the Bull and Mouth, and the Saracen's Head, and the Belle Sauvage, hampers of good things for boys, and with boys whose fathers knew and feed both coachmen and guards. We would have a whole Birnam Wood of holly and mistletoe, fresh from Leadenhall and Fleet Markets, moving Macbeth-like along under Wren's gateway into the Grey Friars Cloister. We would have butchers' boys, with trays heavily burdened, carrying some of the riches of the neighbouring Newgate Market into King Edward's School. We would make our picture rife with those accessories which painters love, and which would indicate that to-morrow, Christmas-day, will be kept in Christ's Hospital with something of everything appropriate to the day, and tending to hospitality and lovingkindness. For we kept Christmas-day at Christ's when we were young as our hereditary Governors did—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen—Aldermanically, and, better still, as Christmas was kept in the days of our foundation—Tudor times.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

## "CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS."

(See Illustration by Samuel Read, on page 632.)

FROM my lord and lady's casement

To the buttery in the basement

Comes forth a stream of light,

And steals downwards to the river

That the cold wind maketh quiver

This pleasant Christmas night.

In the garden and the meadow

There is many a watching shadow,

Each like some kindly sprite

That hath come from where it dwelleth

(Where the shadows hide who telleth?)

To look upon the light.

In the Hall, where shouts of laughter

Shake each old emblazon'd rafter,

Are shadows, too, this night!

And the spectral forms and faces,

In hose, doublet, points, ruffs, laces,

Are cunningly bedight.

In that chamber whence, light-hearted,

Two fair maidens have departed—

They spoke of love to-night—

On the bed a shadow's lying

Like a lonely young girl dying,

She seems heart-broken quite!

In yon room, whose sombre lining

Scarce a score of tapers shining

Can bring out into light,

A gambler's shade is gazing

On the Yale-log gaily blazing,

Upsending sparkles bright.

As the cards are dealt and shuffled,

Each young gamester is unruffled

To win or lose to-night.

Yet the shade would go—but lingers,

Holding up its filmy fingers,

As though to hide the sight.

Shades of buxom maids and children,

Shades of all things past—bewildering

My vision! So I light

This sputtering waxen taper,

And these slipshod lines to paper

Commit this Christmas night.

MARK LEMON.

## THE KING OF THE BEAN; OR, TWELFTH-NIGHT IN NORMANDY.

ON the day of the Epiphany in Normandy a pleasant custom prevails which we think not unworthy of imitation in Merry England, for, spite of our losses and crosses, there is still mirth to be found in our "tight little Island." In Normandy, on Twelfth-night, after the family dinner, the cake is brought in, carefully covered with a table napkin. The cake has been previously cut in equal pieces, one of which contains a bean. The youngest member of the family is the one who draws the shares. The first share is called "the good God's share" ("La part du bon Dieu"), and is given to the poor, who go on that night from door to door to receive the donations of the generous. The second share is called "La part de l'absent," and is put aside in some cupboard; and there is great interest taken amongst the old country folks about that piece of cake, which is considered as a sort of barometer of the health of the absent member of the family. The old mother looks at it from time to time, and, according to the state of preservation of the cake, knows whether the person is in good or bad health. If the cake is a little mildewed it is thought to be a bad sign, although it may proceed from the cupboard being damp; but they do not consider so deeply. The other shares are drawn just as the little boy or girl chooses. He is asked every time before he brings the piece out, "Phoebe Domini, pour qui?" and the reply is, "For uncle John, or aunt Jeannette," as the case may be. The happy one who gets the bean is named King or Queen for the night, and, every time he or she drinks, deafening shouts announce the operation. Generally the King takes good care to make them shout as often as he can, and so makes the evening pass merrily.

## CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—AN AUTHORISED CONUNDRUM.—When is an author most like a puppy?
- 2.—WHAT view would tobacco take of the smoking controversy?
- 3.—WHAT wine does the architecture of St. Paul's most resemble?
- 4.—WHEN does a ghost appear most animated?
- 5.—WHAT bird is most in request at a Lord Mayor's dinner?
- 6.—WHAT part of an organ is most like a dandy?
- 7.—WHAT celebrated piece of music does a finger-post remind you of?
- 8.—WHEN was Diogenes like a knight in armour?
- 9.—CONUNDRUMS TO PLEASE THE PIGS.—What conveyance would a sow use to take out her family for an airing?
- 10.—WHAT pig is allowed to approach nearest to the Sovereign?

## FORFEITS.



CHRISTMAS is not the only time of the year that we play at forfeits. Life, you may say, is a constant succession of forfeits. It is the negligent, idle, stupid, careless portion of mankind that has generally to pay the most for these forfeits, which, we need not say, is to them a losing rather than a winning game.

We will first dip our hand into the stores of our recollection, and try to bring up a few

bright examples. For instance—

If you come in late for dinner, and it is all gone, and you find that you are compelled to go without any, that is already a Forfeit.

If you do anything to offend your wife, or neglect taking her to see the opera, or forget to make arrangements that she and "the dear children" shall have their autumnal run out of

town, the chances are that you lose her good esteem; and you must be a hardened criminal indeed, or corrupted beyond hope of cure or remedy by your bachelor friends, if you do not consider that a Forfeit.

If you allow your children to have their own way, and never check them, and always let them have an unlimited supply of money, and permit them to run riot as they please, never correcting them, never pointing out to them the right path, never exercising your parental authority, we should say that there would be every promise, according to the strict nature of things, of your losing the obedience and respect that a child should pay to its parent; and that is a Forfeit the most difficult of all to win back.

If you take too much wine at dinner (mind, we are saying "if"), or, in other words, partake too liberally of "salmon," or venture on a slice more cucumber than in strict prudence is good for you, the probabilities are that you will have a headache the next morning, and that is a Forfeit, of which, perhaps, the less you say upon that head the better.

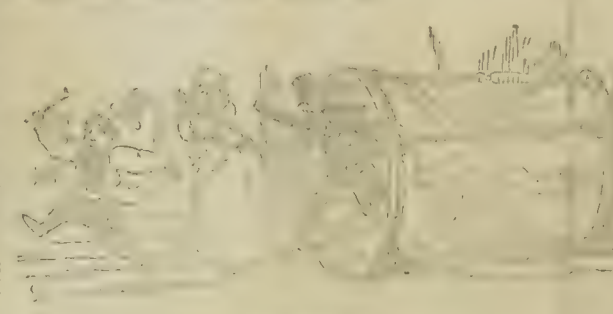
If you become irregular in your habits, and take your meals at all hours, and stop out late at evening parties, and make a practice of eating hot suppers, and walking in thin shoes and getting wet feet, and wearing your bonnet on the back of your head so as to catch cold, it is not unlikely that in time you will ruin your constitution and sacrifice your health—and that, you will admit, is a Forfeit of no small magnitude.

If you neglect paying the premium on your assurance, it is not difficult to prophesy that the policy will soon become void, and that the sums you have already paid will be necessarily retained by the office as the legitimate Forfeit of your carelessness.

If you take no precautions to have the kitchen chimney swept, it is not improbable that with proper perseverance it will catch fire (and a kitchen chimney generally takes it into its obstinate head to take fire when you have a large party for dinner, such an excitement having been known to break out before now on Christmas-day), and you will find that when the parish engine and turncock and bandle come round, and the other engines also make their appearance, it is a Forfeit for which, however annoying, you have only yourself to blame.

If you go out walking with your country cousin you must not grumble if you have to stop every five minutes to look at the shops; but, on the contrary, you should pay cheerfully the tax that is levied on your patience, and look as happy as you can under the Forfeit.

The above list of Forfeits might be extended to the length of a programme on a Thursday's night opera. There are Forfeits in every grade of life. Some are very expensive, and can only be reclaimed by a large outlay or the judicious offering of a present. Some are disagreeable, such as having to serve on a jury, which is the Forfeit of being a householder. Some carry their own compensation with them; as, for instance, the Income and Property Tax, which is only the just Forfeit of wealth: many a poor clerk, or struggling sempstress, far from grumbling, would be but too happy to have it in their power to pay this Forfeit. Other Forfeits are sanctioned by the force and affection of long custom—such as the silver knife and fork, or engraved goblet with a tablet in the centre for the initial, which relatives or intimate acquaintances are in the habit of paying as a Forfeit for being godpapa or godmamma. These are time-honoured Forfeits, which every one pays with a smile, much in the same spirit that one says something sweet and complimentary when a little red chubby baby is handed round with wine and cake for general inspection. That is a complimentary Forfeit that does one rather good than harm. It puts one in good temper for one's dinner. But the most agreeable Forfeit we know is the pair of gloves that one is expected to pay for having been kissed in one's sleep by a lady.



A TRUTH FOR LAWYERS TO STARE AT.—The case most easily got up is the staircase.

MOTTO FOR AN AUCTIONEER.—"A sale in sight appears."

THE bankrupt's ill wind that blows no one any good is a trade wind.

MOTTO FOR A SUB-EDITOR.—Aut Scissor, aut nullus.

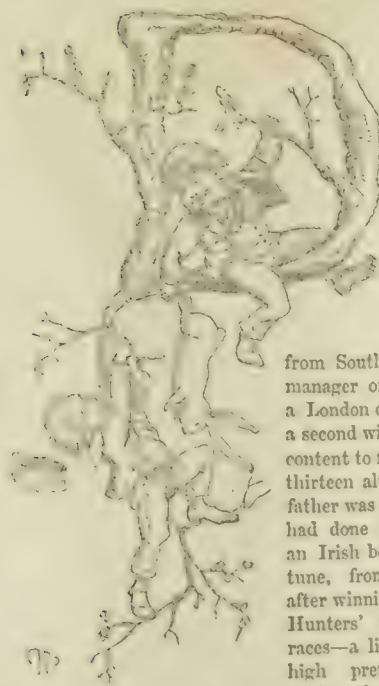
TOP-DRESSING FOR LADIES.—From the time consumed by a young lady in "doing her hair," it is evident that this is the mane part of her dressing.



## A REAL CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HUNTING ZIGZAGS," "GALLOPS AND GOSSIPS," &amp;c.

(See Illustration by John Leech.)



ICK RADLEY and I first met, on our way to the Mudlington Grammar School—a pair of unhappy exiles from the comforts of home—at the cross roads, where the carrier's cart relieved the up and down north and south country mails of ourselves and our boxes. Dick came from the Yorkshire Wolds—I came from South Wales. My father was manager of iron and coal works for a London company; and had married a second wife, who was not too well content to find an impertinent boy of thirteen always in her way. Dick's father was a Yorkshire squire, who had done the same, and carried off an Irish beauty, with an Irish fortune, from several competitors—after winning, as gentleman jock, the Hunters' Stakes at Scarborough races—a lively lady, with the usual high pretensions and expensive habits of such colonists on English

soil. After a Continental tour, which was to have lasted a few weeks, but which continued several years, the squire returned to England to sell an outlying farm, consumed in the Continental campaigns, when the lady found young Dick so rough and rude in manners, and truly Yorkshire in accent—under the instruction of the curate, the gamekeeper, the grooms, and the herdsman—that he was packed off at short notice to the south to learn English and manners.

By accident Mudlington was fixed upon for us both, perhaps because the name caught our respective fathers' eyes in a newspaper, where one looked for the price of iron and the other for the steeplechases to come, and they saw that it was an ancient foundation and a long way off. Distance in schools seems always to "lend enchantment to the view" of parents. A good school in the next parish is never valued.

Dick was a year or two younger than myself, but a head taller, more shy, perhaps, for Radley Manor lay in a solitary district. By the time the carrier had hustled his spavined grey mare into a jog trot, after staring at each other like two strange dogs in a strange place, I blurted out, "Have you got a pony at home? I've got two, a bay and a grey."

"A pony! Na. I hate ponies; but I'll tell ye what I gotten, my laad. I've got a chestnut filly by Blackness out of Blazeaway, that I'll rin againe anything y'e've got for what you like." Had we been French boys we should have flown into each other's arms; as it was, the floodgates were unloosed, and we talked *horsy* all the rest of the way until the tilted cart stopped at Mudlington Grammar School, on Mudlington Heath, ten miles from the ancient and decayed borough of that name.

In our time the master was worthy Peter Willowton (by courtesy Doctor Willowton), who, having failed at many things, and returned from the West Indies—where he had been sent as an overseer, but found too tender-hearted for managing the niggers—just when the mastership was vacant, was put in by his uncle the senior alderman's influence. From that time, with the help of an usher, he settled down quietly to fly-fishing and experiments on the school farm, an aviary, and a yard of fancy fowl. The whole school consisted only of about a score boys—a dozen from Mudlington, to take the six scholarships reserved for Mudlingtonians, and the rest outcasts, like Dick and myself.

can't say we ever learned much, except geography incidentally to the Doctor's travels, which he was never tired of retelling. Often has his shaving, which he invariably performed after breakfast in sight of the whole school, been prolonged to midday, while, with the great globe before him, he traced his boat voyage after shipwreck on a coral island, and, flourishing his razor-strop, showed how he had led the charge on the cannibals who had carried off and devoured the fat doctor's mate.

A sufficient knowledge of farming to enter with warm interest into the Doctor's plans for growing Indian corn on the school farm, and special talents for tying trout-flies of a kind before unknown in that region, compensated in a great degree for the indifference with which I, and the disgust with which Dick, regarded the treasures of classic earning it was the duty of the Doctor to dispense.

Dick never could sit still, and proclaimed loudly his disbelief in the use of any books beyond "Border Ballads," "The Complete Farrier," and "The Stud Book."

By judicious suggestions and well-timed ejaculations the firm—that is, Dick and myself—managed to escape many well-deserved impositions. As for flogging, that, under Dr. Willowton's rule, fell quite out of use: he had not the heart to handle any rod except a fly-rod.

It was a strange, wild district. Deer couched in the deep fern; adders basked in the bilberries; in the islets of rush-bordered meres coots and wild ducks built their nests; when we chased water-rats with our terriers, herons flapped their long wings, and lazily rose from their feasts on the frogs that made the marshes resound with their croakings; after frost every step disturbed a wisp of snipe; hares, famous for their stoutness, lay on the dry sides of the hills; and one sandy bank in a deep dell was alive with rabbits. Many a time, on a moonlight winter's morning, when stealing out to visit our snares, we started foxes lying in ambush for the chance of a frisky, simple-minded, wandering bunny.

More precious than even hares or fawns in the eyes of Yorkshire Dick were certain shaggy long-tailed ponies that ran wild upon the moor in little herds of three or four, each headed by a scarecrow old mare, the dam of the younger lot. These were the stock of an abandoned coal-mine which, after having been vigorously worked by an enterprising lord of the manor before our time, had ended in a "fault." So the machinery rusted and rotted, starlings and daws built in the shaft-stalk, and the ponies not worth selling had been turned loose to live or starve on the heath. Dick's Yorkshire eyes detected under the shaggy coat of several of the colts the produce of a sire of pure blood, the result of some accidental *mésalliance*.

Our school companions were chiefly the sons of townspeople, who were less fond of field studies, and more fond of tops and ring-taw, than we were. Besides, they had homes and holidays: we never went home! My father's wife thought holidays at home injurious to my industrious

habits; while Radley's father was always riding a race at Bibury or Tarporley, or playing *écarté* or short whist at a London club or German spa. So we drew together naturally, and being not only the best paying pupils but the keenest sympathisers with the Doctor's rural tastes, did much as we pleased, kept ferrets in our desks, and carried dormice and squirrels in our jacket pockets, and had terriers and water spaniels on board wages with the gipsy squatters on the heath. If there had been degrees awarded for proficiency in our favourite pursuits, Dick must have taken a "double first," and I think I could have aspired to a very respectable "second." Years after our departure, as I learned from my nephew Cuthbert, long after dear mild Dr. Willowton had become food for his favourite earthworms, when the school had been reformed under a "scheme from the Master in Chancery," there were traditions extant of our glorious doings—traditions of game suppers, which made our degenerate successors' mouths water—the produce of our guns, our dogs, and our snares—of a mighty tame badger maintained in the barn by general contributions, that defied the assaults of all the country-bred tykes—of a wild fawn caught and reared in the Doctor's paddock until, grown old, antlered, and impudent, his assault on the red cloak of goody Baulmer, the cook, doomed him to venison; and of the bittern, winged by a lucky stone, whose dagger-like beak gave additional expression to the fox-like figure-head of Lawyer Wills, then a boy in buttons, by a peck that nearly extinguished one of his too inquisitive eyes.

One damp September brought, to the astonishment of every one, the lord of the manor, Sir Mowbray Massington—it was his second visit in a quarter of a century's possession, for he had better estates elsewhere. Wherever he went he heard of the performances of Dr. Willowton's two pupils, Master Dick and Master Tally, as I was unjustly and irreverently called. According to his agent's report, we had slain deer by wholesale, and corrupted the whole neighbourhood of white-headed yokels by our example. The talebearers made a mistake. Sir Mowbray was a languid, stag-hunting style of man, who had been hunting excitement without success all his life. So long as he found what he wanted he cared not what became of the rest. So he rode over one day to Dr. Willowton's to see the sporting ogres in round jackets. He put a step to the Doctor's apologies by begging a day's holiday for the school, and leave for Dick and myself to dine with him at his shooting-lodge: there we made a clean breast, and set him in a roar with our adventures. He finished the evening by calling up the gamekeeper, and giving him orders to let us do what we liked so long as we left the deer alone—instructions which the gamekeeper, who made a pretty penny by the rabbits, received rather glumly. Dick, in a torrent of gratitude at the condescension of a noted Newmarket man, gravely informed Sir Mowbray of the valuable ponies running wild on the moor. Sir Mowbray made us the happiest schoolboys in Christendom by answering, "You're a deuced sharp youngster, but I would not give a guinea for a regiment of ponies, and if you and your friend can manage to catch a pair—my fellow tells me no one can—they are quite at your service. I hope you will have good sport with them, for you deserve it."

So saying, he sent us home in a dog-cart, carrying more claret and heavier tips than we had ever fallen in with in our schoolboy lives. From that evening many and serious were our consultations with our staunch ally, Gipsy Jacob, about the moor ponies; but as long as there was a leaf of grass or fern they were in too good condition to be caught. But it so happened that when we, two unhappy victims, were condemned to pass the ensuing Christmas holidays at school, the winter turned out one of the most severe ever known by the oldest poacher. The black mere was almost frozen over, and blackbirds and redwings were found dead, perched in holly bushes; snow followed frost, and frost snow, until not a blade of grass or a twig of heather was to be had without digging. The wild deer and ponies were alike almost "clammed." Loud were the complaints of cottagers who found their small stores of cows' hay nightly robbed by deer; even the thatch of huts and beehives was in danger. The Doctor went off to spend Christmas a hundred miles away, and we were left for a fortnight to our own resources. These were so multifarious that we really had not time to be as miserable as we ought to have been under the circumstances. What between skating and sliding, shooting with an ancient ship's musket and a pistol borrowed from the Doctor's museum, laying snares for larks and lapwings, hunting hares and rabbits in the snow with Gipsy Jacob's lurcher, and a little bat-fowling at night with a big net, a dark lantern, and aide-de-camp village boys, with long sticks as beaters, we managed to forget our forgetful relations, and fill up the time between meal-time and bed-time very jollily. The Doctor had left us the key of the beer-cellar, and that was in our hands a sceptre of power. He was a worthy, liberal old soul, and compassionate our penance.

But in the midst of our hottest enthusiasm—catching, or helping fat Dolly to cook, our game—we never lost sight of the ponies. Dick, though active on his legs as a greyhound, had learned in two "halves" at school to appreciate the advantage of riding a pony, or any other four-legged animal able to carry him, removed as he was so far from the slapping Sir Tatton colts of his native wolds.

Late one night, after a day's rabbiting, Gipsy Jacob, crept in, with his frosted brown face full of mystery, and beckoned us out to the barn door, where the thrashers had been at work until dusk. There, with the help of the stable lantern, we made out the marks of the hoofs of a herd of ponies: they had apparently followed the track of the oat-straw that had been carried out for the bailiff's pigs, a mile off. Jacob had come upon them on his way to us with the rabbits, and sent them off flying. Dick's plans were complete in a moment. "We'll get them into the barn," he cried, "like sparrows under a sieve! They're half-starved, and I'll be bound they can't resist oats." The next evening, having traced out the track over our fields, through gaps that led to the moor, we laid a trail the whole way of locks of hay and shavings of oats, increasing in quantity up to where the barn opened for winnowing, into the home pastures, then all covered with snow. By the time it was pitch dark, and the men had left work and gone down to drink a gallon of beer we had ordered them at the Sportsman's Rest, a mile off, we were lying buried in straw, with a long cord fastened to one open side of the barn door. There we lay for hour after hour shivering in the dark, scarcely venturing to sneeze, with impatience and cold, and almost sick of the job, when a quick pattering, and then slowly crunching sound, sent a warm glow through me. There was another long pause, during which we could hear the scraping of their feet, and see something dark close to our trap. Presently the moon broke from a cloud, the herd were coming on, headed by an old grey mare hobbling on three legs, the mother of the lot cautiously sniffing and then greedily devouring every bit of our bait. They reached the barn within six inches of our trap, where a bare space swept clean displayed a tempting heap of oats, thrashed and unthrashed. Fear evidently checked them: a dark colt trotted forward, halted, sniffed, started, went on again, halted again, until, hunger prevailing over prudence, he cleared the low threshold with a bound,

and dug his famished nose into a heap of corn: the mob followed with a rush, and ravenously fed. Dick pinched me—we took a firm hold of the cord, and, throwing ourselves back, pulled the door to with a bang. Lord, what a rumpus followed! how the little demons kicked and pranced and whinnied! We remained quiet, and soon they set to munching again. So we rose and turned the light of our bat-fowling lantern on them, while we sent Jacob down to make the door fast. The frightened brutes huddled into a corner, with the poor old mare outside, and staring through their shaggy forelocks with eyes of fear.

We lost no time in taking lame Ben—the Doctor's butler, groom, gardener, and factotum—into our confidence as to our capture, whereat he grinned mightily, crying out, "Lud bless us, and save us, what chaps you be, surely!" and then, after carefully padlocking the barn, joined us in discussing a small bowl of punch, which, under the circumstance of it being Christmas-Eve, he thought himself justified in dispensing as medicine.

The next morning, with the assistance of Gipsy Jacob, we got the lot into the empty half of the barn; condemned as only fit to be turned loose the white mare and the foal at her foot, and a lot of others, old, lame, or blind; and then set to work to halter three fine colts. The gipsy slung straw over the barn till it was nearly two sheaves deep, stripped to the waist, took a pull at a tankard of hot beer, and then descended into the "arena"—as we classically called it—armed with a running noose. The cord of the noose had been passed through a pulley made fast to one of the roof-beams of the barn. Our business was to keep our eyes on Jacob and haul away at the rope when he gave the word; his business was to noose a pony—and he had his work to do—nothing less than bones of steel and muscles of indiarubber seemed equal to the occasion. The noose dodge failed; so, with a stealthy bound, Jacob seized the biggest colt by the tail, and was drawn at least half a dozen times round the barn before he could get a firm hold of the creature's forelock. Then followed a regular wrestling-match, in which the naked man and shaggy snorting, fighting, little horse rolled on the ground together. At length, by our joint efforts, the noose was slipped over the woolly head and foreleg of our prey. We hauled away until we were black in the face, and master shaggy-tail, half strangled, sat down on his hind quarters, like a dog, dead beat. He was soon made as fast as a cat in a boot, with trusses of straw tied between his legs, and a double-corded halter over his head. Jacob administered with a twitch and cow-horn a calming dose of melted tallow and cart-grease, an infallible remedy for making a savage horse quiet for twenty-four hours. Master shaggy-tail was tied to a ring outside the barn and left to his meditations; in less than an hour he was as stupid as an Alderman at a swan-umping. The same scene was repeated with the filly; but the third, a coarser-bred animal, showed less fight, and was easily carried off by Jacob to his hut, as his share of the spoils of war.

We worked as hard as any candidates for first-class honours, before daylight and after dark, to civilise our prizes; and between alternate starvation and feasts of oats and salt, with plenty of exercise on a lounging rein, succeeded pretty well. Hunger's a famous tamer of beasts and men. The shepherd was called in with his shears (clipping-scissors had not travelled into that part of the country), and gave to light two well-shaped skeletons—a grey horse and a bay filly—both better than thirteen hands high, and more than three parts blood, although terribly in want of flesh. During this period, nothing less than fat Dolly's admiration for Dick could have preserved peace in the house, for our demand and consumption of soft soap, hot water, and scrubbing-brushes was enormous and perpetual. Had our animals been sons of Memnon, and destined for the Leger, they could not have given more trouble or absorbed more labour.

But they paid us well, for except size they had all the materials of first-class hunters—pace and bottom; and as for jumping flying or standing, single or double, they had nothing to learn: they had learned all that, and more than we could teach them, by the side of their dams, while earning a hard living on the moor.

The Doctor was only too much charmed with two such rare specimens of natural history to make any objection; and, besides, glad to have two messengers always ready to ride in hot haste to Mudlington with letters to post or books on his favourite sciences.

In the course of the summer there was not a covert within thirty miles we had not explored, not a leap we had not tried, and scarcely a kind of a fall I had not experienced. Autumn came round; towards Christmas once more wandered down into our savage regions the used-up lord of the manor, Sir Mowbray, and drove over to see the two young poachers, or, as his keeper termed us, "them varmint young grammarians," listened to our excited stories with a half-bored half-amused air, and ended by asking us to breakfast with him at Massington Lodge on the first day of the holidays, and bring the ponies. Dick soon made a discovery that extinguished our home sickness, for the *Mudlington Gazette* announced that "Squire Plumpington's hounds would meet at Goose Green on Thursday." Thursday was our day for breakfasting with Sir Mowbray, and Goose Green was only half a mile from Massington Lodge.

But I must whip off here, or I shall never get to a finish. I see every tree, every bush, every cottager's face, between the school and the Lodge. I remember what we had for breakfast, and how we enjoyed it. I see (in my mind's eye, *Horatio*) Goose Green and all its cackling tenants, the smock-frocked staring lads and giggling lasses, half-frightened at the hounds; old Plumpington sniffing the wind on his famous horse Dominic, prancing that morning, but quiet enough before night. I remember how deeply I fell in love with Alice Arley, in her Spanish hat, and how I envied her partner for the day, young George Bullfinch, who was killed at Balaclava, and wished I had his boots and breeches; and how, just behind them, Sir Mowbray rode, looking disgusted with the whole world; how Dick Radley took the lead from the first, and told old Plumpington, to his disgust, where they wouldn't find a fox, and where they would—and he was quite right; and how I felt rather ashamed of my patched saddle and galigaskins, and kept in the background until the hounds began to draw.

We drew blank until three o'clock, found a fox in the Aldar Bush, and went away over the Black Marsh, where we left most of the field, and hunted him, with two short checks, till dusk, and ran into him at the Harriers, just where, in another ten yards, he would have gone to ground. There were only four up—Joe the Whip, Dick Radley, Sir Mowbray, and Farmer Guildborough.

Plumpington left the Dominic in a ditch, ran two miles, and would never have got up to the whoo-whoop if I had not shown him the way at a walk. The country was covered with beaten horses. Joe the Whip tells the story to this day, and always ends with "I'm blessed if that little grammarian on the pony hadn't the best of it all the way; he knew all the soft places for a fall, and was the most owdacious one to tumble and go again as I ever seed." And so it is, as time goes and money comes, you can have horses, and pink, and boots, and breeches, all perfection; but, after all, the boys get the best of the fun.



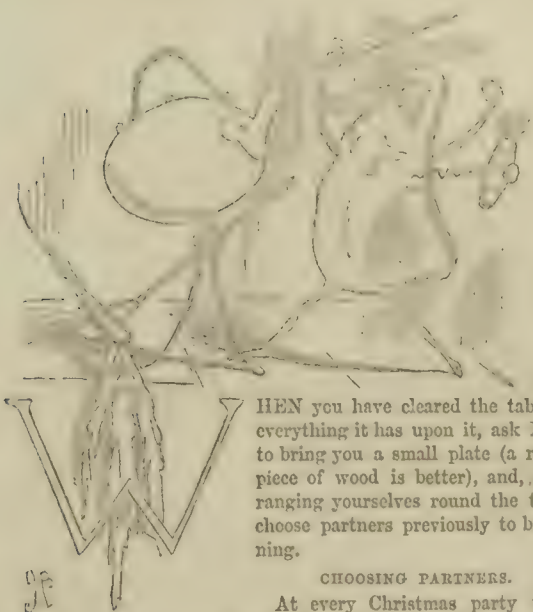


A REAL CHRISTMAS HOLIAY.—DRAWN BY JOHN LEECH.



## THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF DAMASK.

A CHRISTMAS GAME FOR ALL WHO LIKE TO PLAY AT IT.—INVENTED BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.



WHEN you have cleared the table of everything it has upon it, ask Mary to bring you a small plate (a round piece of wood is better), and, after ranging yourselves round the table, choose partners previously to beginning.

## CHOOSING PARTNERS.

At every Christmas party there are some good, genial souls who lead all the fun and know most of the games. Fix upon two of these for Field Marshals, and call them respectively Sir Loin and General Kettle. These officers will, upon being raised to such high dignity, commence choosing (alternately) their soldiers from among the company; and, as they select these valiant recruits, will perform the short ceremony of conferring titles, commencing, if a gentleman, with a sharp blow with a walking-stick across the shoulders, and, if a lady, with a kiss; concluding with the gift of name, of which a suitable list is annexed:—

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Loin.	General Kettle.
General Goose.	General Tongs.
Lieutenant-General Duck.	Lieutenant-General Carver.
Major-General Muffin.	Major-General Fork.
Colonel Crumpet.	Colonel Coffee-pot.
Colonel Carrot.	Colonel Corkscrew.
Major O'Mutton.	Major Cracker.
Private Partridge.	Major Spit.
" Pine.	Corporal Steel.
" Potato.	" Toast-rack.
" Plum.	Private Plate.
" Peach.	" Pail.
" Pigeon.	" Potlid.
" Pear.	" Poker.

With power to add to their number.

## THE GAME.

General Kettle takes the Plate (which is called "The Plum-pudding") between his fingers and thumb, ready for spinning on the table, and begins:—

"As I was sitting on the fire this morning, spluttering with rage at having no enemy to boil, who should come along in his bag and string but old Plum-pudding! The moment he caught sight of me off he ran, I after him; when, turning round a corner, I ran up against Major O'Mutton." At this word General Kettle spins round the "Plum-pudding," which Major O'Mutton has to keep up, continuing the story in his assumed character until he has mentioned "Plum-pudding," and introduced the name of an antagonist, who, in his turn, must continue the game.

It will be seen that the two greatest difficulties of the game consist in keeping up the "Pudding," and continuing the story. The first is, however, very easy after a little practice, there being numerous devices to keep it from falling, such as patting it on one side until it recovers its perpendicular, or dexterously giving it a twist with finger and thumb as it slackens in its speed. The second is more difficult; but there is one safe rule which will help you on amazingly. Never think of yourself as yourself—always remember that you are Muffin, Par-

tridge, Goose, Tongs, Toast-rack, or Steel, as the case may be; for you are not vigilant you will have to give

## FORFEITS.

Firstly—For letting the "Plum-pudding" fall.  
Secondly—For speaking of yourself as a human being.  
Thirdly—For failing to continue the story.  
Fourthly—For omitting to mention "Plum-pudding;" and  
Fifthly—For calling an "enemy" by a wrong title.

## TERMINATION OF THE GAME.

One hundred forfeits is a good limit to the game when the armies are numerous and light-hearted; but the number may be less, and the fun as furious, when the party is a small one.

At the finish of the game the army that has given the least number of forfeits is declared the victor. Its forfeits are returned to it, and its commander-in-chief calls a court-martial, at which the penalties to be inflicted upon the defeated army are adjudged.

## PENALTIES.

## Sir Loin's Army.

Basted.—You are pursued and beaten with handkerchiefs round the room.

Seasoned.—You are to kiss every lady in the room, and have your face slapped in return.

Trussed.—You are to be skewered with two walking-sticks into a corner, until some lady is kind enough to release you with a kiss.

Roasted.—You must walk up to every lady in the room: if she does not wish to kiss you she catches hold of your arms and gives you a turn: when a lady is kind enough to give you a chaste salute you are said to be "done," &c., &c.

## General Kettle's Army.

Scrubbed.—You must ask every lady to kiss you; if any one refuse she must scrub your face with her handkerchief; as soon as you are kissed you are at liberty.

Scotred.—The same.



Sharpened.—Two gentlemen (the Grindstones) try their utmost to prevent you from catching and kissing the lady you have selected.

Blackheaded.—You must go round to each of the company and ask them what they think of you. They, in reply, are to say something disparaging.

Washed.—The exact reverse of Blackleading, for all the company must reply with fulsome praise, &c. &c.

It will be noticed that, although these penalties are described above as for gentlemen, a moment's thought will suggest the means of adapting them for ladies.

#### HOW WE PLAYED THE GAME AT OUR HOUSE.

Example is far better than precept; therefore imagine us all round the table, a merry group. Our Generals have chosen each an army; the "Pudding" (we always use a round piece of wood in preference to a plate) has been found, and off goes the stately

General Kettle.—As I was sitting on the fire this morning, spluttering fiercely at having nobody to boil, who should come along but Plum-pudding in his bag and sling! "Hollo!" said I, "are you looking for me?" "No," here replied; "it's Major-General Muffin I want." (General Kettle spins the "Pudding." Up springs Major-General Muffin, cautiously trying to keep up the "Pudding.")

Major-General Muffin.—May I be toasted this minute if I ever could find out what the old Pudding wanted with me! I hadn't long been baked; I was quite unknown to the officers, and had only one enemy, and that was Corporal Toastrack.

(Up comes Corporal Toastrack as quickly as he can; but, as he was talking in an undertone to the pretty Miss—(stay, that's a forfeit!)—to General Tongs, down went the Pudding, which was a forfeit for him, off leads Muffin again as at first, not spinning the Pudding till the last word.)

Major-General Muffin.—Still, a muffin is a muffin, say what you will. I am independent; I don't care for "Plum-pudding;" and if I had him here, although he looked as fierce as he did in the butcher's shop, I would fight even Corporal Steel.

(And off goes the "Pudding," but Steel had noticed the allusion to the butcher's shop, and was on the alert.)

Corporal Steel.—The ridiculous idea! Corporal Steel can fight anybody, even Mr. Hodgson.

("Stop, stop!" we all cried; "that's a forfeit;" so Muffin had another turn.)

Major-General Muffin.—Fight or no fight, this has nothing to do with the "Plum-pudding;" the poor fellow wasted away with grief, and during dinner-time, did nothing but bewail his unhappy fate. "Ah!" said he, "I wish I had never known that Lieutenant-General Carver."

Lieutenant-General Carver.—He never *did* know me properly, for I had a very great respect for him, and wouldn't have touched a single currant if I had not been forced to it. You see I was invited to his birthday party on Christmas-day. I went the more readily as I went to pay some delicate attentions to General Goose.

("Forfeit! forfeit!" they all cried; "you never mentioned 'Plum-pudding!'" So General Goose went on after the payment of the forfeit.)

General Goose.—Hm! hm! Ah! So says I—as I was walking to office—and—and—so—I *can't* get along.

("Two more forfeits if you please," said that sharp, hard Major Steel; "one for failing to continue the story, and the second for speaking of yourself as a human being.")

Major-General Muffin.—"I can't get along," says Plum-pudding. "Well," I replied, "I don't wonder at it. Look at your clumsy bag and long string. But if you will wait a little while I'll send an old friend of yours to you, one General Kettle."

(Off goes the Pudding—up comes General Kettle.)

General Kettle.—A very old friend indeed, but not so welcome as he expected; for, although I took hold of him by the neck, and jumped on to the fire with him—

("Forfeit!" they all cry; for General Kettle was so anxious to construct a good story that he let the "Pudding" fall.)

In this way we continued, causing great fun, until we had surrendered our hundred forfeits; when General Kettle's army having given but forty, while Sir Loin's had been stripped of sixty, General Kettle claimed the victory, and immunity from punishment, for his side. The court-martial was then called, whereat the appropriate punishments were adjudged and inflicted; everybody admitting (as well as they could for laughing) that it was the best Christmas game they had ever played at. And what everybody says, you know must be true.

#### MUSICAL CROTCHETS.

HERE are several crotchets peculiar to persons who sing and play that are worth noting down. We have frequently observed these crotchets being elaborately played off by persons at the pianoforte, both by young gentlemen and young ladies. They are in great force at Christmas time, and make the round of most musical parties at that festive period of the year.

A few of these crotchets consist:—

1. In never singing until you are asked, entreated, implored about five-and-twenty times. N.B. The less your talent the oftener you should make yourself be implored.

2. In always having a bad cold (especially at this merry-making time of the year), and in keeping up a small round of coughs, until the company is perfectly quiet, and has sat down in a grave semicircle to listen to you with becoming respect.

3. In turning down your shirt-collars, exposing your throat, and brushing your hair off your forehead, à la Liszt, and especially allowing your *chinchure* to grow to the greatest possible Continental length. N.B. Ringlets are preferable, if you can cunningly manage them.

4. In running your fingers (a big diamond on the right-hand little finger, if you can) through your hair before beginning to sing, and turning your eyes up eloquently, as though you were invoking the chandelier for inspiration.

5. In pulling up suddenly, and staring indignantly, if any one happens to talk, or the attendant should come into the room with the tray, during your performance.

6. In throwing yourself back exhausted, as though you were ready faint, and nearly falling off your music-stool, at the end of a turbulent, gymnastical, æsthetical piece of music.

7. In calling sky "skiey;" kind, "kyind;" blue, "belue;" and in taking similar fantastic liberties with all her Majesty's vernacular.

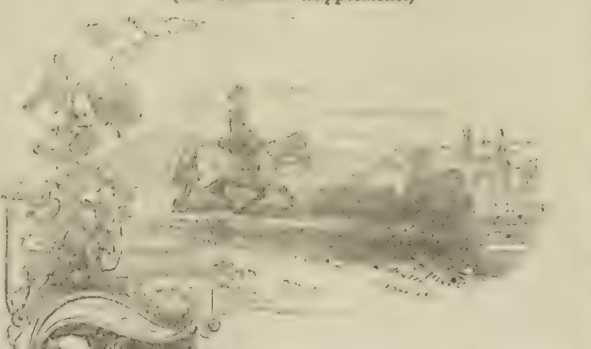
8. In preferring Italian, German, and French music at all times to English.

9. In making the words of your song as unintelligible as possible, so that the company shall be at a profound loss to know what language it is you are singing.

It must be confessed that it is mostly your musical charlatans, your affected young misses, who indulge in the above crotchets, in order to make themselves conspicuous, or important. Your true musician is above them.

#### THE UNEXPECTED GUEST.

(See Coloured Supplement.)



HIS story was told in the guard-room of Whitehall at Christmastide, in the year of Grace 1660, by Reuben Crammer, one of his Most Gracious Majesty's Sergeants of Life Guards, and the hero of more perilous adventures (according to his own account) in the Royal cause than had befallen any

six other cavaliers in those days of dangers and escapades:—

It was after Colonel Ewer's affair at Carisbrook Castle, in 1648, that I and three other true Royalists were in hiding, having made a desperate attempt to rescue the King. It was unsuccessful, and so unrecorded. No matter! Many a tall fellow has met with no better fortune. Well, sirs, we had, as I said, been in hiding since the 1st of December, and such was the terror of the hare-hearted people, that none would give us either food or shelter. So we lodged where we could, under haymows and corn-stacks, or in empty pigsties. Now and then we enjoyed the luxury of a night in clean straw in a barn-bay; and, as to provender, we fared worse than the beasts of the field: raw garden-roots washed down with cold water! The thought on't chills my vitals even now. So pass the black-jack. Well, sirs, Christmastide had come, and there were we, afraid—well, not exactly afraid, for I never knew what fear was—but we *would not* show ourselves, knowing that we were counted desperate favourers of the King's cause, and therefore welcome offerings to the crop-eared Parliament. We had gotten near to my native village of Farndon, but I knew the Puritanical knaves who dwelt there too well to trust myself among them. They hated me. When I was a boy I levied toll on every orchard, and hen-roost too, if the truth must be told; so you may be sure that, when I took up the Royal cause, they thought none the better of it for such a recruit. Well, sirs, as I was saying, it was Christmas Eve, and we were looking to sup on cold cabbage and spring water, when our talk turning upon past rouses, when Christmas was honoured in the land, hunger and thirst grew desperate within me, and I swore a round oath that, hap what might, I would keep the holy time like a Christian man, and go to sleep with a full paunch and a humming head. We were housed that night with some kine and oxen in a farmer's stockyard, and had made our beds of pea-straw, in a corner. But I was not the man to baulk a fancy, so, opening my wallet, I took out my riding-boots, hat, and horseman's cloak (for, mind ye, we had put on ragged jerkins, and only wore our boot-hose), and having accoutred myself somewhat in my old fashion, made free with the farmer's black pad that I found in the yard, and took my way to the village. The snow was a foot thick on the ground, and the frosty air drove the blood from the surface of the skin, and sent it back into the heart like freezing water.

The colder I grew the more resolute I became, and the sight of the red-curtained windows of the Green Dragon, now all a-glow from the fire within, dispelled any hesitation that remained. My plan was devised, my resolution taken, and so, with a firm hand, I gave three loud and distinct knocks on the closed door of the inn. No answer. Again three knocks, no more, but louder than before. At length the host appeared—old Dan Roughwell, my uncle by my mother's side, and who had turned me out of doors when I was nineteen for some tricks in the cellar. He had grown as round as a beer barrel, and his eyes and nose glowed like heated charcoal.

Now you must needs know that I had been counted among the slain at Naseby, to the great contentment of my Uncle Dan and the rest of my relatives, and I had determined to use this matter to my own advantage. As good luck would have it (so I thought), uncle played his first card to suit my hand.

"Not dead!" he exclaimed, as he gazed with wonder in my face, shading the candle with his hand.

"Yes, at Naseby, and buried like a dog," I answered in a voice hollow enough from long fasting.

"Well, I didn't kill you; I didn't bury you," stammered out Uncle Dan.

"True," said I; "but you can give my troubled spirit rest. Let me once more see the Yule-log blaze, drink once and again of Christmas brewage, eat once more of chine or sirloin, and my ghost will be content to leave the world at peace."

"Ghost or no ghost," chuckled Uncle Dan, his eyes twinkling pleasantly, "you shall have your fill to-night, Reuben, for I am weary of these Puritanical times that drive me to drink my own good liquor till I am swelling out of all case."

Uncle Dan was not to be frightened by a ghost, not he; so, leading me to the stable, bade me put up my horse.

"By the Lord Harry," said he, "you are thin and white enough to have frightened a stouter heart than mine, Reuben. But what's to be done to welcome thee from thy cold lodging on Naseby field? The kitchen is possessed by three canting graziers on their way to Northampton; they drink only small ale, but have command of the fire, and seem not to tire of eating the powdered beef, though your aunt and the rest of the women are all a-bed this half hour, and the logs are nearly burnt to embers. They will denounce thee as sure as thou art a man or the ghost of one."

"I fear them not," said I. "I've faced half a score of Cromwell's ironsides, in buff and morion; so what care I for three greasy graziers?"

Well, to be brief, sirs, a word or two in my uncle's ear, and he led the way to the house. I paused but to thrust my hand in the meal tub, and give a ghastlier pallor to my face, and then, striding slowly and ghost-like into the kitchen, seated myself at a small round table in the centre of the room, and upon which glimmered the fag-end of a candle. I sat still and upright. The three graziers glanced askant at me from time to time until my continued silence and unmoved position began to trouble them. They looked at each other, then at me, each time more anxiously than before, and I plainly saw that my device was working either for good or evil to me. At last the one who sat in the centre, and whose back was towards me, faced about, unable to bear the knowledge of my presence without seeing me. I still sat silent and motionless. The one at the far end of the settle giving a short hem, now ventured to break the silence.

"Cold night, friend?" quoth he.

I replied by a solemn bow of the head.

"Hast thou ridden far?" said another.

"From Naseby Field, where I was slain in the year 1645," I answered, scarcely wagging my jaw as I spoke.

"What means the man?" exclaimed my first questioner.

I answered him, sepulchrally, "This is the only night in all the long year when it is permitted me to leave my gory grave on Naseby Field and visit the abodes of men. Three years have passed since the thrust of a tuck and the ball from a petronel made me provender for worms; but for one good deed done in the flesh I have a taste of life on every Christmas-eve."

"Marvellous!" said the grazier who had not yet spoken, his teeth rattling audibly. "And what was thy good deed, friend?"

"Ducking a cheat at market, who had bought a widow's cow for half its value. But I'm a-cold;" said I, rising, and walking with solemn stride to the ingle, which the graziers prepared to vacate with great expedition. "I'm a-cold; lying out o' nights for three years, and in all weathers, takes the heat out of a man's body. Feel my hands!" As I extended my arms thus, the graziers, despite their heavy riding-boots, danced a coranto across the kitchen, and made straight to the door which led to the sleeping chambers. Uncle Dan was on the watch, and instantly appeared—ready, candle in hand, to light them to bed. There was a struggle for the stairs, I can tell you; and, despite hunger and thirst, I laughed heartily as I heard them bar their doors from within, and begin to sing psalmody like three bulls of Bashan, caring little whether or no the Unexpected Guest flew off with their host before the morning.

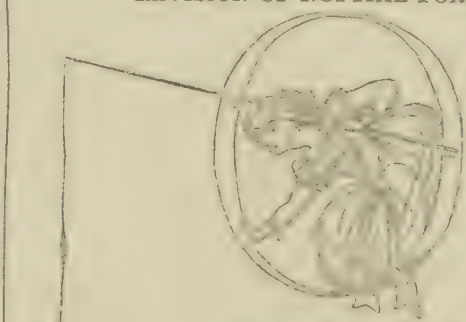
O, the rouse Uncle Dan and I had that Christmas night! I drank and ate as never did man eat and drink before or since. And when the honest October had warmed our hearts we sung many a loyal stave that had not been heard in the Green Dragon since the knaves beat the true men.

How I got back to my comrades I know not, but the farmer's nag I suppose had good quarters, and knew the way to them. Pass the black-jack; I am as dry as a cinder.

Thus ended Reuben's story, of which no one (himself not excepted) believed a word.

M. L.

#### REVISION OF NUPTIAL FORMS.



OUR fair readers will be delighted to learn that the Ladies' Select Committee appointed to revise the book of nuptial forms, and who had a wide field before them, have at length brought their labours to a close.

The labour, no doubt, was to them one of love; and they have evidently set about it *con amore*. A great many witnesses have been examined, and their unanimity—one half being widows—is wonderful. It is clearly shown, by statistical returns—the Registrar-General's annual report exhibiting the comparative number of single and married, and so on—that the present promissory form is a stumbling-block to tender consciences. In Brompton alone, where the committee sit *en permanence*, a vast proportion of the gentle aspirants for connubial honours—distinguished by their scrupulous adherence to truth, and never having been accustomed to say "I will" without meaning it—are placed in a most painful position—"making 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'—like the poor cat" the adage."

The document embodying the committee's ultimatum consists of a sheet of gilt-edged Bath post, beautifully written on all sides, but not crossed. From the postscript, which is rather prolix, we extract all the essential matter.

The committee recommend that the proviso as to "sickness," &c., shall be expunged, and in lieu thereof a solemn promise be inserted by the intending husband to take the lady to Baden, Kissingen, or some other salubrious Spa every autumn—with perfect cheerfulness.

As to "honour and obey," the committee are of opinion that that clause may properly be omitted where the lady is more than ten inches taller than her lord and master elect.

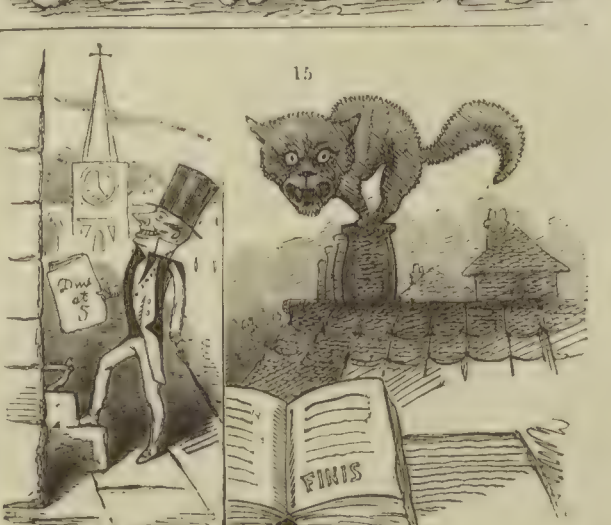
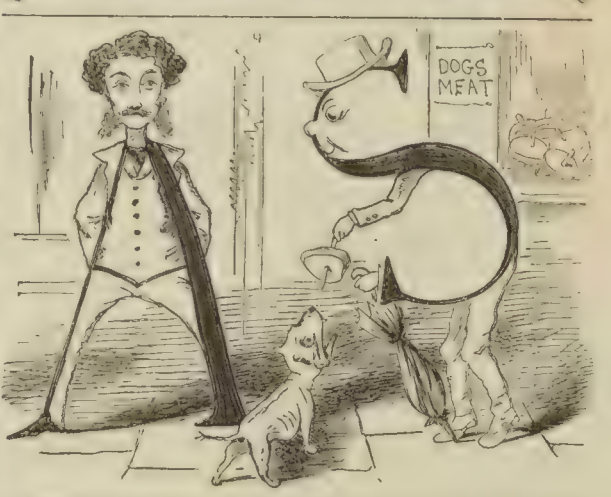
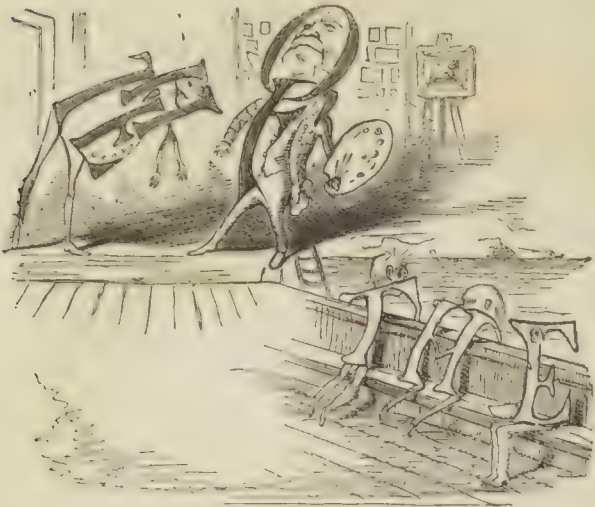
Orange-blossoms are to be worn as heretofore, except by widows, to whom the laurel as an emblem of established power is rightly deemed most appropriate.

In reference to the vexed question of cake, it is considered that cake should be peremptorily abolished, the associations of cake being undignified and absurd. The committee suggest that motto kisses carefully prepared with a view to the propagation of matrimonia. truth, should be substituted.

Although not coming strictly within their province, the marital authorities are recommended to allow all mothers-in-law holding commissions to retire on full pay after three months' service.



## REBUSES. DESIGNED BY CHARLES H. BENNETT.







LARGE gaunt house 'stood at the corner of two streets of London. The fire was blazing with such great flashes up the wide chimney that, by common consent, all the lights, save one shaded dinner-lamp, remained still unused. A "horse-shoe" table stood near the hearth. Sprite-like, the shadows flitted capriciously in the more distant parts of a large and even noble room, furnished, however, in an antiquated fashion, and with articles, many of which, if once splendid, were now dingy; the gild-

"Upon 'my word, Thomas Hedingham," said the 'host, "my young friend, you are charming to-night. One would think it was not the night it is. Here we are, comfortably enough contented, and surrounded with friends—real confidential friends—on the jolliest night in all the English year, and may I be hanged if you don't look as though you were going to be hanged yourself."

"Drink your wine, Sir," said Mr. Ruscome in a deep voice, and with imperiousness quivering out of a double chin. "I have been for more years than you can count in your life, a partner in our worthy host's thriving and, though I say it, great and powerful commercial house. And, I maintain it, his commercial house is such that his domestic house has a right to be cheerful. Drink your wine, Sir."

"Have you seen a ghost?" said another partner of that eminent firm. "They grow about this time of year. Our worthy host, Mr. Blamfydd, knows something about ghosts."

"Well," said Mr. Blamfydd, "I need not say that I am no ghost-hunter, or ghost-fancier, or ghost-seer in the ordinary acceptation; but to show our young friend yonder—who is impatient to depart, without knowing whither he would go—that it may not be such waste of his time as he supposes to listen to an old man's tale, before turning his back upon a destiny of which he little dreams, I will tell you a passage of my own life. Hedingham rose to leave the room."

At this moment the tempest, which had been in a sort of lull, awoke and lifted itself into a paroxysm which shook the dying year with its violence, and made the ancient and solid edifice tremble and shudder in every joint. The door opened slowly, while a cold rush of wind entered the apartment; and some other and distant door in the establishment was heard to shut with a sound like thunder, and with long reverberations, which seemed to fly through the edifice on missions of consternation. But this straggling cohort of the outer storm was not the only thing which entered the room where good guests were enjoying the eve of a "good time." A lovely girl, some nineteen years of age, of fair complexion, and an exuberant wealth of light brown hair, with the illusions and enchantments of youth in the tenderness of her blue eye—yet (as the old man whom Gil Blas met in the Andalusian hostelry would have said) with many events written already upon her radiant countenance—stood suddenly, like a vision, or shone like a star, in the midst of the threshold. Hedingham, a little on one side, and she where she had come, remained for an instant confronting each other. He became pale: she, after a moment of surprise—her large blue eyes growing still larger and more luminous under the black lashes—exclaimed:—

"Oh! Mr. Blamfydd, do not believe! It is they—upstairs—this is a strange Christmas prank."

The door closed, and the room seemed colder and darker for her absence. "A strange Christmas prank, indeed!" echoed Sir Thomas Hedingham (for the gentleman, though so young, was a baronet of thirteen months standing): "And so, Mr. Blamfydd," added he, with concentrated wrath, "all is of your contrivance."

"All, Sir, all. And now sit down, and learn more than you look for."

Unobserved in the excitement of a minute or two, the same curious sound which had been heard in the earlier part of the evening, quivered faintly yet distinctly round the old sideboard, as Hedingham strode by

ing of the cornice, for example, being tarnished, and the brass binding of the huge old sideboard having sprung, here and there, from its fastenings. The jagged ends, which had thus come to stand out, had torn an occasional dress; but that was not all for which they were remarkable. Though the house was strongly built, it had a peculiarity which the architect might have explained, and to him we leave the explanation. When the winds of the equinoctial time, or any great tempest, shook the whole street, there was not in it a house which had less to fear for its overthrow than this old building. It was a curious, indefinable motion, which went like a thrill, or a shudder, through all the parts of the dwelling. And in this great room in particular, a room on the ground-floor, extending beyond the hall, the effect was peculiar; and especially at and about the antique sideboard, along whose brass binding, liberated in part, as we have said, from its original constraints, there ran a humming vibratory cadence, upon a stormy night, as if, in this spot, the powers of the air had an accomplice and partisan, holding watch within doors, and exchanging signals with them, when they roared and screamed over the roof, and beat at the windows, and tried the whole system of the walls with furious buffets. Altogether, people who knew the house, wondered why the master of it would not make it new and gay. A few modern alterations would turn it into so splendid a mansion. But, of course, he best understood what pleased himself; and he merely kept it in order, but changed it in nothing.

He was present now, at one side of the fireplace; that which commanded a view of the door, half reclining in a capacious arm-chair, and a dumb-waiter beside him. On this little table were some fruit-plates and glasses. Several other persons—all of the robust sex—formed a semicircle round the hearth; and behind them stood a large table bearing the after-dinner dessert. A young man, between whom and another guest there was also a dumb-waiter, similarly furnished, sat in the corner opposite to the master of the house. Though it was Christmas-eve, this youth was gloomy.



it, and went to resume his seat, with eyes dilated to an expression almost equally blended of anger and curiosity, and turned intently upon his host.

"There lived in a withered dwelling, not far from my father's house, a couple, whose forlorn age was consoled by the sweetness and goodness of an exquisitely-beautiful girl, their only child. Ancient and noteworthy was the family; but so fallen from its pristine condition, that its present generation could not afford fires sufficient in their house to keep the mildew out of its inner walls. Somehow the parents contrived, in spite of this grinding penury, to give their daughter an education from which she drew more even than the commensurate advantages. Those attractions and blandishments of person which, in her, exercised their invariable power, were but a type of the beauties of her heart, and of the charms of her intelligence—theyself a type of something higher and more imperishable still 'beyond the flaming walls of the world' (*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*). I fell, at that epoch of my life, into a—*Ruscome*—can you help me to a word?"

"Well, I think I can, Mr. Principal: suppose we say a fit of illness."

"Then we should not say what was very exact. This young lady of whom I speak (now not a young lady—now not living) I need not very minutely describe."

"Why not, Sir?" demanded Thomas Hedingham.

"You are listening, are you?—Because she was the living archetype of Agnes Winnere; and of her you can judge for yourself; she stood but now on that ancient, that memorable threshold; of her we all can judge."

"You have not mentioned the name of the other young lady, now not young, now not living," interposed Thomas Hedingham.

"Her name!" resumed Blamfydd. "Her name also was Agnes—Agnes Chatsworth."

"Who was she?"

"Merely mother to this Agnes."

"She was!"

"At this epoch of my life I fell into a—*a—can you, Tom* (since Mr. Ruscome has failed)—*can you—about whom I have felt a solicitude, not understood by him who was chiefly interested—can you help me to a word?*"

"You fell, for all I know," answered that young gentleman, "into a very great and confused whirlpool of love; and there came of it but little to laugh for."

"It was just so," proceeded the host. "I was desperately enamoured of our fair neighbour. As I am almost quite bald, you have to learn that I possessed once a very luxuriant allowance of fine brown hair, which I kept in due condition. I am now a time-beaten and austere-featured man. I was then allowed to be handsome. I was as good looking as Thomas Hedingham is at this moment, with probably rather more than his present share of knowledge of the world, and of the art *de se faire valoir*, or, in plain old English, the art of making the most of oneself. The dilapidated dwelling of the Chatsworths stood between my father's house and the mansion of the Winnere family—about halfway; and there, in that decayed abode, shone the fair light of Agnes, in the broken lamp of a ruined, but still respected, because ancient, family residence. It will readily be supposed that the last of the Chatsworths had numerous suitors. Among them was young Winnere—a desperate profligate. He was my only formidable rival. Agnes preferred him. When I found this to be the fact—no matter what I felt—here I am; but I said that she had made a great mistake."

"I am telling true things; therefore, I will add that I had no idea how great that mistake was. A curious incident occurred. Young Winnere, misinterpreting the exterior tranquillity which proceeded from a philosophic mind, asked me one day to dine at an inn, and, after dinner, being flushed with wine, laid the forefinger of his right hand upon his nose, and imparted to me the sublime fact, that he was only fooling Agnes, that his social position made it of course absurd,—that is, criminal, according to his views—to think of such an alliance; and that what he intended was, not the impropriety of a marriage with such a girl, but the pleasantness of her ruin."

"What did you do then, Sir?" cried Hedingham.

"My course then, young man, was what yours would have been. It was that of proceeding, at once, and right on, to a great crime. I know not by what infatuation of confidence or vanity Winnere was led to make that confession, and to make it to me. But our dinner glided off, like a dissolving view, into a duel the next morning. It was in a neighbouring orchard. I was hit in the ribs, and I have the mark to this day. Curiously enough, the forefinger which he had laid upon his nose was shot off; he could never more fire a pistol with precision, unless he gave the left side to his opponent. The seconds pronounced the affair over. Unable to write, I sent a verbal warning to Agnes, by my own mother; and before I rose from my sick bed I heard of her marriage with Winnere."

"In course of time I also heard of the birth of her daughter,—the young lady who, but now, stood in the doorway of this room."

"In order to be very brief, I will tell you certain facts, without troubling you with the ways, marvellous though they be, in which I afterwards learnt them. Study the Game of the Twenty Questions, and you will solve the mystery."

"The extraordinary endowments of Agnes, both personal and mental, would have made such a wife an ornament to a Duke; nay, a help to him, or even to an Emperor, to say no more about ornament. But our amiable friend Winnere was fastidious. This was his town-house, which I hold, though not very long, by purchase. When he closed the bargain with my agent, he little guessed to whom he was selling the place. I have his signature to the contract; and I may say it would be better written, in point of caligraphy, only he wanted a finger through former interference of the pistol of the unknown buyer. Well, he did not treat poor Agnes as she merited. He recognised in her no ornament, or help. For example, he had a habit of beating her. You perceive that the brass binding of that old sideboard is loosened; and hark, at this very moment, it is emitting a peculiar noise, a sort of wailing song, which I learned on first acquiring its vagabond manumission, from the enforced mechanical decorum with which it formerly clove to the old wood, and clung to its place. A blow which would have been death fell on the sideboard instead of falling on the wife, all owing to the inopportune and unexpected frenzy of assistance which the lovely child whom you have just beheld brought to her mother. And that quaint old mountain of furniture talks, mutters, sings, and moans, ever since in a style quite distraught and tremulous, and terror-stricken. Immediately afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Winnere, with their only child Agnes, went to the country, and dwelt in a little cottage, which the husband of my escaped, eyanished, ruined Egeria had procured. One day, in this spot, she was weeping over a letter, when Winnere came suddenly into the room. I must mention that the marriage with Agnes had been a very private transaction. There had been no wedding, none of the customary festivities. With the exception of the parents of the unhappy girl, the parson who officiated, his old clerk or sexton, and two special witnesses, not a soul was present at the celebration of the event. The whole company, you will observe, made eight persons, including the bride and bridegroom. Of these eight persons three only were young—Mr. Winnere, about my age (at that jocund era of my days), Agnes, and

one of the signatory witnesses, a man named William Austin. This individual was Winnere's own body-servant, or valet. His colleague in the office of attestation was not, like him, young—it was the poor dear bride's nurse, Jane Saunders—then past sixty. As for the parson, he was at that epoch an octogenarian, and he died the next year, in the spring, being followed into futurity by his old dotard sexton the very autumn succeeding. No sooner was the ceremony over than the wedded couple went off to Wales; and I will do Winnere the justice to say that he treated his wife well and fondly for the first three or four weeks. His barbarities commenced not till the second month. What is very singular is, that, so far from interposing any difficulties to the poor girl's possible communication of complaints or repinings to her aged parents, he seemed to favour that proceeding in every conceivable manner. Sometimes, after a couple of months of systematic and unintermitted persecution, such as a husband, if so inclined (and, if so inclined, such as a wife also), can, by nameless nothings, inflict upon a partner for life—for life, indeed, yet, in such cases, not necessarily for long—he would, oddly enough, suggest a visit on the Part of poor Agnes, unaccompanied, to her father and mother, who were now fast descending together to an aged grave amid the desolations of Chatsworth Grange. Whatever Mr. Winnere's motive was appears more clearly to the All-Seeing Ruler than it appeared to Agnes. It was when the present Agnes was about twelve years of age that her grandparents died, the widow surviving old Chatsworth not quite three months. For some years she used to weep a good deal, and her eyes were not dry till they were closed for ever, for she had set much store about the fate of the only child she had ever had. I may just allude to it. The preference of Agnes Chatsworth for Charles Winnere over Harry Blamfydd was never sanctioned by any similar predilection of her parents. Sorrow yielded its consent; fear superseded the sorrow; death relieved both feelings; and Agnes Winnere was an orphan wife, to whom her peculiar husband was no countervailing solace. 'Remember, my dear child,' the mother had said to her on the wedding-day, 'though you are married to a rich man, your only property now is that plain gold ring, and a mother's prayers.'

"Winnere, who heard this valediction, muttered something about 'Those who are nice in selecting investments ought to be, and always are, careful in the matter of security.'

"Now I must return to the letter which Agnes, while still in mourning for her parents, held in her hands, when Winnere suddenly entered the room."

"What are you whimpering about?" cried he.

"Nothing, Charles; only an ill-spelt, humble letter, telling me that Jane Saunders, my old nurse, is dead."

"Saunders! Jane—Jane! That was one of the witnesses, was she not?"

"Witness to what? She was my nurse. Surely you must remember her. She was at our wedding—I mean our marriage—in the old priory church."

"I do remember. It was she who delayed your getting into the carriage, having still a lot of embraces to do, and so on?"

"She will never delay me again, from any journey. She is gone herself; and, oh, Charles, Charles, she cannot come back!"

"Hum!" muttered he, leaving the room.

"Holy Writ tells us, my dear younger, Tom, that 'with desolation is the whole earth laid desolate, because there is no one who thinketh, in his heart.' And some little incidents occurred immediately which illustrate the value of (to use an old term) this inspired 'documentum.' And the mother of Agnes was (poor girl!) no very great thinker—for give a chance phrase, gentlemen; the lady whom I have, for the second time, termed a girl is, this long while, dead and gone; and I am, I see, half unfit to tell my story."

"I never thought you more fit to tell anything," said Hedingham with prompt intrusion.

"Well, nature makes you her spokesman, lad," replied Blamfydd, "and as my reminiscences, such as they may be, bear upon the coming events of this very evening, the events, I say, of this particular Christmas-eve, I will dispatch them off hand in the most straightforward manner I can. Agnes—that is the first Agnes—was not, perhaps, a thinker; but she had those feelings which women often have, and men not seldom; feelings which make them note (they could not say with what views) certain occurrences more than others, and remember them more distinctly (they could not say for what reason). Thus, a mother, with her child, shall go aboard a ship bound for a long voyage; and, perhaps, she shall select her cabin; and then she takes an unaccountable aversion to the vessel, and returns on shore, and tells her friends she will not go by that craft. And this may happen, by repetition, two or three times on the one occasion: and, ultimately, the mother stays behind with her child. A few days afterwards the news of the wreck of the ship, and of the loss of all hands on board, startles the public for a moment, and fills a few households with more permanent and more painful emotions; but there is one family on its knees in perplexed and bewildered thanksgiving, asking itself, 'can such warnings really be?' and humbly praying for those who have gone too suddenly to an endless condition, which none of themselves have been called to share."

"But what is more curious, more suggestive, and more calculated 'to give us pause,' is this: that impressions not at all dissimilar to the vague feelings to which I have just adverted often take possession of the mind *infructuously*. No visible good comes of them; no assignable rescue or extrication occurs to excuse the amiability of the *post hoc ergo propter hoc* sophism. Such were the feelings or impressions with which Agnes, having told her husband of the old nurse's death, viewed one or two little incidents that now took place. The first was very simple. It was only that William Austin, Mr. Winnere's valet, was next morning closeted with his master two hours. In that circumstance there was not, apparently, much alimient for reflection. Unhappily (I must say it again), the community is divided into two classes, very uneven, numerically—the class of those who do think, and the class of those who do not; and for mere want of the former, we know that the world 'is laid desolate with desolation.' A great difference there is between brooding and thinking; between finding yourself anxious (which is but the first step, and a useless step, if not followed up), and real investigation; between feeling indefinitely uneasy or uncomfortable, and reflecting. The next incident was, that William Austin got drunk the same night, at the Winnere Arms, upon small beer; that he grew hilarious, communicative, nebulous, unintelligible, sphinx-like, and braggart; that he mentioned the death of a distant relative in Hindostan, and his own accession to an unexpected and 'tidyish' property; that the indignant Sally, Mrs. Winnere's maid, to whom the faithless William was betrothed, reported, in a rhapsody of hysterical tears, to her mistress, that all men were alike vile, that to trust was to be deceived, and that William was going to travel abroad—and alone; that everything was over, in fact; that the world was at an end, and that some people's heads were 'easily turned,' and their hearts, 'like the inside of a rotten apple.' Poor Sally's parched lips looked indeed as if she had tasted the ashes of the Dead Sea apple; for the girl was by nature one of those who hoping much, risk a good deal,

"The next incident was, that William Austin departed, and appeared no more. What occurred thereafter was equally commonplace. A candidate valet presents himself, with a character of five years from his former master, a gentleman in a distant part of the same county, but well known in all its confines, and beyond them. This servant, so his character ran, had been butler; but, not answering so well in that capacity, had been transferred to the other department; and, after serving as valet, to the full satisfaction of his master, was now—because that master wished to go abroad, and the man wished to stay in England—discharged, in all amity, his good name intact. This testimonial was written in the well-known hand of Viscount Hailey, and signed with his name. The man—who was called Gardner—was taken into service by Mr. Winnere; which fact is not at all singular. The testimonial in question was, however, not returned to the man, but kept by Mr. Winnere; and by Mr. Winnere (as he stated to Gardner) it was mislaid or lost. Nor was this very remarkable, any more than the previous particular links in the little chain of events."

"Now let me recapitulate, in the briefest mode, adding one fresh circumstance:—Agnes had lost both her parents; and the last time she had seen them, while in company with her husband, was at her wedding. Her old nurse, who had also been present on that occasion, was dead. William Austin, whom her husband had brought to witness the contract (as she had, for the same purpose, brought the deceased nurse) was now inheritor of some 'Hindoo tin'—to borrow the polished and sentimental Mr. Winnere's characteristic expression—and was on the Continent, drinking his legacy: nobody knew where; if not already dead, anybody might guess how. The parson who had officiated at the happy couple's union was, like his old sexton, buried in Chatsworth churchyard. Finally, a man named Gardner, with a five years' character, had entered Mr. Winnere's service; and the document which he had brought from his former place, and which had secured his reception, was lost. Those are the facts which I wished to recall to your minds, in a short way. The fresh circumstance which I have to add, and which would have been as new to Agnes Winnere as it is to you, is, that her husband, who now never allowed her to quit that rustic cottage, where he resided but very little himself, had, about a year before, met in London, during one of his frequent and protracted absences, a lady of very great wealth and of extraordinary beauty, whom he no sooner beheld than he fell violently in love with her, or with her fortune, or with both. The years that had passed, the privacy of his domestic life, and the accident of a different circle, led her to suppose him an unmarried man; and she soon began to favour the attentions which he knew so well how to pay, and with which he had vehemently pursued her from the first. The more easy his suit grew in this particular, the more perplexing became his general position. The failure of his addresses would have brought no difficulties, but would have relieved him from one great embarrassment; whereas the success of his prosperous love for a beautiful heiress menaced him with disgrace and despair."

"I return to the cottage. Mr. Winnere suddenly missed some property. One of the articles was a diamond ring, of marvellous value—a wonder of a ring. He said nothing; but, having departed without any disturbance, in the morning, returned at night with two police-officers; and, summoning all his servants, insisted upon an immediate search of their rooms, their boxes, and their effects. It was done accordingly; and, in a trunk belonging to the servant Gardner, were found the ring and the diamond appertaining to it; but the jewel was detached from its setting, and appeared to have been scooped out with some violence. The object, apparently, was to effect a separate, immediate, and undetected sale. Gardner, who seemed overwhelmed with astonishment, professed himself innocent; but, of course, he was consigned to the hands of the two officers. Subsequently, at the assizes, the man was liberated, as there appeared no prosecutor. What became of the servant whose character was thus blasted transpired not for some time. Perhaps a year might have elapsed, when one day, at the Chatsworth Parsonage, or Rectory, where the new Rector was in want of a servant, there presented himself, as desirous of the vacant place, a very proper-looking man named Gardner. You will remember that the Rectory in question was in a part of England remote from Mr. Winnere's present county, the local news of which, more especially in trivial matters, such as an obscure indictment never pushed to a conclusion, did not penetrate to so great a distance. The Rector knew nothing about Gardner's previous accusation and exposure. He asked for his character. *The man produced a five years' character from Lord Hailey*, then abroad; adding, that since quitting his Lordship's service he had lived with his own mother, just dead. The parson, finding the man very tractable, in respect to wages, engaged him. This happened in Cumberland, while Mr. Winnere was absent from his home, which was in Wales. He was absent in Paris, whence he wrote to Agnes, who had the habit of keeping all his letters, as he knew. Now, the Rev. Mr. Curton's new servant, Gardner, about two months after he had been engaged, disappeared suddenly from the Rectory, and was never heard of more. Another month, during which Mr. Winnere continued to write from Paris, to Agnes—but giving her no address—elapsed; and then that gentleman returned home. I forgot to tell you a singular little thing which had occurred, on the occasion when Winnere brought, as you will remember, the two police-officers to search his servants' effects, and ultimately to take the man Gardner into custody. Winnere had then treated the two officers with refreshments, had himself sat and chatted in their company, and had repeatedly designated Agnes to them as '*his mistress*.' I now return. When he came home from Paris, he stayed about a month; and then left the cottage and Agnes. *It was the last time she ever saw him*. He had told her for what amount she could draw on his banker periodically; and she lived with her child alone. She grieved not much, you may suppose, at his continued absence; until, one day, she saw in the papers the announcement, in customary form, of her husband's marriage with the beautiful Miss Wyborough, 'only daughter and heiress of C. Wyborough, of —, Esq., &c.' I pass over her amazement, her horror, her reflections, on the consequences to Agnes, her only child, thus paraded for ever as illegitimate. Her first step was to hasten to London to see Winnere; which she found she could in no manner accomplish, being steadily referred, as an impudent impostress, to his solicitor. She then consulted a lawyer, whose first demand was to see the certificate or attested copy of the register in which her marriage was recorded. She could produce no such document; but still avowed her determination to obtain from the law justice to herself and to her child. The next proceeding was a journey to Cumberland, in company with her legal adviser (a clever man), to inspect the register itself. Strange to say, they found that not only the page containing what concerned her, but many other pages, affecting entries of various dates, and of several years, at irregular intervals, were torn out. The manner in which this was done was remarkable. Had only that one page been missing, the inferences, though dark and mysterious, would have justified a certain amount of presumption of, no doubt, a dreadful nature. But so many parts of the book mutilated! Some leaves were only half torn; in several were marks of tobacco juice; between two the flattened stump of a cigar was found wedged in the juncture; three or four of them were singed at the edges, and one was burnt through as if with a dropped spark. The actual Rector had either not noticed the state of the book (which was perfect in its more recent pages), or had not liked to mention it. He never smoked, and had no one in



his establishment who did; never had had, except one; and the man in question, a dissipated, drunken, and blasted character, as was afterwards learnt, had been with him only a couple of months, and had suddenly disappeared, and never been seen since; he had robbed nothing, taken nothing, not even some new but coarse shirts, marked with his name, H. Gardner. The lawyer made notes of all these particulars, and departed with his dismayed client. On their way back to London, he asked her the names of her witnesses, and of every person she could recollect who had been present at her marriage. He found that all were certainly dead, except William Austin, whom she knew not to be dead, but knew not to be living, and of whom she had irrecoverably lost sight ever since he had inherited his 'Indian property,' and gone, as she supposed, to Calcutta. Every effort was made by private inquiry, and by public advertisement, to discover this individual; but every effort was in vain. Still, the distracted lady, for the sake of her girl, Agnes, would appeal to law. A prosecution for bigamy was undertaken against Winnere, and it failed utterly. Nay, the public judged that the prosecutrix had been always notoriously esteemed by those who knew anything about her at all as the salaried mistress of Winnere; the evidence of the two police-officers who had arrested Gardner tending strongly to countenance and establish that conclusion. One point more. Had Gardner any resentment against the lady? And had he, when with the Rector, destroyed the register, out of malice? On the contrary, it was Winnere who had been harsh to Gardner, and it was at the lady's intercession that Winnere had refused to prosecute. The result of the trial completed the work of crushing and killing the unfortunate and broken-hearted lady who had been my first love.

"I had not seen her for twenty years since the epoch of my only duel. I now received a note, signed 'Agnes Winnere,' summoning me to her death-bed. There she told me all that she knew; and adjured me, as she was dying, and dying a lawful wife and wedded mother, to adopt her poor orphan, and to right her falsely dishonoured name. I accepted the charge, desperate as part of it appeared; I accepted it with tears and with sobs; and, kneeling with that beauteous orphan, whom you have all beheld, by the death-bed, received along with her the last blessing of a murdered, wronged, and spotless woman.

"That night, the night of her departure to another world, Winnere and his new wife were seated together in this room, and at this fireplace, with just such a storm as the storm to which we now listen raging round this old building. It was the first house to which he had formerly brought poor Agnes. The bride was musing; the bridegroom was reading. Suddenly something made both turn together, and gaze in the direction of that old sideboard; and, with her right hand resting upon its brass edge, and her left lifted, as in warning, and shining with the single plain adornment of a wedding-ring, the reproachful vision of the dead stood before the living. Many like things took place, gentlemen, with which I will not trouble you on this occasion. Hark to that tremulous descendant of the inarticulate fastenings and bindings themselves! They witnessed many a murderous cruelty, and many a mysterious reminder. But to-night, in this house, which I have purchased, and in this very room, I can say that I have kept my solemn pledge to the departed. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!"

A pause here ensued; and then Mr. Blamfydd concluded:—

"It was manifest to me that the only chance of justice was, that William Austin should be still living, and should be produced. I meditated long how to proceed. If the man live, said I, the reason, and the sole possible reason, why he should never have been accessible or discoverable is, that it has been so managed by him who alone has an awful interest in his concealment. No one knows who he is, or where he is, or can know it—I added in my own meditation—save Winnere himself. By Winnere he is paid, maintained, and kept at a distance.

I felt that one false step would ruin my last chance. I reasoned closely as I used to reason in 'The Twenty Questions.' Having determined on my plan, I sought a clever fellow, on whom I could rely; and, having carefully and perfectly disciplined him in his part, I arranged every preparation. I knew that, if I was, unhappily, wrong in my assumptions, then to do what I desired was an impossibility in every respect. Therefore, I proceeded on the basis of being entirely correct in my first logical data. As Winnere must know where this man was, in order to supply him with his allowance, to preserve means of intercourse with him, and to keep him out of a risk of destroying his guilty paymaster, it was absolutely certain that, if Winnere could be alarmed into suspecting that we were on the traces of the missing witness, his very first measure would be to communicate with this minor but vital accomplice, either by letter or personally. All business must necessarily cede at once to this momentous necessity. Just before the last London post went out, I called, and rushed into Winnere's presence, with an air compounded of excitement, indignation, and triumph. I told him that all was at last discovered. 'Austin lives,' cried I, 'and you shall meet your dues!' I said no more, but sternly departed. The man had lived in terror of this very chance for years. Either I was right, I repeat, in this, or I had undertaken what was a sheer impossibility. But, thanks to Divine Providence, I was right.

"In less than a quarter of an hour, a man, muffled in a cloak, came out of this house, and crept, through the dusk, to the post-office. Of course no one can put a letter into the box without stretching out his arm. As Winnere did so, a drunken man, who staggered near him, fell over the extended arm, bearing the precious letter to the ground. The drunkard took up the letter, read the superscription, and, hiccupping an apology, handed it back to Winnere. That drunken man was my clever agent. In less than five minutes I learned that the missive was addressed to a 'M. Jacques, Rue du Pont, No 8, Brest.' I reached Brest as soon as the letter; I found that M. Jacques was William Austin; and William Austin is now, while I speak, in this house.

"Heddingham, the reason you are so depressed is, that Agnes has refused you; but the reason Agnes refused you is, that she had a blight upon her own inherited fame; and that blight is now removed for ever. She shall be reintegrated in her parent's repute before all the world; and this night, Heddingham, my dear boy, she will cancel her own award against you. This is the story which I had to tell; and many a merry Christmas and many a happy new year may you enjoy with Agnes, Lady Heddingham. That, I repeat, is all the story I had to tell. My own early hopes perished in this dark underground tragedy; but, at length, in the second generation, I have lived to see it flow out into the sunshine, and close in peace."

When he ended, one present—a staid and truth-spoken man of business, Ruscome himself—declared solemnly that he saw, near the old sideboard, amid the dimness and the shadows, a lady in white, deadly pale, but smiling sweetly, wave for a moment from her left hand the glittering of a wedding-ring, and then disappear, just as the jynbells, at twelve, rang in the Christmas morning.

## THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

(See Coloured Illustration.)

Where's the coward that would not dare  
To fight for such a land!—*Marmion.*

The stately homes of England!  
How beautiful they stand,  
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,  
O'er all the pleasant land!  
The deer across their greensward bound,  
Through shade and sunny gleam;  
And the swan glides past them with  
The sound  
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!  
Around their hearths by night,  
What glad looks of household  
Love  
Meet in the ruddy light!  
There woman's voice flows forth in  
Song,  
Or childhood's tale is told,  
Or lips move tunelessly along  
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!  
How softly on their bowers,  
Slid the holy quietness  
That breathes from Sabbath hours!  
Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell's  
Chime  
Floats through their woods at  
Morn;  
All other sounds in that still time,  
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!  
By thousands on her plains,  
They are smiling o'er the silvery  
Brooks,  
And round the hamlet fanes.  
Through glowing orchards forth they  
Peep,  
Each from its nook of leaves;  
And fearless there the lowly sleep,  
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallow'd wall!  
And green for ever be the groves,  
And bright the flowery sod,  
Where first the child's glad spirit  
Loves  
Its country and its God!

MRS. HENANS.

## WHY AM I ALWAYS INVITED OUT ON CHRISTMAS-DAY?



I believe there would be a dinner for every one of them on that day.

How is it? Why there's Curmudgeon, the young Cur, as we call him. He is well connected. He is so rich that he might sleep on a mattress of bank-notes every night, and not feel the pressure in the least.

He has so many uncles and aunts in the Peerage that they are almost numerous enough to fill a "Ledger" by themselves. There is a baronetcy at his feet, into which he cannot help tumbling some day; and he has legs and a nose and a mouth and a pair of eyes, as regularly drawn as his salary at the Circumlocution Office, and we all know what a handsome figure that is. Well, notwithstanding all these attractions—and he wears pegtop trousers into the bargain, which, perhaps, are the very loudest pegtops about London—it is as much as he can do to get an invite on that universally dining-out day, the 25th of December. I did hear that last year he dined at the Hercules Club in solitary grandeur all by himself. He was the only man in this monster-grandiose dining-room on that day, and had the whole corps of twenty-two servants and thirteen boys (all of them in livery and crested buttons) to wait upon him. I am told that is was a most affecting sight, especially when his plate of plum-pudding was brought in. It was a thin slice, with a sickly blue flame that seemed to be dancing in derision over it. The butler had to leave the room. It was too much for him, poor fellow!

Now, when I go out on Christmas-day, I try to make myself as happy as I can. I not only amuse myself, but I try to amuse others. The children meet me in the hall, and we are friends in a minute. No necessity for an introduction. I may have a whistle, or a lot of Bonaparte's ribs, or a caricature, or an orange, or some friendly offering, in my pocket; and the moment I hold out my hand they come to me as naturally as possible. We romp, and play, and dance, and are as happy as though there were no powders in this world, and there was no chance of the doctor coming to see us the next day. I make them rabbits on the wall that stand on their hind legs, and eat, and scratch their long ears with their fore paws. I cut them baskets, death's heads, &c., out of oranges, and other patterns most curious and comical to behold. I get my first and second fingers to represent the legs of a Highlander, and, in that capacity, and with a handkerchief for a kilt, they scamper round the tray, and dance a hornpipe—which for accuracy could not be surpassed by Mr. T. P. Cooke. With the simple aid of a napkin my hand conjures up an old woman's face that makes them die of laughing; and their astonishment knows no bounds when, after superhuman efforts of strength, I succeed in pushing half-a-crown through the mahogany table, and it is distinctly heard to drop through on the opposite side.

They never tire of listening to my imitations of Punch, and they ask me again and again to bark like the dog Toby, which canine imitation is so wonderfully lifelike that pussy rounds her back and takes up a defensive attitude on the hearth-rug to resist any invasion of it.

Most zoologically curious are my assumptions of various animals—without pride or affectation. I believe I have an entire poultry-yard in my throat. My cock-crowing was, I tell them, the very identical salute of the man that made the sun in Kentucky rise by mistake a good hour earlier than usual. They laugh, and their laughing makes me laugh, until we are told that grandpapa cannot bear so much noise, and we had better go into the passage and play by ourselves.

Here new games are started. We have coach and horses up and down the hall, and all over the house; and then on the landing there is a shriek raised for "Baste the Bear!" It falls to my lot to be the bear, and I have a very negligent keeper, for the youngster does not appear to be the least on the look-out, nor attempt to catch any one, but seems all the time to be doubled up with excess of laughter, and, if I mistake not, at my expense too. I only know I get a rare amount of basting, and might be the bear up to the present moment, if the landing after tea had not been wanted by the young ladies for acting charades.

I am enlisted in the theatrical corps. Somehow, to the great amusement of everybody, the most ignoble characters are allotted to me. The daughters of the house (they are sweetly pretty) have a malicious pleasure in dressing me up as grotesquely as they can. Their greatest fun consists in smothering my face in old ladies' caps and bonnets, and I have a shrewd suspicion that that particular style of head-dress does not tend much to increase my beauty, for I notice that the effect my appearance produces on the company is always one of the most uproarious merriment. The old people go into convulsions of laughter, the boys clap their hands, and even the servants put their aprons up to their mouths, and, with a guttural effervescing sound, like the opening of soda-water bottles, disappear hurriedly down the kitchen stairs. To give a sample of my general treatment, I will mention that the first character was Don-key. I was unanimously elected as the most fitting representative of that unintelligent animal, and the shouts that saluted my entrance into the drawing-room, as I trotted in on all fours, with Miss Julia (aged five) on my back, and a pair of fur gloves tied on each side of my head by way of donkey's ears, and a long bell-rope hanging behind me as the best likeness of a tail, were, I must say, most complimentary to my powers of imitation. I don't know what it was that inspired me to bray, but it sounded so natural, and it so clearly went home to the hearts of everybody, that the loud explosion of laughter that ensued would have done poor Curmudgeon's heart good to have heard it.

I am not going through each separate stage of a Christmas party. I imagine Christmas parties are very much the same, where good feeding binds all hearts in happy unison together. There is a family likeness, I fancy, that runs through such rejoicings. The characters are very much alike, and the programme of time-honoured amusements does not vary much in our honest English homes. I need only refer, with becoming brevity, to what I do on those happy occasions. If a song is wanted, I sing. I have no voice, and so I

make no fuss about it, but sing. I generally get to the end of the first verse with tolerable success (and, *entre nous*, it is something about the *earth being a toper*), and the audience laugh; but I am rarely asked to go on with the second. If a hand is wanted for a game of cards, I am your man, and I can play without losing my temper, or quarrelling with my partner because he will not play the precise card I want. If you want a good bowl of punch, ask me to brew it. I compound it as conscientiously as I should draw up my will. As in the latter no dear one should be omitted that was worthy of remembrance, so in the former not a single good ingredient should be left out that was dear to our recollection, and all should have their full quantities meted out to them, according to their true deserts. If a dance is afoot, I am ready to dance, until the house shakes again, the floor jerking up and down as though the room were a big bottle that was being cleaned, and we were the shot inside that were cleaning it. You will never see me leaning against the door, standing on my dignity, waiting for a partner worthy of my inferior self, but I start off instantly, either with the eldest or the youngest of the party. I am not above offering my hand even to a poor deserted "wallflower." The musicians tire before I do. I can keep it up with the nimblest of them, and during the intervals of repose I can flirt, or joke, or ask conundrums, or take off popular actors, or imitate bricks tumbling down the chimney, or do a little bit of conjuring with the cards to amuse the young ones, or, drawing one's chair up to the fire, can listen patiently to the pleasant chatter of the old dames talking affectionately about their grandchildren, and even if a cab is wanted, I flatter myself I can fetch it in quicker time than anybody. The time flies gaily as a butterfly on its first day out from the chrysalis.

I don't think, I don't do much more than I have described. Somehow, friends seem pleased to see my face, plain as it is. Christmas-day is a day of extreme happiness to me; I enjoy it with all my heart, and regret that it does not come oftener than once a year. Perhaps it is this sense of enjoyment that makes me an acceptable guest with others. I laugh, I eat, I drink, I cut my capers, I enter *con amore* into every passing fun, and am a perfect victim at forfeits. There no folly that I am not ready to be a partner in. Corking my face does not make me angry. If I can oblige every one I am only too happy to do it. Laugh at me as you will, you cannot offend me. From snap-dragon to kissing under the mistletoe there is nothing that comes amiss to me. I love children. Their society has the effect for the time being of making me feel younger myself; as for old people, the mere feeling of reverence makes me behave kindly to those who can only for a limited period be our guests and companions. Call me easy, simple, foolish, weak, good-natured, childish, if you will, I don't mind. After all they are not bad qualities, perhaps, since they contribute so largely to my own enjoyment; and who knows but they may be the very reasons why I am always invited out on Christmas-day? And perhaps the absence of those same qualities is also the reason why Curmudgeon, with his means and superior recommendations, is so rarely invited out on the same day.

## MARRIAGE BY PROXY.



R. EDITOR,

"Sir,—I am an indignant bachelor, but no Republican. My organ of veneration is large. I reverence the Crown, though I cannot in any respect avoid regarding it with feelings of gall.

"Why, let me ask, are crowned heads and their connections alone united by proxy? Will it be contended that a gush of spontaneous fondness might betray their common humanity? Is their softness really so extraordinary? Alas! no. Sovereigns

have been weighed and found wanting. It is time that the representative system should embrace every lover—whether of Freedom or

Maria—so that any man who can afford it may employ an attorney to prepare his settlement and do all ceremonial acts.

"Sir, I belong to a nervous family; so—if there be truth in woman—does Sophia. We would both fain avoid the painful exhibition of our infirmity. I look upon matrimony as a serious drama, and I would prefer—having no histrionic ability—that my part should be taken by an experienced performer. The beadle is my representative; Sophia is the pew-opener. Let their hands be joined together, and let them enter into mutual covenants, Sophia and I undertaking to ratify and confirm whatever engagements they may contract in our behalf. But here the law ecclesiastical steps in, and, solemnly shaking its powdered head, assures us that it can't be done.

"And why can't it be done? Sir! a secret. Woman, with all her tenderness, is vain of her power. Not content with holding us in chains, she delights to lead us in triumph to the altar. Sophia, of course, is an exception—at least I think so.

"Will you tell me that if a strong-minded woman were deputed by her sex to knock at the door of the House of Commons, and demand marriage by proxy, that that legislative assembly, however churlishly inclined, would dare refuse it?—No such thing.

"Leaving Sophia to ventilate this great question in her way, I shall in mine, agitate as long as I am agitated. Here is a form of petition:—

"TO OUR HUMAN LEGISLATORS.

"The humble petition of a sensitive man,  
"Showeth,—  
"That all laws in restraint of marriage are opposed to public policy, and should be repealed.

"That, if quiet weddings are desirable, marriage by proxy must be justifiable.

"That the beadle and pew-opener are fit and proper persons to represent bridegroom and bride.

"That taxation without representation is tyranny.

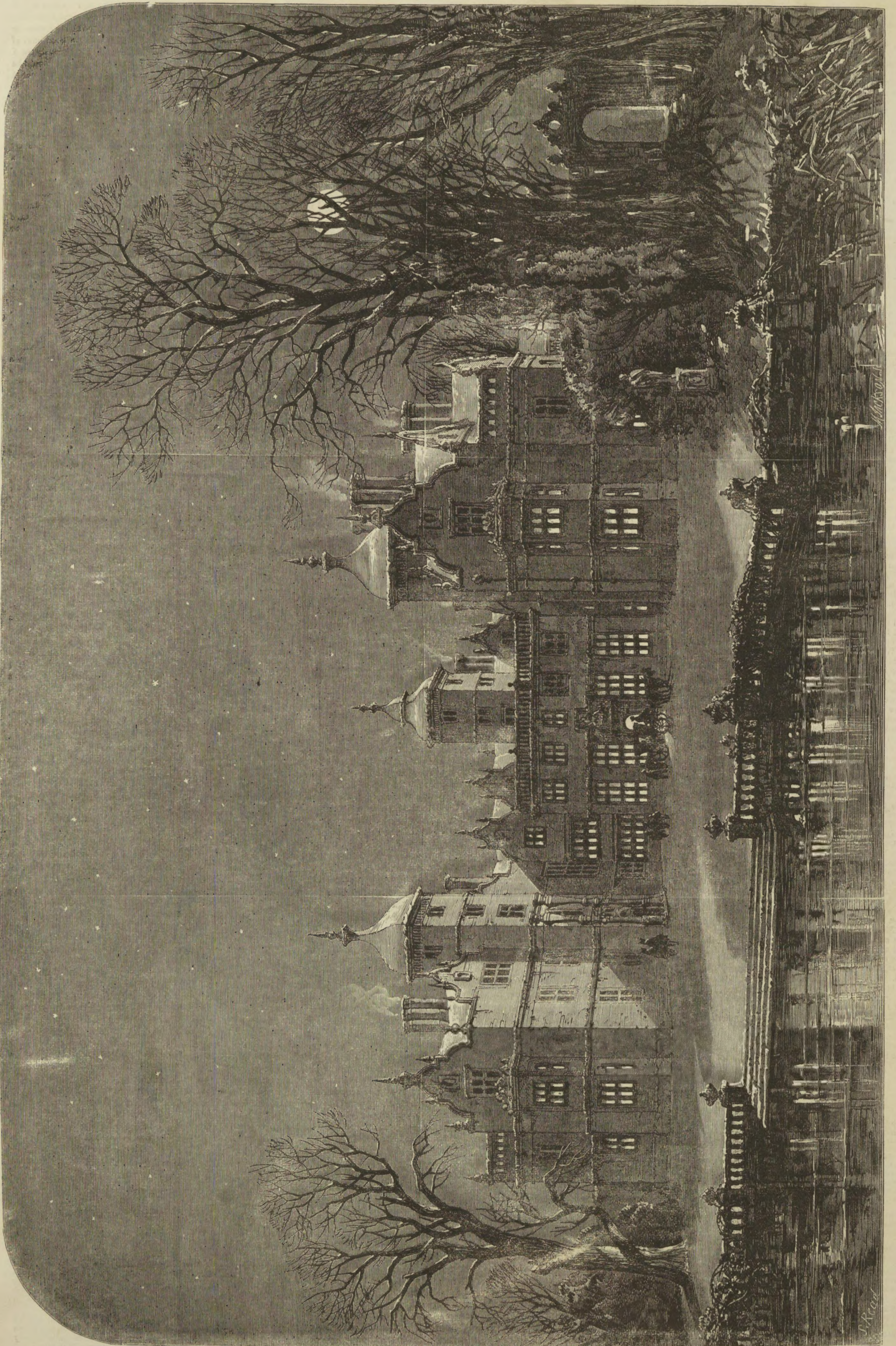
"That the proposed alteration will confer a vast amount of tranquillity upon many of her Majesty's most loving subjects.

"Your petitioner, therefore, humbly suggests that a bill legalising vicarious unions should be brought in by the Attorney-General, and carried as quickly as possible through the House; for which, as in duty bound, your petitioner will ever pray, &c.

"In conclusion, let petitions be sent up from every Hamlet, and let every Romeo sign them, whether his Juliet pout at it or not, and let us hear no more of our political wrongs, until we have satisfactorily arranged our matrimonial rites.

"COLLES MODESTUS."





CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.—DRAWN BY SAMUEL READ.





THE CHRISTMAS ERRAND.

FROM A DRAWING BY A. SOLOMON.